

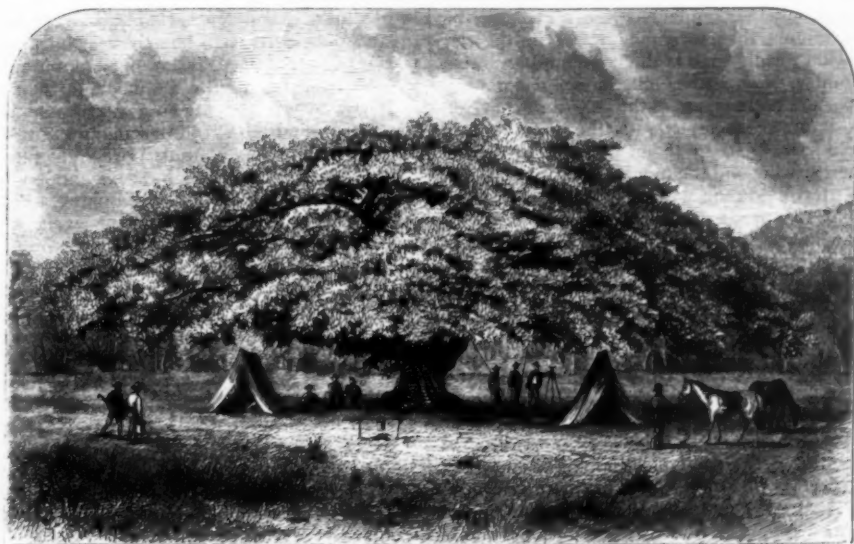
# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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## THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP-CANAL.



THE CAMP UNDER THE BIG TREE AT TARIFA PASS.

ALL great scientific enterprises depend in large measure for their success upon their power to impress the imagination. The embryo of any national project can be brought to maturity only by gaining for it the enthusiastic devotion of the people, to warm it into life. The undertaking must have a solid basis of scientific demonstration on which to rest, but, after all, the grandest enterprise remains unorganized, until by exciting the spirit of lofty expectation, the fancy glorifies the reality and insists upon the venture.

It is then as much to stimulate the imagination of the American people as to instruct them in the facts, that we propose in this article to explain the superb project of crossing the Isthmus of Tehuantepec with the largest ships; for if we can show that the work of severing this ligature which now retards commercial circulation is not only within the power of this generation to accomplish, but is also worthy of our nation, as a lasting monument of its greatness in this century, we

shall have done no small service in aiding the enterprise.

Nature herself seems to suggest the project by displaying a remarkably favorable configuration of mountains, plains, and rivers at the very place where the contour of both shores calls for the location of this canal.

Instead of extending the lofty range of the Cordilleras across this strip of land which connects the continents, the gigantic chain is suddenly depressed in its passage across the isthmus, and at the point directly in the line of shortest communication between the oceans, there is a break sufficient to allow the canal to pass over the Tarifa pass, only six or seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. Just here, too, the mountains approach very near the Pacific coast, within thirty or forty miles, leaving a slope four times as extensive towards the Gulf of Mexico as that towards the Pacific ocean. This conformation gives to the larger part of the territory to be crossed by the canal the ben-

efit of a better climate, cooler breezes, and a free circulation of air across the whole isthmus, carrying the cooler northern atmosphere to the Pacific shore.

This part of the isthmus is therefore the healthiest part of it; and, what is still more remarkable with reference to the needs of a ship-canal, northerly winds prevail from the middle of December to the end of March, commonly accompanied by rains on the mountains, thus providing water in the dry season; while such is the configuration of the country towards the Gulf, that winds from any quarter at all seasons of the year naturally deposit on these table-lands the watery vapor held suspended by them, never carrying the moisture beyond the mountain chain and summit level. When we think that this is a point only 18° north of the Equator, we can see how important a feature this almost miraculous supply of water is, in the project of a ship-canal.

There is still another favorable condition already provided by Nature for this enterprise. At the Tarifa pass, where it would be necessary to have a constant supply of water on hand for the canal, there is a natural provision for a basin—a vast plain extending over two square miles at the very summit—and needing very little labor to make it a perfect reservoir.

As to the supplies of water, Nature also furnishes more than enough, under conditions which remove all doubt as to the feasibility of the canal. The main difficulty has always been, to lead the water, of which an abundant supply was supposed to be somewhere at hand, to a reservoir, where it could be made available for the purposes of the canal.

The mountains on either side of the pass, through which the canal must go, are broken into a confused mass, covering a large extent of country, having elevated spurs and ridges, with many deep ravines. The problem was to find a body of water which could be tapped at a higher level than the summit-pass, and brought by a gradual descent to the proposed divide.

The object of the expedition sent by the United States Government in 1870, was, first, to find the needed water-course, and secondly to see if the desired communication could be established at a reasonable expense.

The opinion of Señor Moro, who surveyed a part of the isthmus in 1843, was that the high waters of the Ostuta and Chicapa rivers could be joined by an aqueduct, and their supplies brought along the bed of the Chi-

capa, from the hill-country east of the summit-pass, to the reservoir at that point; and it was to demonstrate the practicability of this project that the expedition made its earliest explorations.

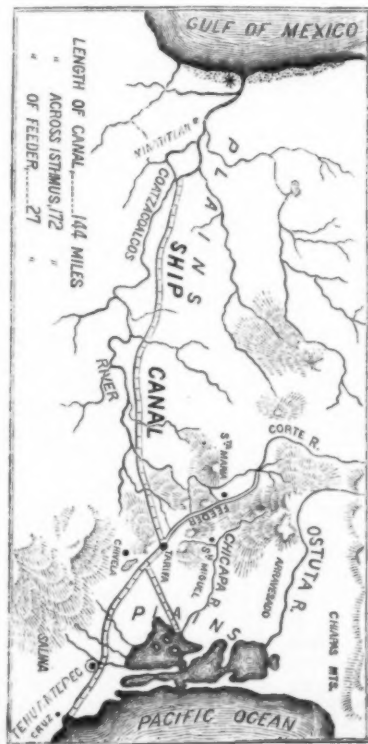
The leaders of the scientific corps were not men of ordinary courage. The chief-engineer, Mr. E. A. Fuertes, a native of Porto Rico, but thoroughly American in character and sympathies, had been trained to overcome greater difficulties than had thus far been encountered. Small of stature but indomitable in will, educated at the Polytechnic School of Troy, N. Y., and for nine years examining engineer of the Croton Aqueduct, versed in several languages, and thoroughly fitted for the scientific work in hand, he added to these qualities a truly American pluck, which insisted on subduing if possible every obstacle that Nature could oppose to the undertaking. Assisted by Prof. Buel of the Stevens Institute, of New Jersey, a man of large experience and equal daring, our chief engineer persevered amid the most discouraging conditions—want of food, exposure to wild beasts, desertion by Indian guides, and opposition from ignorant functionaries—until at last, slowly pushing his way through trackless forests, and scaling the sides of the steep cañons, at a distance of twenty-seven miles from the summit-pass, he discovered the high waters of another river, the great Coatzacoalcos or Corte river, flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, and an easy route was soon surveyed by which these abundant supplies could be conducted to the reservoir.

In the report of a survey for a railroad across the isthmus made in 1852, under Major Barnard, it was vaguely hinted by Mr. Williams, the author, that possibly the Corte river might be available for feeding a ship-canal; but to our expedition, at least belongs the honor of penetrating through mountain fastnesses, and demonstrating, after incredible exertions, the perfect feasibility of the proposition. The expedition reached a point beyond all former discoveries and has put to rest the question of a permanent supply of water, which can safely and at a comparatively small cost be conducted to the natural receptacle for it at the Tarifa pass.

This question being settled, all other parts of the problem of a ship-canal across the isthmus were easily solved, for it was found that no difficulties are to be encountered except of the ordinary sort, such as inhere in all works of similar character. The main route of the canal on both sides of the cen-

tral dividing range has absolutely no obstacles, and on the plains there is every facility for a water-supply over and above the supply from the summit, with an even level for a smooth flow. Towards the Atlantic side from the summit, one lock per mile will be needed for nine miles, and sixty-one more, by convenient distribution, until the plains are reached. On the Pacific slope, from the summit to La Venta de Chicapa, the descent is more abrupt, so that in eight miles sixty-three locks will be necessary, but for the remaining forty-seven miles only eight locks need be used. Of course some embankments must be made to elevate the surface of the canal to the proper grade; but there is no portion of the route where locks cannot be placed to advantage in regard to economy of time and water.

The length of the canal would be one hundred and forty-four miles, from Salina Cruz on the Pacific coast to a point a short distance above the island of Tacamichapa, in the Coatzacoalcos river.



ROUTE OF PROPOSED SHIP-CANAL.

The top-breadth of the canal, 162 feet; at the bottom, 60 feet; with a depth of 22 feet of water, thus furnishing abundance of room for the largest vessels, while the locks would have a length between the mitre-sills of 400 feet, a breadth of 42 feet, and a depth of water of 21 feet. The locks are also designed to accommodate vessels of small dimensions, by using intermediate gates. Considering also the natural and well-protected harbor on the Atlantic side, made by the banks of the Coatzacoalcos river, and the little difficulty to be met in deepening by dredging the channel of entrance—taking into account likewise the roadsteads on the Pacific shore of Ventosa and Salina Cruz, of which at least one, Salina Cruz, may be made a snug harbor by constructing a break-water, this expedition has finally settled the question of the practicability of a grand ship-canal from ocean to ocean.

As to the cost of the canal, it need only be said that twice the cost of the Croton Aqueduct would build the Tehuantepec Canal, and thus, although a vast project, it is insignificant in comparison with many an ancient and modern enterprise both as regards the obstacles to be overcome and the expense of the undertaking.

We will now turn from the technical details which prepare us for a proper appreciation of the subject, to follow the expedition as it goes forth to meet the incidents of an eight months' sojourn in this strange land.

The Tehuantepec and Nicaragua Surveying Expedition sailed from Washington to Mexico, October 10, 1870, its object being "to determine, in the most absolute manner, if it were practicable to construct a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec." (Instructions of Secretary of State.) It consisted of the sloop-of-war *Kansas*, the tug *Mayflower*, and a steam launch, the whole expedition under the command of Capt. R. W. Shufeldt, U. S. N. On the Pacific side, the survey of coast and exploration of harbors were to be made by the officers of the frigate *Cyane*.

The expedition arrived at Mina-titan, November 11, and as soon as possible, November 28, proceeded up the River Coatzacoalcos (Feathery Serpent), 46 miles in the steam launch, and 86 miles more in canoes, bound for the mountains.

The town of Mina-titan, called after the Mexican General Mina, is twenty miles from the mouth of the river, a pretty town, surrounded by swamps, and mainly inhabited by musquitos and buzzards.

The Coatzacoalcos is a magnificent river. Broad as the Hudson, it rolls gently at this season of the year to the sea; while always in sight, for the banks are low at this point, the peaks of the Cordilleras sentinel the passes, like warders of this gateway of the world.

After a day's sail, the dilapidated village of Almagres is reached, about 37 miles from the mouth of the river. Here the river loses its peaceful character; and two miles above this town, the first bluff, of green slate, sixty feet high, shows a decided change in the formation of the shores, and reveals traces of strong flood currents. Five miles above Almagres, the river winds constantly, and has extensive bars of sand with countless snags.

Seven miles above, a bar dammed the river, causing it to seek a new channel which shortened its course six miles. All these indications showed plainly that the ship-canal must begin near the island of Tacamichapa, which is about forty miles from the river's mouth.

Accurate surveys proved that navigation to this point was perfectly safe at any season for the largest ships; but of course we do not expect, when speaking of the "largest ships," that the *Great Eastern* will want us to hoist her over the isthmus, or that a Noah's ark will ever try to scale the Ararat of the Cordilleras.

As for Almagres itself, as the future home of forwarders and traders in cedar and mahogany timber, rafts of which continually float down this stream, the town is a good specimen of the Mexican villages of the Atlantic side of the isthmus.

Glorying in about thirty dilapidated huts, it parades the names of its ninety-eight voters on a dirty piece of paper pinned to a post, in a conspicuous part of the town. As usual in Mexico, it is a fete-day. All the natives, not overcome by *Chinguirito*, a kind of horrible whisky made from a black and coarse sugar obtained from El Barrio, indulge in what is called the "Dance of Montezuma," a very complicated performance,

preserved by tradition since the days of the Empire. The dancers impersonate Montezuma, his wife and daughter Malinche, of whom the Indians preserve a reverent and loving remembrance. Courtiers and warriors have their place in the dance, which is both allegorical and heroic. Men and women sing by turns verses in the Mexican language, accompanied by an instrument resembling a harp, played in a minor key, with an extremely plaintive effect.

There being no priest in this town, the church is without a floor, and falling into decay. It is used as a storehouse for mahogany and cedar logs. The few inhabitants of this squalid village give a very good idea of the Mexican tribes on the Atlantic side of the isthmus.

They are the descendants of aboriginal Mexicans, who were driven from the north by barbarous tribes making incursions from the upper countries, just as the Vandals, Goths and Visigoths descended in hordes upon the Roman Empire in the early centuries of the Christian Era; and they are the poorest, least civilized and most stupid of all the inhabitants of the isthmus.

Generally the Mexican Indians are intelligent and somewhat civilized, but these are not. Their very dress, or rather, the want of it, betokens the absence of everything that suggests civilization.

A broad pair of old pantaloons constitutes the gala costume of the men, who at other times prefer to bask in the sunshine almost unattired. In the street, the women hang a narrow strip of blue homespun cloth from the waist, but in their houses they are apt to dispense with all clothing.

Calling one morning at a hut, and asking for an ember to light a pipe, the fire was handed to the party by a young girl of eighteen summers who had nothing more upon her than Eve in the garden before the fall; and yet her modesty was only equaled by the grace with which she complied with the







VIEW OF MINA-TITLAN.

request. The resident population of five or six large towns on the isthmus wear clothing; but with that exception there is very little demand for dry-goods.

As the condition of the different tribes of the isthmus seriously affects the solution of the construction of a ship-canal, it is necessary to speak somewhat in detail concerning them. There are 50,000 people all told, on the belt of the isthmus. Except in the few large towns, reeds and mud form the materials of their houses. Their religion, when they have any, is a mixture of Paganism and Romanism; when they have none, they are all the more superstitious and wretched.

The isthmus is full of legends and haunted by imaginary spirits. At Tehuantepec they believe that an apparition, like an old man with a torch, comes each morning about 2 o'clock, to the edge of the hill, rings a bell and then disappears. At San Juan Guichicovi, among the mountains west of the summit, where there are the ruins of the foundations of a sumptuous church, begun by Cortes in 1700, but never finished, the people perform rites as nearly Pagan in character as a slight admixture of Christianity will allow, and there are actually held on a hill near the town what may be called Pagan sacrifices. Young chickens or turkeys are plucked alive, and tied to stakes, about which fires are built at a little distance and the poor fowls left to starve.

The heads of these fowls are cut off, and the blood smeared upon the weapons or implements of the Indians, who thus placate

vengeful spirits, and secure favorable auspices for their undertakings. The children are loaded with amulets, dog-teeth and other charms, to avert the evil eye and to help them through the ordeal of cutting their own teeth.

The church itself only adds to the religious degradation of the people, by enlarging the circle of superstitious practices. A part of this ruined edifice, which as a whole would cover a space as large as Stewart's store on Broadway, is rudely thatched, and contains a myriad of decayed images of saints, armless and without apparent individuality of any kind. Women may be seen at all times paying visits to the tawdry altars, and dropping leaves into boxes in front of the uncouth images.

It is fortunate that the priests have almost deserted the isthmus on account of the scanty harvest to be reaped from the people, for judging by the specimens of a religious teacher at San Juan, the isthmus can spare any number of the same sort, and be no worse for the deficiency. The people argue that they can elect one of their own number to conduct religious ceremonies at a much cheaper rate than they can submit to the levies of the priesthood, and so in many of their towns they refuse to tolerate the regular official.

The morals of these tribes, with the exception of their passion for *chinguirito*, compare favorably with those of more civilized nations. To be sure they are lazy and unwholesome in habits, but they are chaste and

honest. They marry very early—a boy and girl going to housekeeping together, sometimes at the age of seven or eight, but they are generally faithful to each other; and in regard to rights of property, since they have little to gain or lose, they covet little and steal less. Besides, in a country where aboriginal customs prevail to some extent, the laws are traditional, and the prevailing disposition is voluntary obedience to them.

As to politics, these people, of whatever name, are intensely republican and violently in favor of States-rights. The territory of the isthmus comprehends parts of the two States of Oaxaca and Vera Cruz. Each State is jealous of the other. There are continual wars and disturbances not only between the different tribes, but between the States as such. As some of the principal towns are large and compact, they form fortified positions, and it is common to see churches intrenched for defense against attacks. We do not mean to say that the inhabitants of the isthmus are a fair specimen of the population of Mexico; we know they are not, but we simply describe them, with reference to our project of a ship-canal, as will be seen further on. We have already characterized the inhabitants of the Atlantic slope as worthless, and, with few exceptions in the larger towns, as the least civilized of all Mexicans.

These tribes inhabiting the hill country, were originally sent by Montezuma to conquer the land, and extend his dominion to Guatemala; but they were driven to the mountains by more powerful tribes on the Pacific coast, and now live, as their fathers did, in almost inaccessible villages, with bridle-paths from village to village, having only huts with adobe walls, and clothed in the rudest and most primitive manner.

They toil up these hills on foot, seldom using mules, but bearing burdens on their backs all day without apparent weariness. A native will go thirty miles a day, with eighty pounds weight upon his back, walking steadily for eleven hours, at the rate of about three miles each hour.

Passing over the mountain ranges to the Pacific side, we find a far better class of population than the majority of the inhabitants on the Atlantic slope. With the peculiar change in the aspect of nature as one goes from the Atlantic to the Pacific side of the summit, the character of the people changes. The soil of the Atlantic side is alluvion and drift. The Pacific plains were originally sunken and have risen from the sea, containing many marine shells and fossils.



AMERICAN CONSULATE AT MINA-TITLAN.

Towards the Gulf, grows the *myrtus pimenta* (allspice), while near Ventosa, on the Pacific plains, the cassia-tree abounds. While the Atlantic slope is fertile, and fed by many streams which are seldom dry, the Pacific side is dry and arid, having water-courses which at certain seasons of the year are torrents, and at other seasons, dry.

Dyestuffs and hard woods are most abundant on the Pacific side, while the rubber-tree is found on the summit and maize and tobacco, yielding a hundred and fifty fold, grow more profusely towards the Atlantic. The cactus and palm grow abundantly on the Pacific plains, which have a more decidedly tropical vegetation in every respect, while on the Atlantic side fruitful pampas, more destitute of trees, greet the eye.

As soon, then, as the traveler passes down the Pacific slope he enters the territory of the Zapotecos, a race incomparably superior to any on the isthmus.

They are intelligent, as compared with the other tribes—versatile and merry, hospitable and obliging.

Their women are more beautiful, although not so careful of their morals. The men are said to be industrious and temperate; a strong race, brave and good-natured. Their princi-

pal towns are Juchitan, Tehuantepec and Istaltepec. They form two tribes, which are always at war with each other, although they unite in holding in subjection the four other tribes upon the Pacific coast. These four tribes are the fishermen of the shore, and the Zoques and Mijes of the hills.

The only novelty in the way of opposition to the expedition, which occurred on the Pacific plains, was the eagerness with which a Mije woman met every turn of the instrument, by placing her somewhat unique figure before it, either desirous of being triangulated, or hoping she might be able, by her perseverance, to bring the party down to her own level. For thirteen miles, her peculiarly attractive form was the prominent object in the landscape, and at the end she seemed less fatigued than at the start.

The relation of all these tribes, on both sides of the isthmus, to the project of a ship-canal, is one both of the present and the future. At present the question is, can they be made to labor in the construction of the work? and in the future, will they maintain a friendly and useful attitude towards the enterprise? We think that, with the exception of the Mije female above spoken of, they will; and even she might be surveyed again, a little further off, with advantage to the project. But these questions can be better answered, after we have followed the party into the interior.

It set out one fine day, with forty-five mules carrying officers and instruments, and, leaving the Atlantic plains behind, entered the mountainous regions, through Paso de la Puerta, or gateway towards the passes of Chivela and Tarifa. It was a joyful exchange from the canoes to the mule-paths.

Delicate plants are crushed beneath the hardy mules. Over twenty species of parasitic flowers may be gathered from the trunk of a single tree; new varieties of serpents glide away as the explorers approach; the cries of unknown animals come from the depths of the woodlands, and fresh stings are felt, as new species of the genus *Culex* concentrate their forces on the strangers; and every now and then a mule disappears down a declivity, often meeting an important obstruction at the bottom, which finishes his career.

The discomforts of the journey began when the party left Mina-titan, but the severe labor of the survey commenced when the party had reached the summit and had started on the explorations in search of a feeder for the canal. Extensive surveys had already been

made of the Atlantic plains, and the hill country lying to the west of the canal route. Everything in that quarter was highly favorable to the project. At the summit-pass of Tarifa, the natural reservoir promised to hold all the water that needed to be brought into it.

Officers and men were dispatched on various surveys in many directions, leveling and triangulating the country and making meteorological observations for the purposes of the expedition.

But the greatest interest centers about the little party of the Chief-Engineer and his associates, who set out full of hope to find the source of a feeder, and a route by which the water can be brought to the Tarifa pass. The party consists of Chief-Engineer Fuertes, Professor Buel, and Señor Don Julian Macheo, proprietor of extensive lands on the isthmus, who kindly assisted the expedition in many ways, giving his personal services, and offering his houses and servants whenever they were needed and at hand. Some Indians also accompanied this party, to carry instruments and provisions.

The great hope of all was to find the location of a feeder, according to the plan of Señor Moro, 1843. A thorough examination was determined upon of all the passes, streams, valleys, hills, in all the region about the Chivela and Tarifa summit-level, and a surveying party was placed under command of Lieut. Com. Bartlett. To feed the canal at this point was indispensable to the success of the whole project. The positive assertions of Señor Moro, that the Chicapa and Ostuta rivers could be joined, and their united waters conducted to Tarifa pass, gave the highest expectation of success, and determined the party to confirm this surmise as their first object in hand.

Before leaving the little settlement at Tarifa pass, the party had the novel experience of assisting at a festival of unusual interest. Señor Macheo, being the owner of the summit lands, comes from Oaxaca once a year to brand the cattle, and the inhabitants make the occasion a fête-day. Early in the morning men hunt the cattle in the woods and drive them into a large inclosure. Then, selecting from the herd the largest bull, the herdsman on a swift horse dashes after it, and at full speed flings the lasso, which never fails to coil itself about the horns of the animal. The horse is blindfolded, but is taught to turn half round as soon as he feels the lasso thrown from his rider's hand. He then stiffens his hind-legs, puts out his neck and gets ready for

the jerk, which throws the bull to the ground, for one end of the lasso is attached to the horse's tail. After the cloud of dust, caused by the chase, clears away, the bull is seen madly trying to get loose. A moment after and he is dragged to the corral. In this way twenty or thirty herdsmen will soon fill a large corral with animals of all sizes and descriptions. At dark, on the same day, chants and the Litany of the Virgin are sung by the people, kneeling around the large cross, in the square formed by the few houses at Tarifa.

The same evening, a delegation waited on Señor Macheo, the women bearing banners and crowns of flowers, and after arranging themselves in a semicircle, their spokesman made a speech. Crossing himself hurriedly, he said in rather a confused style, that he was convinced that it was his duty to love God and the Virgin, then his master, and to say his prayers, but after these duties were well done, nothing made a man feel better than a fandango with the pretty maidens. Permission was granted, and a man was immediately sent to a neighboring town for a band of music. The women then presented their wild flowers, and placed garlands on the heads of their master and his guests, departing immediately afterwards to dance till morning.

On the next day, a delegation of natives, preceded by the band, came with an invitation to witness the branding. According to

custom, one of their number was supposed to be a prisoner whom his friends were to liberate. The men and women stood in a semicircle before the hut. The spokesman then brought forward the handsomest man of their number, an athlete, entirely naked, his body painted blue and red to imitate wounds, while his limbs were bound with cords. After exhibiting him, his friends untied his legs, and he passed about an old hat, for alms to defray the expenses of the journey home which he was supposed to be about to make. The procession then formed, Señor Macheo and the strangers occupying the place of honor, and all marched to the corral, where a platform was erected, covered with palm-leaves, and already crowded with squaws.

Rockets, torpedos and the Mexican national hymn begin the sport. Then men with bundles of dry grass in hand, and making a peculiar noise with their lips, leap inside the inclosure. Two of them seize a bull by the horns; a third, by the tail. The red-hot branding iron is then handed to a fourth man, who lifts his hat and gives the first hurrah: "Long live my master, the Señor Don Julian Macheo!" The crowd yells in reply, "Que Viva!" and simultaneously the tail is jerked, the horns twisted, and the bull is down and marked in a twinkling with the sign here shown. This is the brand-mark used by Cortes, who originally owned these lands.

The next animal is branded, and some



CAMP ON THE COATZACOALCOS.



THE COATZACOALCOS RIVER, OPPOSITE MINA-TITLAN.

other person is cheered, and so on to the end of the chapter. In the evening, there is a regular Mexican fandango. Their dances are called Bolero, Torito, and Zandunga, the dancers singing couplets, which they often improvise.

An Indian invites his partner to dance, by putting his hat upon her head. If she accepts, she stands up, and the young man addresses her in fantastic language. One of these improvised songs may be freely translated as follows:—

"I am the golden fish,  
Swimming in the lake of sadness,  
The dart of my killing eyes  
Has changed my sight to blindness."

The girl replies,

"I've seen that fish before,  
His sudden blindness feigning,  
But ah! his end obtaining,  
Swims off to come no more."

On a lowering day in the month of December, early in the morning, under a leaden sky, with a blinding rain driving into their faces, our three explorers, Señor Macheo and Messrs. Fuertes and Buel, left the little collection of houses at Tarifa, and, followed by a motley crew of half-naked Indians, and a few stray dogs from the settlement, took their way eastward, towards the village of San Miguel, distant about eight miles, over a rough and undulating country, where the scenery would have been superb, had it not been for the drenching storm.

Their equipments were at once novel and

unique. The Spaniard, Señor Macheo, a tough, wiry, small-sized man, accustomed to danger and command, wore a fawn-skin dress peculiar to the better class of proprietors of the country, and carried a rifle, trusty and tried, while at his belt he wore the customary hunting-knife, the sides of his bull's-hide pants being ornamented with galloon and silver buttons. At his heels his three hounds coursed, with noses near the ground, ready to track the tapir or tiger should any be started, or to bring in any game that might be taken on the wing.

Fuertes and Buel follow, chatting gayly, and full of the joy of the anticipated discovery, their rifles on their shoulders and their field-glasses and barometers slung about their necks. Behind them, shouting and singing, come the natives, one with a huge brass instrument on his back—another with a couple of flags, used for transit purposes—a third with a lot of provisions sewed up in a coarse sack, while the whole party, brandishing their *machetes* and rude clubs, seem to enter into the spirit of the enterprise.

The road to the village of San Miguel leads near the famous *Convento*, the source of the river Monetza, a branch of the Chicapa, emptying into it near the village. Halting the party, and giving the natives a chance to do what they like best—which is to sit down in groups and sing their plaintive songs—our savans enter the grottó, through which the river, cutting its way under a spur of the mountain, runs over a bed of black marble stones.

The grotto consists of a huge Gothic arch, with walls of honey-combed and lustrous



black marble, while on every side, through small apertures, pure streams of water trickle down with a refreshing sound. A little further on, and the same stream plunges into another cave, and tunnels another mountain for nearly half a mile. It enters beneath a cliff several hundred feet high. Stalactites overhang the torrent, while ferns and long vines reach down to the stream and are rocked by the swift current.

There is a sublime and awful grandeur in the place, heightened by the repulsive sound of myriads of bats which are disturbed by the traveler. The cave has two entrances. The larger one leads to a conical dome, thirty feet in height and thirty-five in diameter. This entrance is obstructed by huge blocks of marble, all honey-combed by the action of the water. The interior shines with fringes of stalactites, whose crystals reflect the candle-light in all directions. About a thousand feet from the entrance, the current of air is too strong for any unprotected torch, while the noise of the subterranean water-course is like the rushing of an army of phantom warriors through the bowels of the earth. The last place reached is a large square chamber, with walls of red marble, having veins of blue and green malachite; its floor a deep pool of black water, without a ripple on its surface, and surrounded by solemn pinnacled stalagmites, like miniature offerings hewn in stone to the tutelary divinity of this cavernous retreat.

Soon after leaving these wonderful curiosities of nature, the party arrived at San Miguel, a picturesque town when seen at a distance, shut in among hills on the right bank of the Chicapa river. The inhabitants belong to the Zoque tribe; their principal occupation is grinding chocolate and making hammocks. A wedding ceremony happening at this time, it was singular to see the bride stand in the center of a hut distributing bread and chocolate to the guests, with a broad grin on her face, and holding a gourd in her hand to receive money from them in return.

Marriage takes place without benefit of the clergy. A priest lived here once, but was starved out, the people discovering that it was cheaper to fall back to their old idolatry. The government tax was 25 cents a month, land rent 25 cents per square league a year, but the priest, for doing nothing, cost 36 cents a month. So they got rid of him (as more civilized parishes do sometimes); and now mingle what they like best of Paganism with Romanism.

The church of San Miguel is a hard place

for any religion to flourish in, Pagan or Catholic. Floorless, full of bats, the sacristy filled with water and the vestments all moth-eaten, the home of scorpions which seem to thrive on old velvet, its desolation is rivaled only by another dilapidated chapel in the vicinity called the "Hermitage," where on an altar lies the image of a "black Christ," the color having been assumed after a fire (as the natives claim), to show that he would redeem all sorts and shades of men.

In this "Hermitage" is a singular grave, the history of which is lost, but which has all the marks of a Pagan fetich worship. The foot of the grave is towards the east. A porcelain cup is embedded in the ground near the head, and the neck of an antique bottle protrudes an inch above the floor.

The best house in town is the jail. Although empty of prisoners, it was full of insects; and its huge wooden stocks suggested the cruelty of putting a criminal, however guilty, in such a place, without giving him at least the freedom of his hands and feet.

A miserable hut next door to the jail was said to be the "Municipal House." It had no floor; its furniture consisted of two benches; its ornaments a picture of St. Michael on horseback, colored with all the tints of a muddy rainbow, the entire expense of the building and its appointments being several millions less than the New York City Hall.

The business of the expedition made it necessary to call on his Excellency the President. From his nephew, an unkempt lad, who was at the door busily engaged in lassoing chickens, the information was obtained that his Excellency was dead drunk. But a beautiful girl of nineteen years, who had fled from the Juchiteco revolution, and had set up a school in this village, soon made her appearance, and suggested another visit at some future time, when his Excellency should have recovered from his slight indisposition.

The suggestion was accepted, for without his permission no provisions for the journey could be had or men to carry them. After many interviews, however, with the President, who always excused his want of co-operation by saying that he could not force the men to leave the church unguarded, it was resolved to use a little strategy to effect the necessary result. Learning by accident that his Excellency was afraid of their instruments, Professor Buel took his barometer and a tripod, Mr. Fuertes a field-glass and some other instruments, and called on the President, who tried to run away and hide.

After ineffectual attempts to obtain the or-

der for the men, Prof. Buel opened his tripod in solemn silence, while Mr. Fuertes leveled his glass and looked through it at his Excellency. The tube of the telescope is slowly drawn outwards. The President begins to tremble. He is asked for the men. He refuses, and sits on his hammock in a determined manner. He ties his handkerchief tightly about his forehead, as if to gain additional firmness. The savans open another battery upon him. "Mr. President, we have authority from the government of this State to go through the country, and we are going to complain of you for disobeying orders. Now, then, will you give us the men?"

Again the old excuses about the church are given, until, all patience being exhausted, Prof. Buel fixes the tripod and shakes the barometer—runs wildly around the instrument—says a storm is brewing—eyes the President through the glass, while Fuertes again levels the telescope full in his face. His Excellency, deserted by his frightened attendants, seeing no help near, tries to speak and finally stammers out, "I'll—do it."

No time is given for a change in the mind of this dignitary, and before he can recover from his surprise, the party are off, men and all, for the Chicapa Valley.

About mid-day a settlement called Palmar was reached. All the men here were drunk and demanded to be taken on the expedition, so that there seemed just now no lack of men, such as they were.

The whim was humored, but before long a more serious matter demanded attention. The alcalde of the place, half-seas over, rolled towards the party, and began to swear and shake his fists at the "foreigners," asking what business they had in his country, and demanding their passports.

The cry is soon raised, "Take them to jail," and the drunken throng crowd about the strangers, each man vociferating "To the jail," "To the stocks," a very pleasant sound to men who had already inspected the conveniences of that institution.

"Stand back there," said Señor Macheo, who besides being a brave fellow, was full of fun. "Here are our passports," and he opened and extended towards them a large chart of the isthmus. "Who can read?" he asked. Nobody knew who could. But the Indians were not so easily fooled. They had seen passports before, and had never seen a



A DANGEROUS ROAD.

map. Mr. Fuertes, seeing the dilemma, rushes for his saddle-bags, and taking out a wrapper for cigarettes, bearing something resembling an official stamp, writes in Spanish:

"To whom it may concern.—

This is to certify that myself and party have been stopped at Palmar Ranchero, etc., etc."

It was a happy thought; the stamp and the Spanish was a poser, and the exploring party moved off rapidly, leaving the men to give to their governor a paper which would put them all in jail on his return to the settlement.

Up this valley of the Chicapa traveling is very difficult. Near the head-waters of this stream the party fell in with an American, a monomaniac and misanthrope, who believed he was standing over gold-mines. He had spent many years without seeing a human

face. His hut was crumbling, and his thin form seemed hardly able to support the pick and pan which he always carried in his wanderings. With long beard and tattered clothing, he might be seen sitting hour by hour, filling his pan with gravel and then patiently stooping to wash out the sand in vain anticipation of finding gold.

Who he was, or whence he had come, no one could tell. Perhaps he had been disappointed in the mines of California and had drifted down into this forlorn region, to die unknown and unknelt!

Before the expedition left the isthmus, it was ascertained that the old man had ceased to use the pan and pick, and had been buried in the very opening he had excavated for gold. The gravel he had so often washed now covers one who needs no coin for the long journey on which he has set out.

On December 27, all the men rebelled. Up to this time, it required full power of persuasion to keep the Indians from refusing to proceed.

The object of the exploration in this direction compelled the following of a plan which led the party through a valley which passed into a cañon with perpendicular walls, from four to six hundred feet high. The country was so wild that it was necessary to cut every inch of the way through the tangled growth. 6,000 feet in eight hours was a fair estimate of progress. Provisions must be sent for every few days, as food was scarce, and could be obtained from the villagers but a

little at a time. Two natives were going and two coming on the line of march continually.

The Indian diet was coarse bread and jerked beef; and as a woman, working steadily all the time, can make hardly enough bread for three men, the carriers could not get more than sufficient to last two days; and so bulky was the article that one could not carry any great quantity at a time.

The beds of the streams were also getting dry, and the want of food and water (for the provision carriers were overdue), made the natives thoroughly discontented long before the Atravesado range was ascended, along the eastern side of which the Ostuta river was supposed to flow.

The discontent of the Indians culminated at the summit of the range, which was finally ascended.

They had carried up the steep ascent, for days and days, loads weighing forty to fifty pounds. By a sling tied about their foreheads they supported these loads upon their backs, and with food and water they would have gone on willingly, but now they all refused to proceed, and putting down their burdens, they were about to follow one of their number who called out, "If you want to starve, stay; I am going home." Señor Macheo, Fuertes and Professor Buel were alone with the mutineers.

The brooks abounded in trout, and the woods in game, but the natives abhorred everything but "*tortilla*," their hard-baked bread. The messengers were overdue; there



SURVEYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

was hardly water enough for a drop apiece. Something must be done to induce the men to go forward. By persuasion or force they must be made to obey, or the exploration will come to an untimely end.

The Ostuta river had not yet been seen. The project of Señor Moro could not be discarded until it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the plan of uniting the Ostuta and Chicapa was impracticable. It was just at this time, when the Indians were informed that the Ostuta must be reached, that the fellow cried out, "I'm going home; let those that want to starve, stay."

Mr. Fuertes seized him to detain him, lest his example should be contagious.

These Zoque Indians will lie, and have also other vices of barbarous tribes, but they are afraid of being called thieves, and in many matters are very honest. A man sent with money for provisions always comes back; without money they never return. Money was therefore offered to two men that they might go for food. They refused it, and all sprang up to start for home. Something decisive must be done. To go back was to lose everything, and to go forward without help and provisions was sure destruction. The ringleader Nicolas was therefore told that he could not go; whereupon he turned on his heel and walked coolly away.

Quick as thought the muzzle of a rifle was pointed at him, and a second time he was commanded not to stir.

With the utmost composure he faced the party, and walking towards Mr. Fuertes, opened his shirt bosom and calmly said, "Fire, I'm not afraid to die."

It was the courage of a savage, but impressive nevertheless. How could one fire on such a man? The only course was to expostulate. "Why are you afraid of a little thirst if you are not afraid to die? Would you leave us, and your own

countrymen, in the mountains to starve, while you go and lie in your hammock at home? I don't want you now; you shall have another man to go home with you [no man ever travels alone in those parts], and I'll take with me only those who are not afraid. I want no man who will desert his friends."

Just at this moment, there was a movement among the Indians. "Hark!" They listened in their peculiar way, then broke into a shout, that rang through those wild woods. An answering shout was heard, then a rifle report, and in a few moments, four men, sent by Señor Macheo, arrived, bringing the needed supplies.

Just before this outbreak, the larder being low, Señor Macheo's servant took a gun and shot a monkey for supper. It was like cannibalism, to think of eating the almost human creature; all the Darwinianism of the party protested, and the natural instinct of civilized humanity revolted at the idea.

There lay the monkey, descended from a common stock, but by a branch that had not developed fast enough on this benighted isthmus to bring the tribe up to the full human stature. One might as well eat one of these brown natives who are looking on. Never had the idea of "natural selection" seemed to mean so much! Can the claim of



INQUISITIVE BUT OPAQUE.

relationship ever be so strong again, if we carve these infant bones? Oh, Darwin! by all the glory thou hast shed over the race of monkeys with long tails, save us from taking advantage of this ring-tailed specimen! That human head thrown back, solemn and severe, with a reproachful look; that human hand, four fingers and a thumb, still holding the twig which it had grasped as it fell—a clean hand with white nails; it is a post-mortem, not the preparation of a meal! It is a coroner's inquest over an infant of days, not the rally of hungry men to a banquet!

A rifle-shot brings these painful moments of hesitation to a close. As if to prevent an immediate settlement of the question of relationship, making this child of the Sierra "flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone," the man who had shot him comes rushing from the neighboring wood half frightened out of his wits, uttering the fearful cry "A tiger; a tiger!" Those of the party who feel easy about tigers soon surround the said tiger's lair. He is at bay in his cave. Looking in at the entrance, two phosphoric lights show the eyes of the wounded animal. Two more shots; and after the smoke clears away, a gazelle is brought out, with two bullets in its skull, and its side riddled with shot.

While the gazelle is roasting, the friends of Darwin bury their dead relative, and cast each a handful of dust upon the grave of their kinsmonkey! R. I. P.

The view from the Atravesado mountain summit is sublime. The panoramic extent and grandeur of the scenery fill even the minds of the Indians with astonishment and awe.

You look down upon mountains that have cost eight days of hard labor to ascend, and they seem like little hillocks, such as children might pile up in the sand. Immense plains stretch beneath your feet, streaked with the silvery veins of streams that have their source among these mountains. The landscape has its villages and towns, scarcely visible however, while three large lakes give it a pleasing variety.

To the south, the blue mist of the Pacific breaks over a broad belt of sand, while on the east, the high mountains of Chiapas join the Andes, which end only at the Straits of Magellan.

On the west, the Sierra Madre ingrafts itself upon the Rocky Mountains, behind the purple haze that veils the fading peaks. From such a height, the earth seems almost round. On the Atravesado range,

huge blocks are found, deposited by glacial action. North of Niltpec, moraines attest the existence of a period in which glaciers dipped down the Cucumates range of mountains.

North of Zanatepec there are also moraines as well as in Santa Maria. These blocks are often forty feet in diameter, and have been let down through the melting ice, and as the glaciers proceeded northwards, have been deposited in a south-west direction, no matter what the configuration of the soil. Across the valleys by the sea-level, and over mountains 6,000 feet high, you can trace these blocks arranged in parallel lines. The same may be observed far away from the Ostuta, covering a wide area of territory towards the south and north.

The Ostuta was at last reached, and found to be at too low a level to feed the summit, as well as being insufficient in volume, even if it could be joined with the Chicapa, which was impossible unless the great mountain of porphyry between them could be removed or bored.

The disappointment was the keenest yet experienced. The fear of being left by the Indians without provisions among the mountains was nothing to the chagrin of this ineffectual exploration. The party returned to the headquarters at Chivela-pass, feeling like outcasts, and looking like outcasts, with hardly a whole garment, shoeless, jaded, sun-browned, and, worse than all, disheartened.

Met by their comrades at Chivela with shouts and eager expectation, they could make only the report of failure. It seemed for a time as if the whole project must be given up. The rumor of lakes on the Petapa or Western mountains was found to be unfounded, and the most discouraging reports were made of the country towards the high waters of the Corte on the east.

Señor Macheo, a truthful gentleman, familiar with the country, was not here to give advice or help. He had been called suddenly away by a messenger who reported the burning of the town of Juchitan—a most barbarous procedure; eight thousand people made homeless and two-thirds of the town destroyed, to gratify the caprice of a single man. The letter to Señor Macheo alluding to the event was in Virgilian style. "Come to the land of thine inheritance, and be welcomed by thy sad subjects, who desire to till thy land without anxiety, and to moisten it with the sweat that will not turn to blood." And so he went.

These Mexicans are all republican. They



hate Spaniards and monarchy. Even the most ignorant agree in this. They all believe in States-rights, and this belief is at the bottom of all their troubles. The ignorant population outnumber the better classes, four to one, and since States can levy taxes and raise armies, the country being immense and the population scattered, with little or no means of intercommunication, it is easy for designing men to raise the standard of revolution, by a popular war-cry, a band of music, a few rockets and plenty of rum.

All local revolutions grow out of personal feuds between politicians. In 1870, the revolution began in a quarrel between two prominent men over an irregular division of spoils. A leading man of that section had a dispute with a judge, concerning a fine imposed by him at San Juan Guichicovi. Some time afterwards a Huave Indian killed a bull belonging to a neighbor, in the town of San Mateo, and bribed the same judge with four hundred dollars, being afraid for his life while in his clutches. He soon met the above-mentioned leader, and they together planned a revolution, in order to destroy the judge. "States-rights" was a plausible pretense. Taxes were laid, speeches delivered, and rum distributed. Juchitan was taken by the rebels, and a brutal chief took vengeance by burning the town. In April it was full of State troops, a small cannon was mounted on the church roof, sentries overawed the few rebels that remained, and a distribution of liquor by the other side easily reconciled the twelve thousand inhabitants huddled into the houses left after the fire. The body of a man who had set fire to the town when it was in possession of the rebels, lay unburied on the sod, and one hand was cut off to tell the crime for which he suffered. The rabble trampled upon and insulted the remains of this ignorant wretch, apparently forgetful of the fact that the last conqueror had done a far more dastardly deed of the same sort a few days before. The first incendiary died a horrible death. The second took the occasion to write a grand account of his power and skill in crushing the rebellion. Then



A TARIFA HOUSEHOLD.

followed wholesale political treachery and murder. People obnoxious to the Governor were persuaded by pretended friends to go on a supposed errand, and murdered on the way. A priest, with no political ambition whatever, was assassinated on hearsay testimony. The jail of Niltpec contained two starving women, who were kept in prison because they did not know and could not tell where their husbands were. Señor Lopez, a splendid-looking young man whom the expedition met on the road as he was going home, never saw the child born to him by his wife while she was in concealment from the authorities. He was murdered on the way to her hiding-place.

Returning to the prospects of the expedition, from which we strayed away with Señor Macheo, we find them disheartening.

Señor Moro's project was supposed to be the only hope of a feeder for the canal, since a supply from any other source than the Ostuta and Chicapa was thus far very problematical. All the evidence obtained up to this time was against the idea of any such good fortune. Parties had been sent in all directions to explore rivers previously proposed as feeders, but their labors, although extremely arduous, and accompanied by great difficulties, met with no success.

It was therefore with much reluctance that the project of joining the Ostuta and Chicapa was given up; but when it was found

that the highest part of the Ostuta is at least one hundred and seventy feet below the summit level of the canal, and that, at the only point for uniting the Ostuta and Chicapa, the Chicapa is a thousand feet or more higher than the Ostuta, with immense valleys and ravines, and peaks between, while other obstacles exist, each one rendering the problem impossible of solution, it was decided to make an exploration to the Corte as the last resort. Reports from that region by Robles and Moro were of the most unfavorable character. The Indians were afraid of wild beasts inhabiting the trackless forests, and of the far more fearful spirits haunting the ravines and caverns of that wilderness. It was said that no path could be made through the woods, and over the inaccessible peaks. Provisions could not be carried across such a country; and besides, the stream of which they were in search was insignificant in volume and beyond the range of a feeder which should attempt to divert its course.

In spite of all these and many other discouraging statements and rumors, our expeditionists determined to go at all hazards, and to surrender faith in the canal-project only when every rood of the whole isthmian range had been surveyed in vain. Messrs. Fuertes and Buel set out therefore for Santa Maria Chimalapa, situated about 20 miles north-east from Tarifa, and reached that miserable village January 19, 1871, after a most toilsome journey over swamps, scaling steep precipices, and climbing, by the roughest roads imaginable, hill after hill. At Santa Maria they expected to get provisions, with men to carry them, making that village a sort of base of operations towards the high waters of the Corte.

They had already surveyed the ground between Santa Maria and Tarifa (see map) and had found no insurmountable obstacles to overcome. The roads, as has been said, were horrible. The mules slipped down declivities of twenty or thirty feet. An illustration represents two engineering parties running preliminary lines, to locate the valleys through which the canal-feeder is to pass, for the distance of about twenty-one miles from Santa Maria to Tarifa pass.

The most difficult and expensive part of the work, as well as the most trying to survey, is that part of the feeder route which lies between Santa Maria (see map) and the place where the River Corte is tapped, twenty-seven and a half miles from the plains, at Tarifa, or the summit-pass. Although but five or six miles beyond Santa Maria, it was

here that the great scientific, physical and moral battle of the campaign of the expedition was fought out.

On arriving at Santa Maria Chimalapa, they found all the men of the town drunk. Therefore they took possession of a ruined hut, and pitched their tent for the night. They awoke, after a few hours' troubled sleep, to find their faces swollen almost beyond recognition, from the bites of several hitherto unknown specimens of insects. Some scorpions had also acquired a prior right to that hut, as the party found out at daybreak, a right which was not disputed as soon as other arrangements could be made.

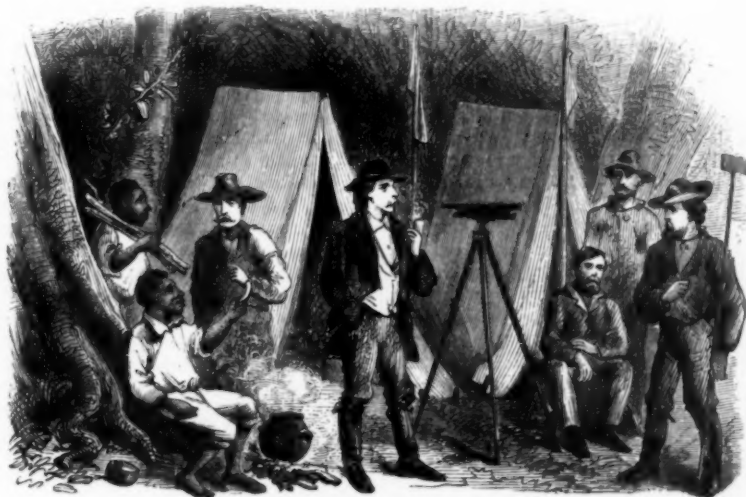
Santa Maria is larger than San Miguel. A thousand inhabitants and not a single shop; not money enough in the town to change a dollar, and the natives all against the strangers, after the first officious greeting. Finding that exploration and not trade was their object, the Indians set themselves sturdily against the expedition. It soon became the great object of life to get something to eat. The second object was to scratch. Musquitos were of no account, for by day the Rodadores, a small fly, left a mark like a blister; by night the Gegen entered the field, and at early rising the Talaja and Zangano relieved the Gegen, and so on. The hour could be told by the kind of insect attacking the body. The Indians never quarrel when drunk, but try to walk with locked arms, singing by turns, with index-finger inserted in the neck of the inevitable bottle. The principal food of the party consisted of plantains and parrots. At last the parrots became scarce, and eight plantains, bought of a disgusting leper, seemed to be the sole dependence. Not even the feast of St. Sebastian could cause forgetfulness of hunger, although the party was invited to eat with the President and other dignitaries. There is no priest in the place, and the people elect their own religious leaders and King-Matumbos. St. Sebastian is an ugly doll, without nose or legs. This last defect is remedied by lashing the saint to a stick and tying a red calico petticoat about his waist by a string. A furious moustache, painted by a native artist, completed his toilet. They carried the poor figure to the ruined church, the bells ringing and a band of drunken musicians and a couple of clerks with fingers in bottles, preceding the procession. The women, excluded from all ceremonies, beat their breasts with their hands, and prayed in mixed Zoque and Spanish, at a distance from the drunken crowd. After some mummeries inside, from the sight of which stran-

gers were debarred, a dance came off opposite the church. King Matumbo sat before a table near the dancers. On the table were bows and arrows, adorned with red and yellow ribbons. After the dance they returned to church, arrows were discharged at the saint, and then the men got more and more drunk, Matumbo not excepted.

The festival was to be over at dusk, but actually lasted for twenty-one consecutive days, so hard is it for men, with nothing else to do, to leave off their revelries. After nine days of ineffectual effort to get provisions or men, it was decided to go back to headquarters at Chivela, in order to make other arrangements for proceeding. During this trip back to Chivela, over almost impassable roads,

soldiers deserted, many Indians ran away, and again the party were nearly starved out.

After many delays, every arrangement was made to go to the high waters of the Corte, as soon as the funeral of a young woman should take place. A trench was dug between the church and the bell-tower, on the road. Four women officiated at the funeral, the eldest carrying a cross, and all keeping up an incessant talking. Somebody said it was their way of saying the Lord's Prayer; and as women here can do no ceremonial act except at funerals, perhaps they needed more experience in recitation. The husband of the deceased stood by, apparently unconcerned, and with a strange grin on his face. He looked rather pleased than otherwise. Although not



STARTING THE FREEDER LINE.

many vanilla vines, cedar, mahogany and gum-arabic trees were seen.

At Chivela the party was joined by the Mexican Commission, ordered by their government to co-operate in the undertaking, and which was composed of accomplished and courteous gentlemen, equipped far better than the Americans. Accompanied by them and Captain Shufeldt, the party returned to Santa Maria, having the necessary order to the authorities to further the plans, and having also received the promise of an armed escort. Six or eight soldiers would have been sufficient, but the government sent twenty-five, thus complicating the problem of food in an alarming manner. However, some of the

called upon to do so, he participated in the burial, by stamping down the earth in the grave and bringing two jugs of water to pour in, so as to pack the earth more firmly.

An epidemic of small-pox had slain many victims the preceding April, so that in the earth of the grave many bones and some skulls formed a part of the filling-up. After the ceremony, which was often interrupted by the diggers taking a drink, tallow candles were stuck in the mud over the grave, and the assembly dispersed chatting and laughing, one woman only sadly repeating, "Is it possible, Holy Virgin Mary, that she is gone? Who will take care of her little children?"

The candles were kept burning for several

days and nights, affording to the mules of the party protection from the bites of vampires during the night.

A rebellion broke out again on the following day, and a second postponement of departure was the result. For fourteen days the party suffered tortures to which the discomforts of Siberia or the Dry Tortugas are nothing. Mosquitos and many other insects by day, succeeded by vampires at night, made life almost unendurable. With few clothes (for one supplies only his necessities on such a journey, where every extra pound of weight tells); without beds or water for washing; almost nothing to eat, barefoot and with bodies swollen from poisonous bites of insects; no books; no writing materials; no prospect, for the trees concealed everything; surrounded by lepers and disgusting natives, the members of the party look at each other; get up and walk about; look at each other again; scratch such places as will bear it, and then sit down to meditate on the situation.

The Mexican Commissioners go off disgusted, and inaugurate a survey towards the south; and after a long, trying ordeal the United States surveying party actually starts for the Corte river, and cutting its way through almost impassable wilds, encamps on the Blanco river, a tributary of the Corte.

Imagine immense gray rocks, precipitous hills, immense trees, noisy waterfalls, with a prospect of wonderful extent and beauty, and you have the camp-grounds of the expedition at the Corte, or Coatzacoalcos (Feathery Serpent) river. Pure air and hopes of success, after so many disappointments, make the party merry and active. The explorations of the indefatigable Buel are yielding fruit, and the preliminary work is almost done, when the Indians rebel again and the party is entirely alone, without food, the eighth day after the last start from Santa Maria.

For three days the Americans were alone, undergoing great hardships, living on the precarious results of shooting, which could only be done in intervals of work, till, having settled beyond a doubt that there was enough water to feed the canal, and high enough to be brought to the summit level, the party returned to Chivela, and, twelve days after the Indians deserted them, was back again with instruments, carefully leveling, surveying and locating the line of the feeder. This time unmarried men were taken from different tribes, and so prevented from conspiring together to return home in a body.

On the 31st of March, 1871, the different

lines met at eleven o'clock in the morning, near the camp at the Sanapac brook. As the different groups approached each other, singing "When Johnny comes marching home," it was a time of inexpressible satisfaction. It was the supreme moment of the expedition. As the leveling parties wound down the steep paths leading to the camp, telling each other by shouts of their success, joy filled every heart. Notes were instantly compared, and the level and the barometer differed only eight feet in their results.

Everything required for the ship-canal had now been found. Huzza after huzza rang through those wild forests, and, almost crazy with delight, the sturdy men who had won the day shook hands with each other, and shouted till they were hoarse. Long will they remember that night in camp at the Sanapac, near the head-waters of the Corte.

The result is proof positive that the point, and the only point, from which the canal can be fed is the upper Coatzacoalcos or Corte river, near its junction with the Blanco river (see map). Here 1,618 cubic feet of water per second flow, and in the dryest season the surface of the water is 660 feet above the ocean, and 72 feet below the summit level of the canal. Three miles up stream the waters of the Corte ascend to the summit level, and the plan is to turn the waters of the Corte from a depressed valley below the level of the summit pass, into a valley of greater elevation, by means of a dam forming a level, whence the flow will be a natural one to the distributing basin at Tarifa pass. Numerous streams, crossed by the feeder, can be made to increase the above-mentioned supply to 127,000 cubic feet per minute.

Although a fearful country to explore, it will not be a very difficult task to construct the feeder from its source to Santa Maria. For the first four miles there will be side cuttings nearly all the way. There is but one important stream to cross, which will add to the cost, but presents no insurmountable difficulty of construction. Within the next mile and a third, an aqueduct must be constructed 1,200 feet in length, connecting two ridges; also a tunnel 4,150 feet long, through a cliff-ridge. This will be the most expensive portion of the entire feeder route, and yet the soil is composed of sandstone, clay and slate, so that without a shadow of doubt the work can be done.

We shall not delay long upon the advantages to our Republic of this ship-canal. Our task has been to show its feasibility, and to interest the public in the enterprise. We

may, however, add, that by the construction of this canal for the largest vessels, the length of many trading channels will be shortened.

As the Suez Canal opens a way to Asia for all Europe, so the Tehuantepec Canal gives the United States a highway to China and Japan, making the Gulf of Mexico an American lake, and giving this Republic a fair opportunity to win the trade of all the western American coast, and the far eastern lands. Increased facilities will be afforded to European countries for commerce; but direct intercourse with the Orient and independent routes by sea will be the peculiar reward of the United States, in the completion of this magnificent undertaking.

South American commerce has been almost wholly absorbed by Europe. When the work shall be finished, the western coast of South America as well as the eastern, will be made tributary to the commercial greatness of this Republic, and the canal, by cutting the two continents apart, will also bind them more closely together in bands of mercantile reciprocity.

The mere relation of our own Atlantic and Pacific ports suggests the indispensable condition of a canal to make us a homogeneous people in all commercial affinities. It is an affair of fourteen thousand miles now, to sail from New York to San Francisco; consequently but few people double the Cape, and those generally for the sake of their health. But with the aid of a canal, it is a pleasure-trip of five thousand miles, all the way by water, with the novelty of sailing over a mountain pass thrown in, giving sea-sick passengers a chance to walk, if they please, in the very middle of the voyage.

It is not asserted that the Tehuantepec canal will secure commercial relations between Europe and the world in general, to the extent that the Suez canal now serves to connect commercially the two great divisions of the Eastern Hemisphere; but we claim that diffusing its benign influence over our American continent first, (as it ought to do, being within annexing distance of the United States), this canal will gradually revolutionize, for the good

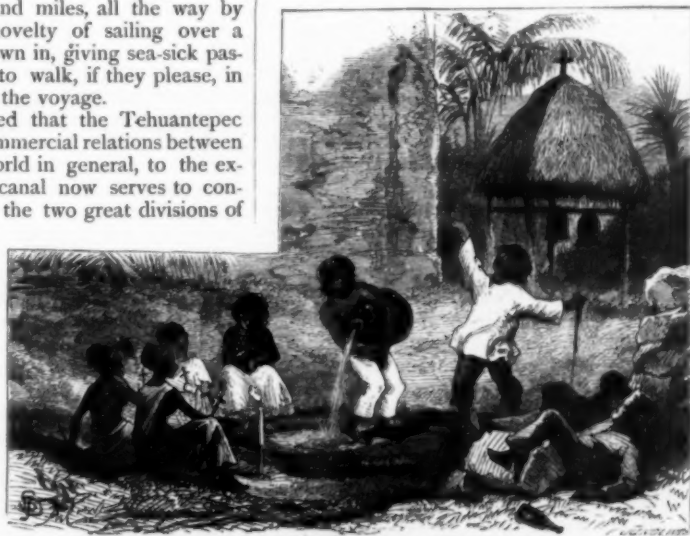
of all, the present condition of international exchanges.

As to the other routes, the reports of various surveys offer far less inducement for the experiment. There are narrower parts of the Isthmus, but the narrowest route across the Isthmus is the farthest from our frontier, a most important political consideration. Besides, at Darien, the most southern route, there is no summit level with a sufficient supply of water, and a tunnel much vaster than that of Mont Cenis would have to be constructed, requiring seventeen years of severe labor, and sixty millions in money.

At Panama there is equal difficulty in obtaining a supply of water, and the same sort of tunnel to be made, while harbors on both oceans would have to be constructed, Nature having shown no preference for a canal at this place.

Nicaragua offers some facilities above either of these routes, and yet topographical difficulties exist which are not met on the Tehuantepec route. Immense expense and great labor are necessary for excavations, piers and breakwaters, to say nothing of the cost of the canal, about which the question of feasibility is yet unanswered.

The Tehuantepec canal project, by comparison with all others, offers not only less difficulty in construction, but also the shortest distances between the United States and important foreign ports. It offers to the entire



FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT SANTA-MARIA.





CHIVELA PLANTATION ON THE SUMMIT TABLE-LANDS.

trade with Japan and China an improvement of 1,130 miles over every other route proposed; and while the distance from New York to San Francisco by Panama would be 6,218 miles, requiring twenty-two days for the voyage, by Tehuantepec it is only 4,741 miles, taking only seventeen days. There are also materials for constructing a canal, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which are not found near any of the other routes which have been projected. For example, hydraulic limestone, useful for cement, and indispensable in building a canal with locks, exists in abundance near the line of the proposed work. Rich iron mines have also been discovered; specular iron ore and hematite; copper ore is one of the mineral productions of the isthmus, and more than all, immense quantities of asphaltum and lignite exist near the route of the proposed canal. These products, together with the natural advantages of the country, make it attractive to colonists, who would bring the enterprise and the thrift which distinguish Christian nations to bear upon the development of the land.

Construct the canal, and, in the glow of the enthusiasm kindled by the undertaking, the same results will follow as in the case of the Pacific Railway enterprises: immigration, townships, some new vices, but, on the whole, civilization and progressive Christianity, would form a new American State out of the territory traversed by the ships of the world.

Even the Arctic seas will rejoice over the completed work, as an increased marine will yearly visit their frozen latitudes; and when a large part of the fifteen millions of dollars annually spent in outfit for the whalers shall be saved by this canal; when the year lost out of every three, in getting to the whaling ground, shall be regained, and when the eight percentage of leakage and decay on the long voyage home shall be diminished more than one-half, then the good old days of whaling life may come again.

As to the cost of this canal, it can be proved to be within reasonable limits, provided

the excavations and the mining, with all the political counter-mining, be not considered by the politicians a fair and rich placer to be worked by them and their dependents.

The cost of the canal will be expended in a trench, of ship-canal dimensions, dug in the flat valley of an immense river to the summit pass, and descending rapidly on the other side to the Pacific plains, which are nearly on a dead level. The feeder, twenty-seven miles long, through large valleys, will be the most expensive part of the undertaking, but, as we have elsewhere shown, the cost of this work will not be extravagant.

The locks of the ascending and descending portions of the canal will cost money, and be a disadvantage, but the most practicable of the other isthmian routes would require locks, and we may add that a canal is hardly ever without them, one of the most important canals of this country, the Chesapeake and Ohio, having as many as three hundred and ninety-eight.

The cost, then, of the Tehuantepec canal will be due to its noble dimensions, rather than to any unusual topographical conditions.

As no one can accurately tell the amount of tonnage that will pass through the canal, it is of course impossible to calculate the financial profits of the enterprise. Estimating, however, the annual tonnage at a low figure (derived from approximate statistics), the 2,000,000 tons floating from ocean to ocean, will make the burden to the nation very little. That this estimate is a low one, we may learn from the fact that the foreign commerce of China increased in thirteen years, ending in 1868, from 530,000 tons, carried in 1,527 vessels, to 6,400,000 tons, carried in 14,000 vessels.

Take also into account the new policy by which Japan opens the gates of its immense commerce to the world, and it is not difficult to see that there is no limit to the amount of business which a canal at Tehuantepec might command.

Politically, the Republic obtains, by the

completion of this enterprise, security and strength. Instead of sending its eastern commerce by the frowning guns of many hostile States in time of war, it has the Gulf of Mexico as a harbor of refuge, and the wide Pacific over which to convoy in safety its merchant ships.

The Mexican government is now willing to concede great privileges to the United States, if it will undertake the work. The

guaranty of these concessions it will not be difficult for our nation to maintain.

Nature invites to the undertaking: Providence offers materials for constructing the canal and water enough to float in it the navies of the world. The enterprise is in all respects easy of achievement, since it is simply the problem of an athlete called upon to lift a weight proportioned to his strength.

### IN AND AROUND BANGKOK.



GENERAL VIEW OF BANGKOK.

It is, of course, not literally true that Bangkok is Siam, but in many important respects it is more true than to say that Paris is France, for example, which has been said times enough to be true, if reiteration could make it so. Practically, the outside world has known little of the rich and splendid kingdom which, with its dependencies and adjacent provinces, separates the Bay of Bengal from the China Sea, except as it has known this capital city and the approach to it by the noble river which it decorates with its "palms and temples." During the last two or three years one or two seaports on the shores of the gulf have obtained some commercial importance. And the adventu-

rous expeditions of resident missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, have opened up to the eyes of the world the rich alluvial country watered by the Menam, the splendid hill country bordering the Laos provinces on the north, and the strange wilderness of the Cambodian jungle, with its vast and mysterious ruins of an ancient civilization in the moldering temple of Ongkor. Pre-eminent among explorers, however, is the lamented Henry Mouhot, who, after spending between three and four years in travel and investigation of the country and its resources, and in collecting specimens in various branches of natural history, at last fell a victim to the pestilential climate, from the dangers of which his

admirable constitution and his careful and abstemious habits had long defended him. Mouhot's work was left by his untimely death unfinished; but even in its unfinished condition it is recognized as the best exploring work which Siam has seen. His route took him through the two great valleys of the Menam and the Mékong (the river of Cambodia); among the savage tribes inhabiting the frontier between Cambodia and Cochin-China, of whom he gives us curious glimpses, which excite the wish for more familiar knowledge of them; and into the Laos country, which he had hoped to penetrate even to the mountain ranges which form the southwestern boundary of China. It is to him that we owe our knowledge of the wonderful Ongkor ruins. And his name will live in scientific annals as that of a naturalist of uncommon merit.

Beside Mouhot's book, which was compiled and arranged by his brother, the two most considerable books of travel in Siam are those of the late Roman Catholic Bishop Pallegoix, and of Sir John Bowring, the plenipotentiary by whom the existing treaty with Great Britain was negotiated. Bowring, however, did not go beyond Bangkok, and his two volumes are chiefly valuable for the fidelity and fullness with which he has collected and arranged the information to which his high official position and his inquisitive and active interest in all kinds of knowledge gave him access. The news of the death of Sir John Bowring, in November last, came while this article was in preparation.

Since the treaties with Great Britain and America were negotiated, a trip to Bangkok has been a comparatively easy thing, and any traveler who is not afraid of some occasional discomfort in his journey may make the voyage, commonly taking Singapore as the point of departure from the more ordinary highways of travel, not only with safety, but with pleasure. The latest traveler who has given us the narrative of his experience in Bangkok (M. le Comte de Beauvoir), was, to be sure, unfortunate in his choice of the ship which conveyed him from the Straits of Malacca. It is described as that "singular, dangerous and ill-smelling vessel, the *Chow-Pya*," the name of which declares its oriental nationality; "whose crew, and, much worse, whose cooks, were Chinese; where the bill of fare was restricted to eggs in the green stage, stale cocoa-nut oil, and decomposed pine-apples; whose captain was a pardoned pirate; which was entirely overrun by white ants; and whose mate and chief-engineer

were brought on board, just before the time of sailing, dead-drunk and handcuffed." To this enumeration of the advantages of his vessel (which we quote, for its admirable and vivid conciseness, from an English reviewer), the Count himself adds some delightful details. "Among our companions are a merchant returning to Siam, an old French woman and her cat, and a young Asiatic baby, placed under the protection of the prince and myself by a benevolent priest. We nurse him by turns, and are most anxious to hand him over in good case to his father, who was formerly coxswain of a French corvette, and is now generalissimo of the armies of the King of Siam. The child is plum-juice color, and if he had not a coral and bells of the noisiest kind, and if he had a more maritime stomach, especially at meal-times, he would be delightful. I am holding him on one knee at this moment, while I write on the other, endeavoring to preserve the equilibrium of my campstool amid the tumbling packages, and he and I are both devoured by multitudes of our little enemies. It is no consolation to us that when they bite us they leave their heads in the wounds. This is our fifth day of this queer existence amidships, which is, however, paradisiacal in comparison with that of the three hundred passengers, Malay, Chinese, and Arab, who are fore and aft, piled up in heaps upon the merchandise. They smoke opium and they play with dice. This human ant-heap, which exhales most deleterious odors, is noisy, disgusting, and cowardly. At every high wave they all scream as if we were going to the bottom, then howl out verses from the Koran, get drunk and fight freely."

Notwithstanding such a queer and discouraging entrance into the city, this good-humored traveler is more than paid for his uncomfortable voyage by the incomparable beauty of the Siamese capital. If anything could make a general view of Bangkok unattractive, it would surely be a foreground in which so excessive a disproportion of plum-colored baby with an insufficient maritime stomach was a lively and conspicuous feature. But M. de Beauvoir only adds his testimony to the unanimous voice of all his predecessors that there is no city, even of "the gorgeous East," which makes so charming and permanent an impression of picturesque magnificence and splendor.

By far the most conspicuous object as one sails up the broad and rapid river from the gulf, thirty miles distant, is the great pagoda of Wat-Chang, towering three hundred feet



THE LATE FIRST KING AND QUEEN.

towards heaven. A mass of tropical foliage on the river's bank conceals the base of the enormous structure, and shades the smaller buildings of the monastery which it adorns. It is impossible by any description to convey an impression of its striking and unique beauty. The white walls of the temple stand in strong contrast with the dark green of the banyan and the orange, and the broad plumes

of the stately palm. The roofs are covered with glazed tiles, of green and gold. In the midst of all these lower structures, smaller turrets, lesser pinnacles, swell the gigantic pyramid, rectangular, hexagonal, and conical in turn, till at the summit, rounded like a cupola, it is surmounted by a finial of gilded metal, spreading into graceful branches under the blue sky. From every branch of this great



A FEW OF THE CHILDREN OF THE LATE FIRST KING.

spire, from every prominent angle and projection, hangs a little gilded bell, and to the tongue of every bell there is attached a little fan. So while the shining porcelain of the mighty tower glitters and sparkles with its various colors in the sunlight, the least breeze that sweeps over the broad river and makes tremulous the leaves of the dark trees below will set in motion all these countless tongues on high, and make the whole pile musical. Memnon's statue, vocal when the light of morning smote it, was not more wonderful!

But this great structure, though it is the most conspicuous and beautiful of all that meet the traveler's eyes on entering the city, is only one of many. Temples and palaces on every side, with gleaming walls, with shining roofs, with graceful pinnacles and towers, rise high above the inconspicuous dwellings of the populace, above the "breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster," above the busy river with its shifting and incessant panorama of city life. For it is upon the river that all phases of the city life display themselves. It is the splendid highway of commerce, of trade, of fashion, and of pomp. The palaces and temples have their gates upon the river. Out upon the river come the kings in their great dragon-boats, that look like centipedal monsters with uplifted heads. As these strange craft make swiftly towards one, and the sharp startling cry of the dusky and almost naked oarsman breaks

upon the ear, no second exhortation is required to clear the way for royalty. As when a pike appears among the smaller fry that had been peacefully disporting in the pool, and all the crowd of fins is scattered in a twinkling, so is it—or so it *was* a few years ago, when the present writer saw Bangkok—at the appearance of the royal barge: the lesser boats, of whatsoever sort, would give to it the very widest berth with the most unhesitating alacrity. Out upon the river come the kings for coronation or for burial. Out upon the river come the priests to visit or to beg, or to perform their priestly functions at some distant shrine or temple. Out upon the river come the pedlars with their merchandise, and the hucksters with their various supplies. Out upon the river, for a visit or a purchase or an airing, you will go if you are living in Bangkok, as you would go out upon Broadway or upon the Avenue, if you are living in New York. Venice on the Adriatic itself is not more silent, more dream-like, more full of fascinating strangeness, than this Venice on the Menam.

The ruthless hand of public improvement is indeed changing the peculiarities of Bangkok, as of Venice. The whistle of the railway locomotive is not yet heard in Siam, to be sure, although the whistle of the steamer echoes up and down the river, from Paknam even, on occasions, to Ayuthia. But the present king is building what this preposterous



and Frenchy generation will persist in calling boulevards, along the river's bank; and wheeled vehicles and trotting horses begin to spin along the shore. The elephant, however picturesque, cannot contend for speed with such as these, and shakes his solemn head and waves his trunk disdainfully, as fogies will who see the changes which a rapid generation introduces with such reckless haste and inconsiderate extravagance.

The days of old Siam, indeed,—the days of the good old elephant on shore, and of the paddling canoe by water; the days which seemed as if they had come down to us unaltered from the "golden prime of good Haroun al Raschid,"—were already numbered when their late majesties, the first and second kings (the fathers of the two young gentlemen whose partnership in royalty succeeds to the goodwill and fixtures of the late concern, dissolved by death), began to deal with nineteenth-century science, and to manifest a fondness for the civilization of the Occident. People with the scantiest raiment, or, if raiment there must be, then with flowing robes and graceful scarfs and brilliant colors and innumerable jewels; little children with no costume but a yellow dye, with which their fond parents loved to decorate them, and necklaces of gold and precious stones shining only less brightly than their flashing eyes; bald-headed priests, with orange-colored drapery upon their comfortable bodies, with lazy fans to screen the shaven scalp or hide their holy eyes from vanity,—such forms as these must stand aside when the electric telegraph and the steam engine come. The stovepipe hat, symbol of science and the useful arts, the graceless pantaloons, nay, even the very swallow-tail itself, are not far distant. The reigning first king has been upon his travels to Singapore and to Calcutta, and has arrayed himself in store-clothes. An English governess instructed him. Occidental tailors have had at him. And he likes it; and has ordained a decree that whosoever will array himself in such a proper costume shall thenceforth be privileged to stand upright in the royal presence. The good old times, when, if the

king should introduce you to his wife, she would come scrambling on all-fours to take your hand, and make you feel as if you were saluting an amiable crocodile, are evidently almost over.

The late first king, of whom, with his queen, the engraver has given a striking portrait, was for many years a priest,—not so much because his disposition for a life of pious contemplation made him choose that life, but rather because a considerable unpleasantness between him and his kinsman who had usurp-



A YOUNG PRINCE ROYAL.

ed the throne made it safe for him to find asylum in the monastery. In his retirement, however, he made good use of his long opportunity for study; he became an accomplished scholar, not only in the sacred literature of his order, but, through the instruction of the missionaries, in the Western languages and sciences, to some extent. When the death of the usurper brought him from the priesthood to the throne of the first king, and his younger brother (whose tastes were even more practically and experimentally scientific than his own) to the dignity of second king, a new order was at once inaugurated in the realm. It was in the reign of these kings that the treaties with Great Britain and with the United States were negotiated and the kingdom thrown open to the commerce and exploration of the West.

The two present kings are children of the last two. The sovereign, who had lost so many years of royalty in the monastery, after he laid off his orange-colored scarf for the purple and jewels of the throne begat sons and daughters. He was a learned and able and greatly married man. The interesting group of little ones, who with difficulty crowded within the focus of the camera for their photograph, are a few of his children. They are in their ordinary costume: how they may appear when they are prepared for state occasions may be seen from the young prince, with clothing embroidered with gems, and with the golden crown on his uncomfortable little head, as the engraving shows him.

It is the present first king who has made



THE REIGNING FIRST KING.



THE REIGNING SECOND KING (GEORGE WASHINGTON).

illustrious his administration by the abolition of slavery in his realm, and by the public works of great magnitude which he has undertaken. His cousin, the second king, is the son of that agreeable gentleman, the late second king, the friend of foreigners, in whose palace an English or American visitor could find a generous and refined hospitality, and a degree of intelligence and culture to which kings' houses, even in Christian countries, have not always been accustomed. He was fond of waiving ceremony and inviting guests to visit him in a friendly and familiar way; would give you tea and coffee for your lunch, and ask you, in the conventional fashion, whether you would take cream and sugar; would chat with you (if you knew enough to keep up your end of the conversation) about the latest improvements in firearms or the most recent scientific discovery; or would discuss with you the comparative merits of the dictionaries (with a strong preference for Webster), or the literary characteristics of Sir Walter Scott. He died lamented by a multitude of friends in his own land and in foreign countries, to whom he had endeared himself by his enlightened and generous spirit. His brother, the first king, followed him not long after, in some sense a martyr to science; the fever which carried him off having been contracted in the jungle of the peninsula of Malacca, to which place (within the limits of his own kingdom) he had gone with a large retinue for the astronomical study of the great solar eclipse. The present second king bears the name George Washington, by the bestowal of which his father wished to testify his admi-

ration for the great character of the American patriot.

The splendor of the court ceremonial which is observed on state occasions is in a high degree imposing. There are temples with great gates of ebony, inlaid with pearl, that are thrown open only once or twice a year when the king comes to visit them. There are corridors of grotesque or stately images; there is the enormous statue of Buddha recumbent, of solid masonry, as long as a church steeple, covered over from head to foot with plates of purest gold; there are the splendid audience halls, in which the architecture of Siam and that of China is combined, with strangely picturesque and still more strangely beautiful results; there are the grand processions of the royal elephants, the royal boats, the royal troops, the actresses and dancers, the purses scattered for the crowd to scramble after; there is the golden canopy under which, in jeweled splendor, stands or sits the king; and, most impressive and extraordinary of all, there

is, or was (until the present king in part abolished it), the absolute prostration of all human beings, in silent and obsequious reverence, in the presence of their sovereign. No one was exempt except the foreign visitors, of whom it was required that they should show the same respect and be governed by the same etiquette which was demanded in the country from which they came. But queens and princes, noblemen gray-haired and corpulent, the prime minister and all his counselors, must bow in abject reptile attitude, in servile silence, while the king was present. To be sure, they were at liberty each one to take it out of his subordinates when no one of superior rank was by; and so the various ranks of life were hedged about by their distinctive ceremonies; but, all together, they must grovel when the lord of the whole realm appeared.

Something of the same splendid and ostentatious ceremonial is observed even after the king's majesty has become defunct. When



PORTAL TO ROYAL AUDIENCE HALL.

a great nobleman is buried, or rather burned,—for incineration is the usage for the Siamese dead,—the funeral is a public festival. Prodigious expense is incurred, varying according to the rank or wealth of the de-

His corpse "had been dried by mercury, and when it was as dry as a stick it was doubled in two, the feet and the head were jammed together, it was tied up like a sausage, and deposited in a golden urn on the



A ROYAL CATAFALQUE.

ceased, in the erection of the funeral pavilion or the mortuary pagoda. During the Count de Beauvoir's visit, the body of the second king, who had died almost a year before, was lying in state, and was presently to be burned.

top of a magnificent catafalque." M. de Beauvoir reckons this spectacle as, in some ways, the most curious of all the strange sights of the capital. "Amid the grand colonnades" of the palace of the dead king (he says), "hun-

dreds of mandarins are walking about, formerly his civil and military officers. We pass under eight porticos; slaves draw back a vast curtain; we are in the throne-room. The dead king, in his urn atop of his altar, holds

catafalque, and takes from it some huge cigars, which he brings to us in a basket of red filigree. He whispers some words, which are translated for us to mean that he offers them on the part of the second king, and is about



STRUCTURE BUILT FOR A QUEEN'S FUNERAL.

his court precisely as he held it in life. We are told to bow—we do so—great satisfaction of the mandarins in lines on the left and right, their faces on the ground, all in white, which is mourning. One of the pages goes to the

to light them at a funeral taper. Long silken cords of white and gold extend from the lid of the golden urn in all directions, like the threads of a spider's web, and at the extremity of each is a mandarin in adoration. They

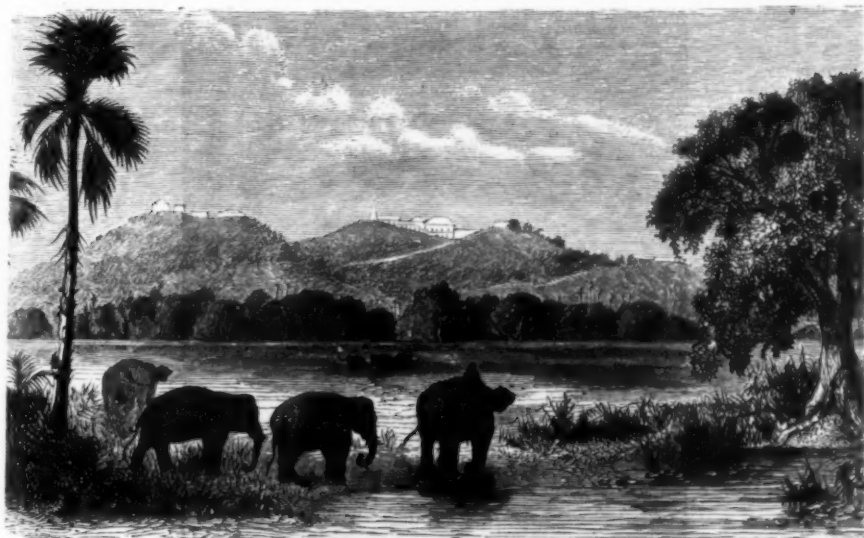




MONKEYS PLAYING WITH A CROCODILE.

believe that these cords bear their words and prayers to the king, and they press them to their lips with lively faith and emotion. Lastly, a great golden basket stands upon the first step of the mausoleum, filled with letters and petitions addressed to the deceased since last week, and the replies are confidently expected. The entire spectacle is incomparably strange, stupefying, and enchanting; and as we make profound reverences to his bottled majesty, we gravely thank him for his gracious reception and his excellent cigars, and hope that he may burn as well as they do. All this time his harem is kept up precisely as during his lifetime. At sunrise and sunset, hundreds of women come to talk, by means of the white and golden cords, to this calm and inoffensive husband. They will cease to belong to him only on the day of his fiery burial, and it is fully understood that not one of them is expected to immolate herself upon the funeral pile."

Of course there was a greater ostentation and expense in the funeral rites of a dead king than would be often seen. But the general style of such a ceremonial, and of the structures which are built for it, is the same in cases of the incineration of a nobleman of lower rank, or of a queen or princess. To us, who knew the amiable king at whose obsequies M. de Beauvoir assisted, there is something sorrowful as well as ludicrous in the ghastly mockery which he describes. It is not, to be sure, "our funeral," and there is nothing in which a question of taste is less to be disputed than in mortuary matters. But it seems so much like making game of



VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS OF PETCHABURI.

the kind-hearted man in whose hospitable home this mummied corpse was throned for a whole year, that, as we read the story, we appreciate with a new gratitude the privilege which we inherit from the patriarch who bought the cave of Machpelah, that he might "bury his dead out of his sight."

There is enough of splendor and magnificence in Bangkok, enough of strange variety in usage and in life, to keep the traveler busy longer a great deal than most travelers can find time to stay.

Just below the mouth of the Menam, on the shore of the Gulf, are the picturesque hills of Petchaburi, where the king has a summer palace. Something like fifty miles above Bangkok stands the old capital, Ayuthia, a city of historic fame and interest, but fallen largely into ruin. It is still a place of some importance, however, and of interest to the traveler, especially if he can visit it when the wild elephants are captured and brought in, to be confined and disciplined until they are domesticated and made fit for service.

While the elephant is monarch of the jungle, the crocodile maintains a fierce supremacy in river and in bay, which cannot safely be disputed. And yet M. Mouhot testifies that the extraordinary spectacle which one of our engravings represents is real, and not infrequent. Judging from this scene, the crocodile, for all his coarse, unintellectual expres-

sion, would appear to have a sensitive and touchy nature, jealous of all assaults upon his personal dignity. With a sagacity of unnatural acuteness, the monkeys have detected the weak point in the monster's nature and are practicing upon it. They combine to chaff and irritate him, goading him to madness. A chain of monkeys swings from overhanging branches to the surface of the river, and by turns advances and retreats, the uttermost ape at once enticing and defying the grim reptile. Sometimes (Mouhot says) the chain swings once too often or too far, and the grinning torment disappears with one wild shriek within the ponderous jaws of his tormented foe. At once the whole troop disappears with wails of grief and terror. But, of course, the instinct of malicious mischief brings them back again after a day or two, to resume their sinful game.

Wonders enough, in city and in jungle, wait to be admired; and not the least, the wonders of faith and patience, and of achievement too, by which the Christian men and women of the American missions are letting in upon the darkness of this strange old land, the light of life and immortality. The old era is already closed. With the new age has come already much of Christian civilization and culture. There is coming, too, the knowledge and the love of Him "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."



## SHEAVES.

A SAD autumnal sky—a twilight sky,  
 All colorless and gray;  
 A low wind whispering through the withered grass  
 And wandering away;  
 Bare trees—save for a handful of brown leaves;  
 A quiet reaper, resting with her sheaves—  
  
 How poor they seem! how few, how worthless all!  
 Ah! for another spring:  
 Or if the summer, late and cold at best,  
 Might come again, and bring  
 The light and warmth that best matures the grain  
 Before the frost falls and the latter rain!  
  
 And yet He knows, and judges all aright:  
 Some by the wayside fell;  
 Some came to naught; and some the birds devoured  
 And He alone can tell  
 What bitter chance or circumstance decreed  
 The utter failure of the cherished seed.  
  
 But it may be in a diviner air  
 Transfigured and made pure,  
 The harvest that we deemed as wholly lost  
 Waits perfect and mature:  
 And the faint heart that now defeated grieves  
 May yet stand smiling 'mid abundant sheaves.

## LITTLE MISS FRERE.

## I.

It was the evening of a November day. The wind whistled down the valley and sang a doleful song through the branches of the tall pine-trees surrounding the house on the hill. Overhead the heavy clouds which had hung low all through the day were broken asunder and dragged towards the earth on either side as though by their own weight, leaving filmy ragged edges through which the great, calm sky looked down. In the west, covering his retreat, bristled the golden lances of the sun just above a bar of fiercest red, which shone like the pillar of cloud and fire in the days of the promise. Lights gleamed out from the windows of the house; pointed arrows of brightness shot through the half-closed shutters or between the folds of the curtains left awry, and touched the road below, where the working people from the town were plodding home to the dingy little cabins on the flat along the bend of the river.

Within the house summer and sunshine seemed still to reign. A flood of light poured from the empty drawing-room; and from the open door across the hall came the odor of fruit and flowers, with the bright sparkle of silver. Dinner was just over, and the family lingered a moment in the dimly lighted hall before proceeding to the drawing-room.

"Let us stay here," pleaded pretty Mrs. Benchley, sinking into one of the cathedral chairs set stiffly against the wall. "To gather in a drawing-room after dinner is a mere conventionality. I am sure it is much nicer here;" and the widow shook out her soft black draperies and drew her chair nearer to the register where they had all gathered for a moment, as though the change from the bright, warm room, where the heliotropes were even so soon withering in the *épergne*, had brought a chill. The rays from the blazing star upon the forehead of the bronze dancing-girl at the foot of the winding stairs lit up the group,—the fair-faced woman, the guest of the house, who had spoken, leaning forward with white outstretched hands; the Professor, tall, angular, with a stoop about his shoulders, and shaggy red-brown hair hiding his strong face, and the kindly eyes smiling down upon the widow through his glasses; last of all, but first in importance, the Professor's mother, Madame Pfeiffe, the hostess, standing upon the threshold of the drawing-room where the strong light brought out every tint of her quaint many-hued dress,

every line of her gentle old face shaded by its queer little front of white curls. A child had been pulled playfully after the widow by a silken scarf, like a pet spaniel; a little blue-eyed, fair-haired creature who called her "mamma," and curled down now at her feet.

"I like this place," she said, with a deep sigh of contentment, throwing back her head to embrace in one long, lingering glance every charm of her surroundings; from the ghostly shadows enveloping the winding stairs, to the queer family portraits ranged in double rows where the light struck full upon the wall before her. "Yes, I like this place;" and she nestled her cheek against her mother's knee. Each one of the group spoke in reply to the child.

"If you do, you must remain with us a long time," said hospitable Madame Pfeiffe.

"Flossy utters aloud what some of us only think deep down in our hearts;" and the widow threw a glance, half shy and half coquettish, towards the Professor, who had bent over the child. "And I like *you*," he said. But though his hand rested upon the child's hair, his eyes were upon the mother.

"How beautiful are the mother and child!" he thought. "How beautiful is the mother-love, and here in my own home!" That was all. But the very thought breathed a suggestion; and in these stray thoughts and ways begins the conjugation of a certain verb the varying moods and painful tenses of which the Professor had learned by heart once, years before.

The words had been uttered almost in chorus. A pause followed; the widow's head was bent to the child; a soft color had crept into her face. Ah, if it might be! She was no longer young. All the warmth which youth knows had departed with its freshness. Love could never again be a sweet surprise—the stealthy creeping out of the heart while the sentry slept. But here was rest and peace, and something which even wealth could not bring. She was weary of carrying her burdens, which others envied, since they were called riches. She was tired of facing the world alone. O, if it might be!

Madame Pfeiffe broke the silence with a platitude. She had taken up her knitting and resigned herself with a sigh to this arrangement for the evening, which did not include the grand drawing-room. Had her guest been less charming or of a position less assured, the small host gathered so informally here would have been marshaled upon the

other side of the wide doors, towards which Mrs. Benchley had turned her pretty shoulders. But certain thoughts, amounting almost to schemes, as she glanced from the window to her tall son and drew the thread of her knitting over her left forefinger, resigned her to almost any possible innovation. "What is so charming as the frank innocence of childhood?" she said. "I would we might all utter our thoughts aloud."

Unconscious hypocrite! who would have suffered martyrdom sooner than reveal the schemes at that moment working in her own brain.

"Happy state!" exclaimed the Professor—"Swedenborg's heaven, 'where things are as they seem; and none ever thinks three and says four.' But that would hardly do for mortals. A certain amount of deception is absolutely essential to—well, to the progress of civilization, let us say."

"Robert!" The exclamation was uttered in a tone of horror, accompanied by a side-long movement of the white curls. The Professor turned a quizzical glance towards his mother.

"You are shocked? The creed we exemplify in our lives would startle the most of us, I fancy. For example: article first, *To lie* at the very last extremity, where the truth positively will not screen us, or when the truth would involve a breach of good manners. We all do that, you know."

But Madame Pfeiffe preserved a dignified and displeased silence.

The Professor laughed, but moved nearer. "Are you ashamed of your son? Are you fearful that your guest may think him a pagan? Mrs. Benchley, pray don't."

"Robert, Robert, you talk nonsense, if nothing worse." And though the tone was reproving, the eyes raised to his were full of love. "I only expressed the wish that we *might* all speak from our hearts as freely as that little child."

"Could you?"

"I—I think I might." There was a slight quaver in Madame Pfeiffe's voice, suggesting the possibility of a doubt.

"Suppose I try you now," he answered. "Tell us your thoughts of a moment since, when you took up your knitting."

The thread snapped in her fingers. "One cannot recall. How can I tell?" she began.

The Professor laughed. "It is easy to theorize," he said. He turned to the widow. "At least we may guess. She was taking John to task, mentally, for having forgotten the dining-room windows last night."

"Indeed I was not."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Professor, "so you do remember." But to this she vouchsafed no reply. There was an air of triumph in her denial. They were far from the truth. They were cold as ice, as the children say in hunt-the-thimble. Possibly he knew it. Possibly he surmised her plans; for however dark her devisings, the little old lady's ways could never be other than open as the day.

"The only pleasure, after all, in the entire frankness which my mother advocated so warmly," said the Professor, "would be in venting one's dislikes."

"Pray don't," exclaimed the widow. "I have tried it." She laughed as at an amusing recollection, though something bright shone in her eyes. "It was at school," she went on. "I conceived a mortal dislike for the girl sitting before me. It must have been a spiritual aversion, since it was inexplicable. I bore it in secret awhile, then, rebelling against the deceit, confessed the whole to its object." She paused. Madame Pfeiffe looked up from her knitting.

"Well?" said the Professor. His eyes twinkled behind his glasses.

Mrs. Benchley laughed, though the brightness in her eyes shone like tears now.

"What do you think she replied?" and the widow raised a flushed, warm face, guileless as a child's in its sudden show of feeling. "She said she had always thought me a proud, disagreeable creature, and she knew many others among the girls who agreed with her in this opinion. And upon that she proceeded to call over the names of so many whom I had believed to be my friends, that I ran from her in tears and cried for a week afterwards."

A murmur of indignant sympathy, with a low laugh from the Professor, followed this recital. There was a sparkle of drops and jewels as the widow passed her hand quickly over her eyes. "How silly!" she exclaimed, smiling and blushing, and half turning from her small but interested audience. "For a moment the bitterness and mortification of that hour came back to me."

"Not silly at all, my dear," Madame Pfeiffe hastened to say. She was more than ever charmed with the woman who inadvertently displayed so great sensibility, and who had told her little story in such a pretty, dramatic way.

The Professor beamed upon her from his kindly eyes. Even the sheltering glasses could not quite hide their sudden softening. "In fact it was a failure," he said.



"It was indeed," Mrs. Benchley rejoined, "and a painful lesson. I have confessed only admiration since then. My aversions I overcome or hide from sight."

"But even these, to be thoroughly honest, would involve so many fine distinctions," laughed the Professor. "'My dear sir,' you would be obliged to say to one, 'I like you—tolerably.' Think of the torment in that adverb! How it would haunt the poor fellow. For myself—" But here the conversation ended abruptly. There had been a noiseless step upon the stairs, and suddenly, without warning, a little, white-clad figure—girl or woman?—stood upon the lowest step, glancing timidly, half-deprecatingly from one to another, as though she would apologize for the intrusion, or must wait at least for recognition before advancing.

"Amy! my dear child." And Madame Pfeiffe rose so hastily that the work in her hands fell to the floor, and the bright blue ball of worsted rolled away under the piano. She drew the little shrinking figure from its perch. "This is a dear little friend, Amy Frere," she said, pulling the girl forward by one little dark, trembling hand. "She came while we were at dinner, quite unexpectedly, but is none the less welcome," she hastened to add, giving the little cold hand in hers a reassuring pressure. "We did not look for her till next week."

Mrs. Benchley, half rising, made a rather stately salutation, after her first start of surprise. "Are there any more to come?" she thought, glancing involuntarily into the upper regions of darkness from which the little figure had glided in such mysterious silence.

"Mrs. Benchley is staying with us for a while. I am sure you will be friends," Madame Pfeiffe was saying. "And Flossy; we must not forget Flossy," as the little fluffy ball gathered itself up from the floor.

The girl half offered a hand, which was unobserved in the widow's deep courtesy, then gave a timid little shrinking bow, and without noticing the child at all, stood painfully confused, while Madame Pfeiffe drew her own chair forward.

"Good evening again," the Professor said, quietly, appearing from the shadow of the library door. He held out his hand to the new guest. She touched it without raising her eyes, and then sank almost from sight into the depths of the great arm-chair.

She was a very little thing. Hardly more than a child in size, with a dark, thin face, which in the strong light, as she stood for that one moment upon the stairs, had shown

traces of care rather than years in the shadows under the great dark eyes and the tense lines about the small mouth. Her hands still trembled upon her lap, though she lay back quite still, as if glad to sink into this sudden oblivion. Her rest was only for a moment, however. John's solemn face appeared at the dining-room door. Madame Pfeiffe nodded to him. "Yes, John. Come, Amy, you must be faint with fasting. I thought you would prefer your tea quietly by yourself. She has had a long journey," she explained to Mrs. Benchley as the girl rose again. "Ah!" the widow replied, her stateliness softening somewhat at the sight of the girl's worn face.

"Yes; she has been two days upon the road."

"Do spirits often drop from the skies here?" the widow asked the Professor, when his mother had led the new guest away. "And is their transit usually accomplished in two days?"

The Professor's eyes had followed the two figures disappearing through the open door. "I beg your pardon," added Mrs. Benchley, as his gaze returned to her; "but she appeared so suddenly in our midst, I looked up naturally to the sky-light." The words were spoken lightly, but there was a shade of annoyance in her tone. The girl was evidently a shy, nervous little thing, who would be only too thankful to be permitted to sink out of sight. She would ask for nothing and offer nothing in return; a nonentity, in fact. But the long pleasant evening was broken in upon. The drift was turned.

"Bolts nor bars avail against them," the Professor said, dreamily, emerging as from a reverie, and speaking from miles away. Then he roused himself. "However, this one arrived after most mortal fashion. I myself took her from the carriage at the door. I was called from the table, you know."

"I hate surprises," said Mrs. Benchley, with a petulance more than half real, and carrying her frankness to the verge of rudeness.

"Do you?" queried the Professor, absently. "While nothing is so surprising, so unexpected as—woman."

He had seated himself carelessly before the piano. He rose now, and began to pace back and forth slowly, his hands clasped behind his back.

"I do not understand. You assert rashly," began Mrs. Benchley.

But still he went on, his head bent so that his face was hidden by his shaggy hair, his

eyes fixed upon the floor. The sound of John's stealthy step came out to them from the next room with the soft tinkle of glasses.

Then Madame Pfeiffe's voice, fussily persuasive, followed by another, softer, lower, and hesitating. The Professor turned his head to listen.

"I made a study of the subject once," he said, pausing before the widow. "Most men do, I imagine. It is a change from Greek and Hebrew verbs. Men take them up together. At least I did. The first was most absorbing, but soonest ended;" and he went on again down into the shadows where the stairs turned. What was he saying? What did he mean? She had never heard that his life had held its romance.

"To illustrate," he continued, drawing near again, and unconsciously adopting the form of expression he was accustomed to use in the class: "I have known a woman, young, innocent, a child almost, who could be swayed by a breath; whose ways were clear to read as the stars are bright in heaven, to suddenly turn, without perceptible cause become at once reticent, cold—"

There was a slight stir in the dining-room; chairs rolling back, a mingling of voices; then Madame Pfeiffe and her charge appeared.

"My dear," Madame Pfeiffe was saying, "we must have these pale cheeks rosy. A raw egg before breakfast every morning is an excellent thing to build one up. What a fresh round face you had, to be sure, when you used to come to us ten years ago."

Ten years ago! Mrs. Benchley expressed her surprise. "That must have been in arms," she said, pleasantly. She was vexed with the girl for appearing so inopportunist, and yet one could not harbor resentment against the pale, frightened little creature, who sat upright in her chair now to reply, in a nervous, flurried way: "I am older than you think. I have been teaching for six years." Then, as if terrified by the sound of her own voice, she subsided quickly into silence and the friendly depths again. For the moment her cheeks had been as blooming as even good Madame Pfeiffe could have wished.

At the quick, impatient tone of her voice the Professor, who had walked away, turned his head and smiled as though at some odd recollection. His mother took up her words.

"Yes, and it is that which has worn her out," she said. "Poor Amy!" and there was a depth of compassion in her voice. "But we shall take care of her now that we have her again." She laid her plump, dimpled

hand, shining with one old-fashioned ring, upon the arm of little Miss Frere's chair with these words, where it was quickly seized and furtively pressed in a little dark palm.

"We lost sight of her;"—Madame Pfeiffe went on, addressing the widow;—"for several years we knew nothing at all about her."

"Ah!" responded Mrs. Benchley, rather wearily. The girl was very nice and worthy and ill-used, no doubt; but her coming at this time was unfortunate, to say the least. A new element introduced into a well-assorted company can never be thoroughly welcome; and they had been so comfortable but an hour before! Mrs. Benchley turned with that one brief exclamation to the child who had fallen fast asleep at her feet. "I had quite forgotten," she said, making an ineffectual attempt to rise. "Will some one be kind enough to ring for Haddie?"

It was little Miss Frere who sprang up at this and pulled the bell-cord. Evidently she was accustomed to heed such requests. But the Professor raised the child tenderly from where she lay, a soft little heap upon her mother's gown. "Pray don't wake her," he said; and the Swede nurse appeared just in time to see him bear her up the stairs, her long bright hair flowing over his arm.

Little Miss Frere started. The dark eyes opened wide in a kind of pained surprise as the widow gave the child into his arms, thanking him with a smile and a little conscious blush.

He returned presently to find Mrs. Benchley at the piano.

"Ah, *do*, my dear," Madame Pfeiffe had pleaded, as she rose and strayed towards it. Her fingers wandered over the keys a moment as though searching for lost harmonies. Then she gathered them sweetly into one. Upon little Miss Frere, hidden in the great arm-chair, the sounds fell like a dream of music, like the echo of grand voices, like the noise of falling water far away. Her head drooped lower and lower; tears gathered in her eyes. Days of happiness long past trooped by, called up as from their graves,—the days when she was younger and more fair and the future stretched out its arms to her, smiling and bright; when Robert's eyes beamed upon her, as she fancied they did now upon the beautiful woman over whom he leaned. Why had she come again only to disturb the peace which had fallen upon her with all these years? Ah, in those other days it was she whom he loved; and wrapt in her own thoughts, unconscious of all around her, with the music sounding

faint and far away, she lived that time again. How full it was of hopes which she dreamed then could never fade; of joys which were to be eternal! Then came the change, like a jarring chord; the bitter words so soon repented of, "I do not love you," she said to him hotly. How grave and set his face became at that. How real and near it all was to her now. She could almost feel again the summer sun upon the lawn; again the scarlet geraniums were all in blossom, and the whir of the locusts sounded more distinctly in her ears than the song from across the room. "You will think better of it by and by," he said. "I never will;" and even then, faint-hearted, and with the anger dying within her, she had turned away.

How he held her back; not in impatience at her willfulness, only with a grave sadness in his face. "You will think better of it presently," he said. "Then you will tell me so. I will wait for that, dear." And still holding the hands that strove to pull themselves away, he kissed the forehead, hot and flushed, before he left her. How slowly the hours dragged by when the fierce heat of foolish anger was over. Then at night, when the sun went down upon her repentance, she wrote a little sorry note, which she shrank from putting into his hand, and so hid in the hollow of the larch-tree overhanging the wide porch at the side of the house, where, more than once, stealing out in the early morning, she had found tender missives to herself hidden under the fallen leaves. And then the waiting!—for nothing; for his cold grave manner did not change. And having spoken once, how could she speak again? The note was gone. He must have found it. She looked for it, crying; stealing out at dusk and stirring the green leaves which a passing wind had dropped into the cleft. Then he was called away—home to Germany, without warning, suddenly, that very day; or no, it was the next. She remembered now how he held her hand in parting from her. Ah! she thought with a quick gasp of pain, has he forgotten? The warm wet rain seemed to blow in again at the open door; again, just outside, the horses stamped impatiently. "You will be late," some one called. "Are you not coming?" And still he held her hand. Oh, why did he not speak? If she had raised her face! Perhaps at sight of the tears she tried to hide he would have relented.

Then the picture, with the gray mist hanging over the hills and the drops trickling down the window-pane, the thud of the horses' hoofs in her ears, all died away.

"Tender and true, adieu, adieu," sang Mrs. Benchley. The spell was broken. The singer rose from her place.

"Oh, thanks," murmured Madame Pfeiffe. "What a pretty song; but so sad."

The Professor was silent. But the singer, at sight of his bent head and the long slim fingers which seemed to trace a figure dreamily, felt that she had not sung in vain. It warmed her heart towards the girl sitting mute, but strangely moved, before her.

"And Miss Frere—does not Miss Frere sing?" she asked, turning to her with so cordial a smile that Amy looked up in surprise.

"To be sure," Madame Pfeiffe responded, before she had time to reply. "Amy, my dear?"

Poor Amy, sitting suddenly upright, dazzled and confused by the change from past to present, became reminded at once of the little girls whom she had left at the school only two days before, with their discordant hammering upon the old piano and their tiresome drone of "one—two—three" over their lessons—should she ever forget it?

"You still play, of course, Amy?" Madame Pfeiffe was saying.

"Oh yes." This she could do. This she did almost daily at the school. The teacher was accustomed to call upon Miss Frere to entertain visitors with music. To be thus summoned now was like falling back into one's own place after having been lifted to the clouds for a moment. She rose without any affectation of reluctance and went quietly to the piano. "What would you like? shall it be something lively?" The words came without volition. It was thus she was accustomed to address the parents who visited the school; and the reply invariably was, "Oh yes, to be sure; something *very* lively." But with the question she raised so patient and weary a face that Madame Pfeiffe mentally resolved that it should be two fresh eggs before breakfast instead of one. There was a hasty reply of "Anything you choose." Mrs. Benchley tried not to smile at the forlorn little figure with its odd suggestion. But little Miss Frere saw nothing save the shadow of the man's face close beside her, and heard only one voice. "*Sing*," it seemed to say in her ear. "You sang once."

"But I have forgotten; I have no music," she began, confusedly. This was quite unlike her daily experience, and all her self-consciousness returned. There was a strange whir in her ears. The pictures upon the

wall danced before her eyes. "I sing only exercises with the children," she said.

But he went on relentlessly. "There is music here." And he dragged from its receptacle a loose collection of songs. He turned them over carelessly; then a sudden light came into his eyes as he selected one and placed it before her. She did not move. She sat outwardly calm, her hands crossed in her lap, her eyes lowered; only when his hand swept her cheek, as he arranged the music, she started, and the warm color flowed over her face. The leaves were yellow and crumpled and torn at the edges. Having placed them, he folded his arms, and, leaning back in the shadow of the half-closed door, waited.

There was a hush of expectation. The high clock, standing like a sentry in his box at the foot of the stairs, ticked on, measuring off the silence; outside, the wail of the wind was stilled; and through the open shutters behind the widow's chair the white-faced moon looked in. The little dark hands struck a few uncertain chords. Then, with an odd, impatient movement, the girl rose. "I cannot," she said; "I have forgotten; and I am tired," she pleaded, standing before the Professor, her head drooping, her hands falling at her side. He gave a little contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. He pushed her aside almost roughly and took her place. There was no mist before his eyes. There was no trembling of his hands as they touched the keys, no quaver of the deep full voice, which seemed to hold tears, so expressive of more than the simple words of the song was it. Could one thus sing from a dumb heart?

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;  
Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
Thy bield should be my bosom,  
To share it a', to share it a'.

"Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,  
The desert were a paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;  
Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my crown  
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

Mrs. Benchley leaned out from her chair. Her eyes were luminous, her cheeks wet. "Why have you never sung to us before?" she exclaimed. Surprise, admiration, and almost something more shone in her face.

"It is nothing," he replied, coldly. He tossed the yellow leaves of the old song from the rack. They fell to the floor with a soft rustle which no one heeded, for at that moment Madame Pfeiffe gave a sharp, startled cry which engaged everybody's attention.

A little white heap lay quite motionless in the great arm-chair.

There was a moment of confusion; then Madame Pfeiffe raised the girl in her motherly arms. "Dear child, it was the long journey," she said. "Here, John!" But the Professor put aside the little crowd of frightened servants who had gathered at his mother's voice, and, taking the girl from her arms, bore her up the stairs as he had borne the child an hour before. He would have done the same for any one, for the sake of common humanity. He would have felt the same tenderness and pity at any other time at the sight of suffering or weakness. There was no stronger emotion in his heart when he took the little form which lay like a dead weight in his arms. She had proved false, or she had not known her own heart once. It did not matter which. That thought did come to him as he laid her head upon his shoulder. The heavenly pity which the sight of weakness brings to us all had swept away the bitterness and anger which rankled in him a moment since. Shame kindled in its place that he could have felt resentment against anything so frail as this. That time of which he thought was far away in the past. It was like a dream of youth. He was not sure that he regretted the awakening, or that he would have had it otherwise if he could.

"Poor little girl!" he said, laying her down upon his mother's bed. He had not noticed until now how worn and thin was the face lying in sharp profile upon the pillow. Her life must have been hard indeed. How different it might have been! And yet the sigh was only for her. Poor child!

He left her with the women and came out into the hall. Some one emerged hastily from the adjoining room. It was Mrs. Benchley. She was very pale from fright and excitement, and a sharp suspicion which had pierced her as to the cause of Miss Frere's illness. Could it be possible that there had been any connection between the girl's visit so many years before and the confession of the Professor, the experience to which he had referred, and which she only half understood or believed at the time? The question in her mind gave her unconsciously an expression of anxiety which the Professor misinterpreted.

"Do not be alarmed," he said. "She is already recovering. You can do nothing; and I think we may both go down again."

She was fingering the pretty, sparkling vinaigrette in her hand while he spoke; the color slowly returning to her face. She had hastened to bring it out in the first moment of fright, from a desire to do something, she hardly knew what, to atone for her selfishness and impatience.

"I am very glad, I am sure;" and then the old clock below struck the hour with a sharp twang, and an angry whir between each stroke.

"Is it indeed so late? then I will not go down again, thank you. Good-night," and she held out her hand. There was something very sweet and womanly in the little start of surprise and the soft smile with which she concluded her sentence as she gave him her hand. There was a gentleness and repose about her at all times, and a charm in the frank beautiful face raised just then, which greatly moved the Professor. Here is a woman without subterfuge or deceit, thought he, whose very presence is peace; and as he held her hand, moved by a sudden impulse, he bent and kissed her forehead where her hair lay brown and smooth upon it.

It was so unexpected, so quickly devised and executed, that not even an exclamation followed. Hastily drawing away her hand, the widow fled at the sound of a footstep approaching from the sick-room. Once within her own chamber, which the beating of her heart made to fairly resound, she sank upon the bed beside the sleeping Flossy, startled, trembling. Only one idea was distinct and clear in her mind,—the Professor cared nothing for little Miss Frere. If he loved the girl, would he have come to her as he did just now? and again, alone though she was, the blood rushed to her face until a fierce pulse beat in her cheek. She bent over the sleeping child, from force of habit, for in truth the child was not in her thoughts. They had centered upon little Miss Frere, of whom she had caught a glimpse as she fled by the half-closed door. She lay very white and still upon the bed. Her hair had fallen down, and she had drawn one lock across her eyes. The widow fancied that a sob had come out to her. What did it mean? She tried to put away the suspicions which rose in her mind. She was accustomed to banish disagreeable things; they had no part in her life. Why should this odd, pale-faced girl, who had seemed to fall from the skies almost, annoy her? Why should

the vision of that tired face and drooping figure haunt her?

She had been sitting in the darkness, the door half open. She rose to close it now. A faint odor from the Professor's cigar floated up from below like the breath of incense. She remembered again the flash of the smile over his face, the sweep of his moustache over her hair, and the vision of little Miss Frere faded away.

## II.

How would they meet in the morning? The widow thought of it nervously as she placed upon her hair the bit of lace which had taken the place of the dainty cap. She hesitated, holding it in her hand. Why should she wear it at all? Why should she hide the thick brown coils? Then she arranged it in its place with a little sigh. Strange how the past and present mingle in our thoughts, and we sigh and rejoice in the same breath.

But Mrs. Benchley's thoughts were too actively engaged upon the possibilities of the next half-hour to allow them to dwell long upon the past. Everything seemed changed to her since that meeting at the head of the stairs. It could hardly seem otherwise to the Professor. She did not say to herself that he had asked her to be his wife. But had not that kiss implied as much? To her it was no sign of sudden tenderness lightly bestowed and lightly to be let to pass into forgetfulness. She lingered over her toilet long after she heard Madame Pfeiffe go down, for she shrank with strange shyness from meeting the Professor alone.

They were at the breakfast-table when she finally descended, leading Flossy by the hand and murmuring some excuse for her tardiness. It might have been a downright untruth, so quickly did the blush come with the words as the Professor rose to greet her.

She had hardly expected that he would fall upon his knees, or lead her up to his mother to crave her blessing. And yet some sign she had unconsciously looked for. The sudden lighting up of his face, the lingering clasp of his hand, something to show that this was a new day to him. She had half dreaded this; yet now that there was nothing, she was conscious of a feeling of disappointment. Yet after that one quick flash of color which could not be repressed, she was too much a woman to display any emotion.

"We will not wait," said Madame Pfeiffe as John brought in the urn. "Amy is not coming down. Poor child! she passed a



restless night. I am not sure but that we ought to send for a physician. She seems in a strange nervous state. Will you not see her after breakfast, Robert?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," he replied gravely.

"Perhaps, after all, she had better sleep for a while, if she can. She needs rest rather than medicine, I think." And then the conversation passed to more general topics, and the breakfast hour, to which the widow had looked forward with so much perturbation of mind, proved a very simple and uneventful time after all.

A few hours later, little Miss Frere, shivering in a white wrapper, with her dark hair drawn down over either cheek and tied loosely under her chin, peered out through the Venetian blinds screening her window, to watch the procession emerging from the woods. The clouds had broken and fled before the lances of the sun. The west wind chanted through the pines, where there had been only moans the night before; the last shower of scarlet and gold was dropping gently from the maples. The bright, crisp leaves crackled under the Professor's feet as he crossed the lawn to the house. He carried the child Flossy, perched upon his shoulder and holding fast to his shaggy mane in an agony of terror and delight as he plunged forward like an ungovernable steed, threatening to throw her at every step. The widow followed more slowly. Her hat had fallen back; the wind had roughened her smooth hair and reddened her cheeks. Her arms were full of treasures; lichens and trailing frosty moss in which red berries glistened, and rainbow-tinted leaves lighting up the whole; last of all came Haddie, laden like a sumpter mule with shawls and discarded wraps, and a lunch-basket struggling for individuality in the midst.

"Ah, how pretty and fresh and girlish she is, with the red on her cheeks, and her hair all blown about in the wind!" thought poor little Miss Frere, following the widow with envious eyes, a fierce pang of jealousy contracting her heart. "Oh, why did I come again!" she sobbed, sinking back out of sight as they drew near. She had risen and thrown open the window at the sound of their voices. She forgot to close it now. She forgot to go back to her bed. She sat crouching behind the shutters, chilled and miserable, crying with little feeble sobs. Something like this she had felt before, when the children at school rebelled against her weak authority. To be forlorn, neglected,

and crushed to earth was no new sensation; so that there was now no wild burst of grief, as there might have been once when she was younger, and rose up with short-lived strength to meet every trial, or such as comes to those to whom grief is rare. For one moment the night before she had lived in a new world. The flash of light, the warmth and comfort in the atmosphere of the house, as she stepped in from the chill, dreary darkness outside, had all belonged to this strange sphere. Alas! it was only for a moment. It had all come back now—the hard life brightened by no ray of hope, of which no one could know, save the sensitive soul who had it to bear. It had come back like a new trial, a fresh burden which she must train her weary self anew to carry.

Voices in the hall below startled her; there was a step upon the stairs. She crept quickly back to the bed and hid her face as though she slept. And good Madame Pfeiffe stole noiselessly in and out again. Presently, listening, she heard them go their several ways. The library door closed after the Professor. His mother, having set a little tray beside her bed, went softly to her own room. The widow and her child followed. The house was still. Then little Miss Frere rose; she smoothed out her tangled hair and bound it up in the plain fashion in which she was used to wearing it at school, where there was little time for lingering over one's toilet. She stood a moment before the great wardrobe. Ah, what need was there of gala finery? there would be no gala-days. She left untouched all that had been prepared with such pleasant pains for this rare holiday, and chose the plain gray gown she was used to wearing every day. Then, wrapping a shawl so hastily about her that one fringed end trailed all the way, she ran swiftly and noiselessly down the stairs, out through the long open window at the end of the hall, brushing the woodbine in her haste and making a shower of its dark-red leaves to fall, and so across the lawn to the edge of the woods. It was a childish impulse, an uncontrollable desire to escape from them all for the moment, as though in her haste she might leave her troubles all behind.

But her exit was not so unobserved as she imagined. The widow had stolen down the stairs before her, and ensconced herself for a quiet half-hour in the drawing-room. She heard the opening of the door above, the soft gliding step upon the stairs, and caught a glimpse through the window of the little gray-clad figure disappearing into the woods. "How odd!" she exclaimed. "I

thought the girl was asleep." And some idea of her senses having deserted Miss Frere did flit through Mrs. Benchley's mind as she laid down her book under an impulse to follow the girl. She pushed open the glass doors and stepped out upon the veranda. One stray warbler in the larch-tree overhead told of departed summer in low, mournful notes. She scanned the edge of the woods. No one was in sight. A squirrel startled her as he ran along the bough overhead, was hidden a moment in the hollow of the tree, then, reappearing, fled swiftly down across the lawn to the woods.

"Silly creature! you have discovered your treasures to me." She laughed, diverted for the moment from her purpose; she seized a handful of the dry leaves which seemed to fill the hollow in the tree. The wind took them from her open fingers and scattered them over the dead grass. Raising herself, she peered down into the treasure-house. Something gleamed white from its depths beneath the store of nuts so deftly hidden. The green moss soiled her hand; the rough bark tore her arm as she brought out a little note, stained and yellow, with one corner still folded over "like a lover's note," she said, holding it a moment half in awe, she knew not why, before opening it. It contained but a few words nearly obliterated.

"Dear Robert," the faint lines said, "I am sorry. Can you forgive Amy?" At first the words meant nothing. She read them in idle curiosity, conscious of the balsamic odor from the fir-trees which the wind, lifting her hair, brought from across the lawn; hearing the faint whisk of the squirrel, who had returned, and ran back and forth in alarm above her head. Then she grew cold and weak as an intuition of something like the truth came to her. It flashed upon her like a sudden dazzling light. "No, no!" she cried aloud, as though in answer to a voice which spoke within her. Was it then indeed this girl whom he had loved so long ago? She could see it all now,—the quarrel, the little note which should have healed the wound, which might yet, perhaps. And then it was she cried aloud. Surely he did not care for little Miss Frere now. That was years ago. Men change; and love with nothing upon which to feed soon dies. She remembered the kiss which had fallen upon her hair the night before. Was it not sign and seal of his love for her? How gentle he had been in his manner towards her all this day! How he had carried her child in his arms! Oh, he did not

love this girl. It was only a boyish fancy; and men outgrow such things as they do childish garments. Besides, this note had been forgotten for years. Why should she bring it out to confound and confuse them all now? and yet, and yet—

There was a struggle going on within her. Ah, it was not in John's vision alone that Michael fought with Satan and his angels. In our own hearts we wage the same warfare to-day. She stood for a moment grasping the rail before her, her eyes wide-open, taking in everything, yet seeing nothing; the bare brown meadows below, the grain-fields rough with stubble, and away beyond them all the shining river, white and calm and beautiful as when the summer spread its banks with living green. Something more than this she must have seen, for her eyes dilated; through her parted lips the breath came quick and short; then, with one long sigh, the fixed lines softened, the eyes grew wet, the color called up in that moment of quick, angry resistance died away like the fading out of the flush in the western sky.

Slowly she turned and re-entered the house, holding the open note in her hand. The warbler in the larch-tree burst into a joyous song, the woodbine crowned her with its scarlet leaves. She knocked at the library door. Then, hardly waiting for a response, opened it and went into the room. The Professor looked up from his writing-table, surprised by the vision, with its breezy hair blown back and holding blood-red leaves, its eyes like stars plucked from the heavens.

"See!" she said quickly, without waiting for him to speak, holding out the bit of yellow paper in the hand all scratched and bleeding, "it is *yours*." All her pretty half-conscious ways were gone. She seemed to have become all at once pale and grave and colorless, but for the blood-red leaves clinging to her hair and the great light shining from her eyes.

"Ah, what?" and the Professor, called from one dream to another, stared at her in amazement. "Pray be seated," he stammered, striving to collect his thoughts and take in the meaning of her words. He would have risen, but that she stood so close beside his chair that he could not without pushing her away.

He glanced at the bit of paper she had thrust into his hand. Then his fingers tightened over it. His eyes seemed to grow to the paper. "Where did *you* find this?" he asked in a terrible voice. He stood beside her. He seized her arm as in a vice. She

could have cried aloud with pain. It was hard, it was cruel that he should suspect her. But what did it matter? The worst had been when the beautiful river shone before her eyes. She could bear anything now—even this.

"I found it quite by chance, in the hollow of the larch-tree by the side veranda," she answered quietly, meeting his eye. "It must have been there a long time," she went on, calmly, but with a strange sadness in the tone for one who bore great tidings; "*perhaps ten years*," she added slowly.

Then a great light blazed in his face. His hand dropped from her arm. He seemed lost in a happy reverie. "Ah, yes; I know, I know; in the larch-tree. She thought I would find it there; but I went away, home, to Germany. Ah!" and the exclamation came like a cry, "what have I suffered! And she—I might have spared her all these dreadful years if I had known."

The words ended in a sob. He turned away. Then suddenly he started. "Where is she? Amy!" he shouted aloud. He pushed the widow aside, and would have sprung up the stairs had she not held him back. He had forgotten her existence. She was no more to him than any other woman in the world. The whole ten years had dropped away, and he stood again where he had parted from Amy Frere that summer day so long before.

"She is not there," Mrs. Benchley was trying to say. "She ran out into the woods a half an hour ago."

He did not pause to ask which direction she had taken. He had forgotten to thank the woman who stood aside meekly for him to pass. But there is a higher reward for self-sacrifice than even human appreciation, and though our prayers seem to return into our own bosom, they may nestle there like doves.

He darted away, and in a moment she saw him striding across the last summer flower-beds, trampling down the withered stalks in his haste; the wind tossing his long hair about his shoulders as he went.

"I had better go home now," she said, turning away and beginning slowly to mount the stairs. The tears, held back long, rose in a torrent and overflowed her eyes. As she hastened to wipe them away, all at once she remembered a letter received that morning, calling her elsewhere. She had hardly given it a thought at the time. The summons did not seem imperative. But now it would at least furnish an excuse, and she

would go. She looked back at the hands of the old clock. It was not yet too late to catch the train. Her mind once moved to take this step, she was impatient to execute it. She sought Madame Pfeiffe and solicited her aid, overbearing every objection, her spirits rising each moment with the excitement of her haste. But when her kind hostess shed two little tears over the defeated hopes which she was yet too proud to own, jealous as she was for her son and all wrong in her suspicions, the widow could hardly resist the temptation which so strongly beset her to lay her head upon the good woman's shoulder and pour the whole story into her sympathizing ear. But here, too, pride came to the rescue, and she only kissed her and smiled, and murmured something, she hardly knew what. There are times when words count for nothing. A little motion of the lips, a sound to fill a pause, and show that life goes on, is only needed; and Hebrew or counting in Choctaw would answer as well as good old English. Then she ran away to prepare Flossy for this unexpected move, who wailed aloud at the announcement. She was pacified at last, the hasty preparations all completed, and the carriage brought around to the door. "It is better so," the widow said, smiling through her tears, as she lingered alone for a moment to glance about the room and see that nothing had been forgotten. She looked half fearfully from her window towards the silent woods. The shadows from the overhanging branches moved across the lawn; a stray leaf floated down; but there was no sound of voices, no flutter of a woman's gown among the trees. "I have had my time of youth and love," she said softly, as though pleading with herself for another. Her eyes grew tender in retrospection; a gentle pity rose in her heart for this girl whose life had held nothing sweet; whose happiness had been so long delayed and hung upon so frail a thread that her fingers might have snapped it. Some one called to her from below. There was no time to spare, and yet she lingered. Suddenly she pulled from her finger a little circlet of forget-me-nots, blue as the waters of the lake, from the old city upon the banks of which it had been sent to her long years before, when she was younger and richer in hopes than now. She twisted it in a bit of paper, writing hastily upon it little Miss Frere's name. Then, as she passed her door, she stole in and dropped it upon her pillow. Perhaps they will yet remember and bless me, she thought, as she ran down the

stairs. Madame Pfeiffe stood waiting at the open door.

"What shall I do?" she said, helplessly. "I want to keep you; tell me how." She shaded her eyes and looked away in the distance. "What will Robert say? What can I tell him?" she asked faintly, a pink flush stealing up under the white curls.

"You will excuse me to him. Tell him I have had a letter which makes it necessary for me to go at once. At least,"—she corrected herself, remembering what they had talked about the night before,—"*it seems best for me to go; and give little Miss Frere my love, my kindest love,*" she added.

All her bright manner had returned with the lightness of her heart. After all, was it not more blessed to give joy to these two hearts than to take it into her own, even?

She kissed Madame Pfeiffe, who held up either cheek in hearty continental fashion; then the carriage-door closed upon her. She leaned far out as she swept around the circle on the lawn. The sun shone deep into the heart of the woods, down the wide path over which the branches of the forest-trees met and mingled. Out from the shadowy depths into the sunshine came two figures, slowly walking. They were the Professor and little Miss Frere. Madam Pfeiffe, too, observed their approach and went hastily to meet them. The widow saw the Professor give the girl into his mother's arms, then gathering her in his own as though she had been a child—but oh, how dear a child!—he bore her towards the house as the carriage disappeared over the brow of the hill.

#### A COURT BALL AT THE HAGUE.

TOWARD the close of day, I entered the clean, quiet old town of The Hague, and inquired for the American Legation. The master of the hotel knew where it had been, but not where it was, and suggested the British Legation as the possible source of information. Going there, it was ascertained that the last American Minister, growing tired of waiting for his successor, had left the archives with a man-servant, and recrossed the sea; hence the legation *de facto* could hardly be said to exist. Seeking him to whose humble keeping the nation's property had been confided, I found that he had locked it up in a closet the day of the minister's departure, and it does not appear, in the mean time, that the relations between the United States and the Netherlands were disturbed. The keeper of the archives had been the Barnacle of the American Legation for twenty-five years, and was familiar with its routine and many of its traditions—those which came within range of his intelligence. He was a man of *e-pluribus-unum* pattern, having served American representatives in the various callings of garçon de bureau, valet, footman, and breakfast-cook—his culinary knowledge not going much beyond chops and coffee. He was civil, honest; could make himself understood in English; but once in a while drank too much Schiedam schnapps. This was the single breath that marred the brightness of the mirror. With the assistance of the Barnacle, the

United States dispatch-laboratory was reopened and prepared for business.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs was called upon, and my credentials as Chargé d'Affaires delivered, when I was informed that I would be presented to the king and queen at the approaching gala court-ball, in what is called the diplomatic circle. I was recommended in the mean time to make the acquaintance of my colleagues, for which purpose I was given a note to the dean of the diplomatic corps. In accordance with this suggestion, the acquaintance of the dean was made, who gave me a list of addresses of the diplomatic people with a lively, good-natured description of the characteristics of most of them, and marked opposite each name the absence or presence of women, and how many, in order, as he said somewhat impressively, there might be no mistake in the number of cards left. Thus, as is generally the case, the absence of real work led to the profound consideration of trifles. I was further informed, in the language of Talleyrand, that I could ask to see those whom I called on or not, as I should elect, as if the optional clause of a national treaty were involved. The round of diplomatic visits was made under the guidance of the Barnacle, who sat alongside the coachman in one of his several rôles—that of footman in a dark-blue livery.

At the capital of a small nation like this, little work was done by the diplomates, for there

was little or none to do. Now and then one gave out that he was much occupied with the consideration of some international question fraught with interest to mankind; but the wags averred that the time thus passed behind closed doors was devoted to paring nails and making pen-and-ink portraits of Dutch burgomasters. A few of the young attachés affected knowledge of state secrets: they could tell wonders were not the seal of their profession over their mouths; they had copied notes which, if known, would set several nations by the ears. These accounts elicited exclamations of wonder from inexperienced young women, and a smile from those who knew the ways and weaknesses of these young men. They were more worthy of credence when they spoke of things familiar,—said to be their principal duties,—such as dancing, paying court to women, and copying routine notes—those of importance not going beyond the first secretary in a well-regulated legation.

The zeal of novelty and new responsibility induced one of the young diplomats to work. He had charge of the business of one of the smallest nations. He informed me, with a certain importance, that he had something to show me. What was it? A report on the Colonial Question of the Netherlands, of twenty pages or more, which he impressively read aloud, stopping occasionally to observe the effect of his startling truths about the pay of Javanese labor and the number of working hours. He had recently been promoted to the charge of the legation, and he desired to leave lasting traces of his official residence in Holland in the Foreign Office at home. As an attaché he had long copied other men's words; he at length enjoyed the pleasure of making his own. He thought he had struck a vein in attacking the Colonial Question; it was full of interest, and would probably engage the attention of his distinguished master. He was going to work this mine in a series of elaborate reports, of which this was the first. What he had communicated to me was of course *entre nous*—a diplomatic secret. He would be happy to read me the other reports on this interesting theme as soon as he made them.

The legation people were generally dissatisfied, which was in part the result of idleness. They were always regretting a lost post, or hoping for a new one; the present was irksome. They dreamed of Italy, Austria, or France, each according to his taste. Republics were not in favor, except Switzerland, on account of its climate, scenery, and

geographical position. They did not avow it, but I surmised that their dislike of republics arose from their not being made as much of there as in monarchies. As representatives of the monarchical system, they were more loyal than their sovereigns. One of these gave me his experience at Washington, where he had been sent as minister. He called at the State Department, which was then on the corner of Fifteenth Street, to learn when he could have audience of the President. The Secretary of State informed him that he could see the President at almost any time, "for he was always about." The time was set for the next day—to employ his words, "when I put on the garments in which I appear before my royal master—embroidered in gold, with the orange-leaf entwined in the oak, *chapeau de bras*, sword, and my three orders on the breast—and repaired to the White House, where the door was opened by a man with a red neck-tie and a sort of shooting jacket, who asked me what I wanted. I told him. (By some misunderstanding the Secretary of State was not with me.) The red neck-tie showed me into an adjoining room, and left me, as he said, to hunt up the President. I took advantage of these few minutes to look at my notes of the little address which it is customary to make on being presented to the ruler of a country. I had just glanced over them, when a man in a sack coat walked in, said 'Good morning,' and entered into conversation with me. I presumed that this gentleman had been sent in to kill time for me until the arrival of the President. Nothing of the kind. It was the President himself."

Hence a grievance in one diplomatic mind against republican institutions.

The aspirations of a majority of them were turned Paris-ward. To these, all other posts were satellites in the diplomatic system, and this was the sun to which they tried to gravitate every time a change was made. It was considered a piece of good luck when it fell to one of them to append his name to a treaty or convention between the two governments he stood between, for this usually meant the bestowal of a decoration on the signers after the ratification. Such luck, however, was rare, and they fell back on other occupations to pass their time. Most of them were given to *bric-à-brac*, which furnished them the means of killing weary hours; and Holland was a field that offered some resources in the exercise of this taste in the old Delft plate found here, which cannot be imitated successfully by the modern potteries. It is



valued on account of its rarity, for, as an object of art, it is without attraction. Caesar's legions left some pottery here too, which has been dug up in The Hague. The specialty of the place, however, to the *bric-à-brac* hunter, is the Delft article. In the dining-rooms of several of the legation people, trophies in the way of plate were screwed against the walls, whilst cups and saucers reposed on *étagères* in boudoirs and drawing-rooms.

There was considerable cackling in the corps, which was not confined to the women. Madame A. flirted scandalously with the prince; the Baronne de B. dressed in crude colors; the Comtesse de C. lived beyond her income; the claret of Monsieur D. was infamous; the airs which E. gave himself were insufferable, et cetera. With this gossip was the insincerity usually found at courts. F. gave H. to understand that he prized his friendship, and as soon as his back was turned scoffed him as an imbecile. Madame I. folded her friend Madame J. to her bosom, and gave her the kiss of friendship, and in five minutes afterward quizzed her without mercy to a third person. To throw ridicule on others, and laugh behind their backs, was one of the pastimes in vogue. Some of the young men were good mimics, and made capital of every eccentricity that came under their eyes. One person especially, of high rank, was taken off with an exaggeration of nature that never failed to move the lookers-on to mirthfulness. There was a certain bohemianism about these legation people which was attractive. They had rolled around the world so much that they had worn off all local prejudices; they had seen much, and they could tell it in an easy, off-hand way that was not without interest. When several of different nationalities came together, by common accord, French was the language spoken. It was singular to note how they skipped over the world in an ordinary chat. In the course of a few minutes they rode along Rotten Row, sauntered about the garden of the Tuileries, saluted Antonelli on the Pincio, and flirted with the belles of Saint John in Lafayette Square. They had met notable people; knew royal peculiarities and much court gossip in various countries. They knew where the good dinners were to be had in every capital, and the most amusing amusements. All this was veined with a certain cynicism, for there was complete absence of sentimental expansion. Three nights in the week they appeared in elaborate toilet at the French Opera sub-

ventioned by the king, where they made the circuit of the boxes of the women, and managed to insinuate to their occupants that they were especially favored by nature and art. They knew the strong and weak points of all the singers, and musical criticism was one of the well-worn topics. Quizzing was naturally one of the principal features in the *tour des loges*. One dame whose box I entered, asked me if it were true that Colonel Wilkins, a former United States Minister at this court, had four great spittoons, one in each corner of the room, which he filled every day—for alas! tobacco-chewing is considered one of our national traits. I answered that he not only filled them, but, like a good republican, cleaned them himself. As the dame was herself of American origin, I considered this unkind.

I heard not a little of the traditions of him whom I designate as Colonel Wilkins. One of these was, that when the Colonel was presented at court, without waiting to be addressed by the king, he broke forth into a florid eulogy of his majesty. The king, becoming rather embarrassed under this eulogistic fire, observed, by way of changing the conversation,—

"That is a handsome uniform you wear, Colonel."

"Does your majesty like it?"

"I do. What is it?"

"That, your majesty," said he, drawing himself up to his full height, throwing back his coat-lappel, and inserting his thumb under his waistcoat, "is the uniform of the Colonel of the Muddy Creek Invincibles!"

It was also related of the Colonel, that, entering the palace one evening, on the occasion of some fête, he encountered a man on the middle of the threshold, blocking up the doorway and obstructing the incoming and outgoing; whereupon he applied his shoulder to the back of the person and pushed him two or three yards into the interior of the hall, to the horror of the silver-sticks, for it was discovered to be the king.

Trivial things often occupied the followers of Metternich. On one occasion a dozen of them collected in the Diplomatic Club and engaged in serious discussion concerning the post-prandial florin. It is a custom in Dutch houses, after dining, to bestow a florin on the servant at the door as the diner passes out of the house, this gratuity being regarded as part of the servant's wages. There was general condemnation of the custom as being incompatible with the true rites of hospitality, and several stoutly affirmed

that they would not give the coin though their passports should be handed to them for their refusal. One indiscreet attaché said that on such occasions the host tried to persuade a convive that he was giving him a dinner when he really had to pay for it at the door—which, it must be owned, was an extreme way of putting it. Of such were the incidents that made up the lives of these listless diplomats.

A portion of the time they lounged in the Bosch,—a beautiful forest park beginning at the fashionable end of the town and extending three or four miles, full of lofty oaks, which were not trimmed as Dutch trees usually are, but allowed to grow in their own wild way.

Besides the drive in the park, there was another of four or five miles to Scheveningen on the sea-shore, inhabited by picturesque fishermen, and in summer famous as a watering-place. The road was lined with trees and old-fashioned canal-surrounded houses, with the usual Biblical inscriptions or Dutch proverbs over their gateways, or on the arches of the little drawbridges spanning the canals. Here, of an evening, most of the well-to-do people of The Hague drove down to the sea in open carriages; and there was much driving; for a carriage, pair of horses, and coachman could be had from livery-men for sixty dollars a month. The queen occasionally went here in her unique equipage of drab livery and four horses, at whose appearance the people, ranged on the sidewalks, stood still facing royalty, and made low bows. Oftener was seen the Crown Prince, with his *monocle* fixed in his eye *en permanence*, riding in his English cab—a bit of eccentricity which gave rise to grave forebodings in the minds of some of his countrymen. The king was known to be averse to public driving, and was never seen here. He was rarely visible in the streets of The Hague, and then alone.

On the evening of my presentation at court, accoutered in the garments usual on such occasions through the aid of the Barnacle, I was ushered up the grand stairway of the palace and along a spacious corridor, both brilliantly lighted, into a large, long piece contiguous to the ball-room, in which the diplomatic circle was made. Here, in a few minutes, all my colleagues, with the women of their families, assembled, with a few Dutch notables. Presently a chamberlain courtously assigned each diplomat to his place. Two rows were formed on each side of the chamber, the men on one and the women on the other, facing. Thus the man was placed

opposite to his wife and daughters, if he had any. The chamberlain who arranged the rooms, it was easy to see, attached much importance to the exact disposition of each person. The dean of the corps—the oldest minister plenipotentiary in service at this court—headed the row, and with him were his secretaries of legation and attachés. Next to him were other ministers of his rank; after ministers resident, then *chargés des affaires*; all stood thus, like soldiers on rest in a line, until their majesties should appear. A half-hour or more was passed in waiting, devoted to a buzzing gossip. Suddenly there was a stillness, when an officer of the palace entered and announced in a distinct voice, in French, the king and queen. The folding-doors were thrown open with a precision and effect that smacked of Louis XIV., and the king, with the queen on his arm, entered slowly; both made a slight inclination of the head for the company collectively, and then separated, the king going to the head of the row of men and the queen to that of the women. The king was dressed in his favorite costume—the uniform of a general of Hussars. He was very straight, high-shouldered, short-necked, inclined to be burly, slightly bald, the hair short. His breast-padded uniform gave him the appearance of being stuffy, and he doubtless would have looked better without it. The face was a little frousy, and not intellectual—one of Tenier's heads. He betrayed more or less embarrassment in his way of holding himself and his manner of speech. If report spoke truth, he disliked these court displays, and much preferred to be off in his country palace, where he led the life of a bachelor, and spent his time with horse and gun, and in the pleasures of the table. He spoke with the heads of legations as he moved down the line, and mostly contented himself with nodding to the subordinates. He evidently had difficulty in finding material for his conversational tour, and he could not be assisted therein, as it was against etiquette—which ruled with a rod of iron—to start the conversation when he approached. The person addressed followed his lead, leaving it to the king to direct the topic in the channel he desired. It is probable that his majesty would gladly have waived this prerogative, had not inexorable custom ordained otherwise. As he passed before each representative, the Germans bowed lowest and showed most deference—probably a matter of education; the English and French bowed respectfully, but with little bending of the back. One or two Germans repre-

senting small countries, in saluting bent as low as an Arab before a pasha, and with the inevitable "non votre majesté," or "oui votre majesté" appended to each response. The French made this kind of response once in the first reply, in recognition of the sovereign, but abstained in those that followed. I fancied—but it may only have been fancy—that there was a trifle of the *haut en bas* expression in the king in two or three of his salutations, for which there was possibly some political reason; it was probably observed by others as well as myself, for the king may not sneeze without having it go down in the historical records of the nation.

The loyalty of the peasantry of the Netherlands to their ruler is strong—much stronger than a United States republican can understand; for loyalty to an individual without regard to principle is something he cannot learn. This sentiment of awe and personal attachment had been increased by the conduct of the king at the breaking of the dykes a year or two ago, where he worked day and night with his subjects to repel that enemy who is always laying siege to Holland—the sea. On this occasion, the loyalty of Hans and Jan rose to something approaching to enthusiasm, which is the extreme limit of Hollandic impulse. The loyalty of the nobility toward him is not believed to be so pronounced; which seems natural, for a king looks better from the galleries than from behind the wings.

Whilst the king went down on the side of the men—to return to the diplomatic circle—the queen did the same on that of the women, where each saluted her with a low courtesy, that of the German dames being the lowest. One could not help observing that their majesties kept an eye on each other's movements, in order to finish their respective rows at the same time. This done, the queen took her husband's arm, and they returned to the head of the chamber, where the queen proceeded down the side of the diplomats as the king had done, whilst he did the same on the women's side. A number of the women courtesied as low to the king as they had done to the queen, which struck an American republican as something singular. There was considerable animation, smiling, and agitation of the fan during his majesty's progress, from which it may be inferred that he said gallant things to the crinolined diplomats; but I was assured that it was the reverse—they said gallant things to him; which doubtless was the only agreeable feature of the ceremony to the king, who had

the reputation of being an admirer of the sex. In the passage of the queen down the masculine row there was compensation for the taciturnity of her husband, for she spoke to every one with an *à propos* and animation very winning. The representatives of the small German nationalities had no extra reserve of courtesy for her majesty, and they made the same salutation to her which they had made to the king. On the other hand, the French made the oriental *salâm*—save in the lifting of the hands—which was the tribute to the woman, aside from her being the first lady of the realm. This was in accordance with that Gallic aphorism that it is impossible to be too polite to a woman, a sentiment which doubtless meets also with the approval of all good and gallant Americans. She spoke English to English and Americans, French to Russians, Belgians, and Frenchmen, and German to Germans, with which language she was familiar, being the daughter of the King of Württemberg. She was reputed learned in the Latin and Russian languages, and possessed of a cultivated taste for polite literature. She appeared to enjoy society, and was fond of the world's celebrities. Until the last few years she was in the habit of waltzing at her *soirées intimes*. She was a smiling, graceful woman, in the neighborhood of fifty, but well conserved and well dressed. Under gaslight, and the advantage of skillful toilet, she looked between thirty and forty. She wore a small diamond crown on the top of the head—not across the brow—and a white satin robe, and held in her hand a fan inlaid with diamonds. She addressed to me several remarks common on such occasions: How did I like The Hague? Had I found suitable lodgings? Was the health of the President good? Was this my first visit to Holland? etc., etc.; and finished by hoping that I would remain long at their court. The expression of such a hope by an American politician, in view of our rotatory system of office-holding, would have been cruel irony; the queen was evidently guiltless of such intention.

To the king, the queen doubtless appeared a slow mover in these ceremonies, for he was always ahead of her in the downward march. When they finished, and met at the lower end of the chamber, another theatrical *coup* occurred. By some preconceived signal, apparently, the folding-doors again swung open, and their majesties' son Alexander, a sickly-looking lad of fifteen or more, and their aunt, the Princess Frederic, with two or three court officers following by way of a trail, entered

with hasty step and much *frou-frou*, as if they came in at that opportune moment by chance and had not seen their majesties for a long time, for the meeting was consecrated by an effusive and general kissing. When this affectionate greeting, which looked as if intended for the edification of spectators, had taken place, the king gave his arm to his wife, and they headed a procession which formed behind them of all present; the folding-doors at the foot of the chamber were opened with a certain dramatic effect, and all passed into the ball-room, where many people in brilliant costumes were assembled, but leaving a passage in the middle to the raised throne at one end, to which their majesties slowly marched, to the music of a national air.

Here I was presented to the other members of the royal family; first to the Prince of Orange—the crown prince—a handsome blond in military uniform of a general; for here, as in all monarchies, the sons of royalty held military and naval sinecures. A *monocle*, or single eye-glass, as usual, covered one of his mild blue eyes. He appeared to be an amiable prince, without salient points of character; but appearances are sometimes deceptive in the case of princes as well as others. Prince Hal, as one remembers, forswore sack and the unclean society of the fat knight when the time for action came.

The heir of the House of Orange affected the English *genre*, and spoke excellent English. He had been partly educated in England, where, rumor said, he had led a somewhat roystering life. The only hansom cab to be found in The Hague belonged to him, which was another indication of his insular tastes. He asked me some questions concerning buffalo-hunting—of which I confessed my ignorance—and made several remarks about New York. He was the kind of a man who is usually described as a good fellow.

Next was the Prince Frederic, the uncle of the king, who had the *bonhomie* of a *bon bourgeois*, and never seemed tired of talking. The length of such an interview depends on the members of the royal family, for etiquette decrees that he who is presented shall remain until he receives the bow of adieu. This elderly gentleman spoke of a number of things, and seemed loth to make the parting salutation. He passed for the richest man in the Netherlands—having the faculty of holding on to what he had, which his nephew the king had not, and in this respect the uncle came nearer the general

type of the Dutchman. His simplicity of character and hearty manner were engaging. From him I was conducted to his wife—a member of the royal family of Prussia—a stiff dame who confined herself to the dry forms of speech, and who was evidently a firm upholder of silver-stick ceremony. She wore her crown of diamonds across the brow—a massive collection of flashing stones of greater value, but not so handsome as the delicate cluster poised on the head of the queen. The next was to her daughter the Princess Marie (recently married), to whom, as in the three previous presentations, I was ushered by a chamberlain with the sacramental “*Votre altesse, j’ai l’honneur de vous présenter*,” etc. She was a tall, pleasing person, with social inclinations. For a modest young woman meeting a stranger for the first time, the royal rule of starting the theme must be an irksome task; and I could not help making the reflection mentally as I stood beside her, for two or three pauses occurred of an unseemly length during my ten-minutes’ audience.

Having gone the round of royalty, I was made acquainted with a number of Dutchmen—accepted as heroes from land and sea—besides the court officials with great titles such as Grand Master of Ceremonies, Grand Marshal, et cetera; then to the grand dames of the queen’s household, all of whose titular and gold-lace ostentation “*se prêtait à la scie*,” as a secretary of legation with democratic tendencies cynically observed.

Official duties being thus complied with, I removed my sword and joined in the dancing, which was going on with animation. The only interruption to it was caused whenever their majesties left the throne to move about, which they did two or three times in the course of the evening. When one of them came near a quadrille set it was broken up, for the deference to royalty was such that the dancers would not turn their backs. The queen would say, with a gesture of deprecation, to continue without regard to her proximity, but the reverentially loyal dancers never dreamed of taking her at her word, and the queen doubtless said it as a matter of form. Thus in several instances their majesties were disturbing elements. Adjoining drawing-rooms were open to the guests, and in the course of the evening I was about passing through one of these with a young Dutchwoman on my arm, when she suddenly stopped at the threshold and would not proceed because the king was lounging in the room. As she considered it incompatible

with her duty as a true Dutchwoman to pass within three or four yards of the sacred presence, we were obliged, for the time, to give up our design of reaching another part of the palace. In the intervals between the dances the dancers repaired to a long contiguous apartment—the buffet—where bouillon, ices, cold game and other kinds of meats, with various kinds of wines, were to be had any time during the entertainment. The marshal of the court presided over this department, and once or twice cordially invited me to refresh myself with a bumper of his own pouring.

The ethereal kind of woman was rare in this assemblage, but several might have posed for those mighty Flemish women of the Louvre—the huge-limbed, pinky, moist-skinned creatures in which Rubens rioted. In the general type was the beauty of health; no lank forms, pale cheeks, nor sunken eyes. What these faces most lacked was intellectuality. There was not much thought in the speech nor behind the smile; there was no nimble wit nor quick movement. The expression was good-natured and honest; no strategy or intrigue looked out of these frank, good eyes, but contentment, peace, and the enjoyment of material existence. Few emotions disturbed the even tenor of these quiet lives. The greatest events of the year were perhaps the palace balls and the interchange of a few words with royalty, the glory of new dresses, and the gossip of the court.

In the physical beauty of the women, the thorn to the rose was the possession of large hands and feet—probably the largest in Europe in any similar class. In creating the Dutchwoman Nature dealt with her generous-

ly, forgetting to use discretion on coming to the endings. In form of rounded lines Nature drew her, and laid on the color well, and then this journeyman marred his work by making a large, flat foot with low instep and a hand that might hold a cleaver. But there is always something lacking; and had the small feet and hands been there, she would doubtless have been wanting in other points.

Among the men, a few old Rembrandt heads were here in modern gear, but most of the guests had lost that look of virility and determination which we find in the old portraits. These were not the men to hoist themselves with their own petard by letting in the water to repel the enemy, nor to suffer at the stake for conscience' sake, nor to sweep the sea of British ships and boldly push up the Thames and lay siege to London. Their glory was in the deeds of their fathers; of themselves they had done little or nothing.

Looking at the present king, one could not help thinking of the distance which separated him from his ancestors who beat back the hosts of Spain and France, and were as wise in the council-chamber as they were brave in the field. They were in the great current of actuality and progress, and were powers because their ideas were those of the nation. The life of the present ruler has been a contest with political advancement. Each liberal provision of the constitution under which the people live was obtained from him under protest. The stream of progress, sluggish as it is, flows by the present ruler of the House of Orange and leaves him in that little channel of the past called the divine right of kings.

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#### SINCE I DIED.

How very still you sit!

If the shadow of an eyelash stirred upon your cheek; if that gray line about your mouth should snap its tension at this quivering end; if the pallor of your profile warmed a little; if that tiny muscle on your forehead, just at the left eyebrow's curve, should start and twitch; if you would but grow a trifle restless, sitting there beneath my steady gaze; if you moved a finger of your folded hands; if you should turn and look behind your chair, or lift your face, half lingering and half longing, half loving and half loth, to ponder on the annoyed and thwarted cry which the wind is making, where I stand be-

tween it and yourself, against the half-closed window.—Ah, there! You sigh and stir, I think. You lift your head. The little muscle is a captive still; the line about your mouth is tense and hard; the deepening hollow in your cheek has no warmer tint, I see, than the great Doric column which the moonlight builds against the wall. I lean against it; I hold out my arms.

You lift your head and look me in the eye.

If a shudder crept across your figure; if your arms, laid out upon the table, leaped but once above your head; if you named my name; if you held your breath with terror, or sobbed aloud for love, or sprang, or cried—



But you only lift your head and look me in the eye.

If I dared step near, or nearer; if it were permitted that I should cross the current of your living breath; if it were willed that I should feel the leap of human blood within your veins; if I should touch your hands, your cheeks, your lips; if I dropped an arm as lightly as a snowflake round your shoulder—

The fear which no heart has fathomed, the fate which no fancy has faced, the riddle which no soul has read, steps between your substance and my soul.

I drop my arms. I sink into the heart of the pillared light upon the wall. I will not wonder what would happen if my outlines defined upon it to your view. I will not think of that which could be, would be, if I struck across your still-set vision, face to face.

Ah me, how still she sits! With what a fixed, incurious stare she looks me in the eye!

The wind, now that I stand no longer between it and yourself, comes enviously in. It lifts the curtain, and whirls about the room. It bruises the surface of the great pearly pillar where I lean. I am caught within it. Speech and language struggle over me. Mute articulations fill the air. Tears and laughter, and the sounding of soft lips, and the falling of low cries, possess me. Will she listen? Will she bend her head? Will her lips part in recognition? Is there an alphabet between us? Or have the winds of night a vocabulary to lift before her holden eyes?

We sat many times together, and talked of this. Do you remember, dear? You held my hand. Tears that I could not see fell on it; we sat by the great hall-window upstairs, where the maple shadow goes to sleep, face down, across the floor upon a lighted night; the old green curtain waved its hands upon us like a mesmerist, I thought; like a priest, you said.

"When we are parted, you shall go," you said; and when I shook my head you smiled—your always smiled when you said that, but you said it always quite the same.

I think I hardly understood you then. Now that I hold your eyes in mine, and you see me not; now when I stretch my hand, and you touch me not; now that I cry your name, and you hear it not,—I comprehend you, tender one! A wisdom not of earth was in your words. "To live, is dying; I will die. To die is life, and you shall live."

Now when the fever turned, I thought of this.

That must have been—ah! how long

ago? I miss the conception of that for which *how long* stands index.

Yet I perfectly remember that I perfectly understood it to be at three o'clock on a rainy Sunday morning that I died. Your little watch stood in its case of olive-wood upon the table, and drops were on the window. I noticed both, though you did not know it. I see the watch now, in your pocket; I cannot tell if the hands move, or only pulsate like a heart-throb, to and fro; they stand and point, mute golden fingers, paralyzed and pleading, forever at the hour of three. At this I wonder.

When first you said I "was sinking fast," the words sounded as old and familiar as a nursery tale. I heard you in the hall. The doctor had just left, and you went to mother and took her face in your two arms, and laid your hand across her mouth, as if it were she who had spoken. She cried out and threw up her thin old hands; but you stood as still as Eternity. Then I thought again: "It is she who dies; I shall live."

So often and so anxiously we have talked of this thing called death, that now that it is all over between us, I cannot understand why we found in it such a source of distress. It bewilders me. I am often bewildered here. Things and the fancies of things possess a relation which as yet is new and strange to me. Here is a mystery.

Now, in truth, it seems a simple matter for me to tell you how it has been with me since your lips last touched me, and your arms held me to the vanishing air.

Oh, drawn, pale lips! Nerveless, dropping arms! I told you I would come. Did ever promise fail I spoke to you? "Come and show me Death," you said. I have come to show you Death. I could show you the fairest sight and sweetest that ever blessed your eyes. Why, look! Is it not fair? Am I terrible? Do you shrink or shiver? Would you turn from me, or hide your strained, expectant face?

Would she? Does she? Will she? . . .

Ah, how the room widened! I could tell you that. It grew great and luminous day by day. At night the walls throbbed; lights of rose ran round them, and blue fire, and a tracery as of the shadows of little leaves. As the walls expanded, the air fled. But I tried to tell you how little pain I knew or feared. Your haggard face bent over me. I could not speak; when I would I struggled, and you said "She suffers!" Dear, it was so very little!

Listen, till I tell you how that night came

on. The sun fell and the dew slid down. It seemed to me that it slid into my heart, but still I felt no pain. Where the walls pulsed and receded, the hills came in. Where the old bureau stood, above the glass, I saw a single mountain with a face of fire, and purple hair. I tried to tell you this, but you said: "She wanders." I laughed in my heart at that, for it was such a blessed wandering! As the night locked the sun below the mountain's solemn watching face, the Gates of Space were lifted up before me; the everlasting doors of Matter swung for me upon their rusty hinges, and the King of Glories entered in and out. All the kingdoms of the earth, and the power of them, beckoned to me, across the mist my failing senses made,—ruins and roses, and the brows of Jura and the singing of the Rhine; a shaft of red light on the Sphinx's smile, and caravans in sand-storms, and an icy wind at sea, and gold adream in mines that no man knew, and mothers sitting at their doors in valleys singing babes to sleep, and women in dank cellars selling souls for bread, and the whirl of wheels in giant factories, and a single prayer somewhere in a den of death,—I could not find it, though I searched,—and the smoke of battle, and broken music, and a sense of lilies alone beside a stream at the rising of the sun—and, at last, your face, dear, all alone.

I discovered then, that the walls and roof of the room had vanished quite. The night-wind blew in. The maple in the yard almost brushed my cheek. Stars were about me, and I thought the rain had stopped, yet seemed to hear it, up on the seeming of a window which I could not find.

One thing only hung between me and immensity. It was your single, awful, haggard face. I looked my last into your eyes. Stronger than death, they held and claimed my soul. I feebly raised my hand to find your own. More cruel than the grave, your wild grasp chained me. Then I struggled, and you cried out, and your face slipped, and I stood free.

I stood upon the floor, beside the bed. That which had been I lay there at rest, but terrible, before me. You hid your face, and I saw you slide upon your knees. I laid my hand upon your head; you did not stir; I spoke to you: "Dear, look around a minute!" but you knelt quite still. I walked to and fro about the room, and meeting my mother, touched her on the elbow; she only said, "She's gone!" and sobbed aloud. "I

have not *gone*!" I cried; but she sat sobbing on.

The walls of the room had settled now, and the ceiling stood in its solid place. The window was shut, but the door stood open. Suddenly I was restless, and I ran.

I brushed you in hurrying by, and hit the little light-stand where the tumblers stood; I looked to see if it would fall, but it only shivered as if a breath of wind had struck it once.

But I was restless, and I ran. In the hall I met the Doctor. This amused me, and I stopped to think it over. "Ah, Doctor," said I, "you need not trouble yourself to go up. I'm quite well to-night, you see." But he made me no answer; he gave me no glance; he hung up his hat, and laid his hand upon the banister against which I leaned, and went ponderously up.

It was not until he had nearly reached the landing that it occurred to me, still leaning on the banisters, that his heavy arm must have swept against and *through* me, where I stood against the oaken mouldings which he grasped.

I saw his feet fall on the stairs above me; but they made no sound which reached my ear. "You'll not disturb me *now* with your big boots, sir," said I, nodding; "never fear!"

But he disappeared from sight above me, and still I heard no sound.

Now the Doctor had left the front door unlatched.

As I touched it, it blew open wide, and solemnly. I passed out and down the steps. I could see that it was chilly, yet I felt no chill. Frost was on the grass, and in the east a pallid streak, like the cheek of one who had watched all night. The flowers in the little square plots hung their heads and drew their shoulders up; there was a lonely, late lily which I broke and gathered to my heart, where I breathed upon it, and it warmed and looked me kindly in the eye. This, I remember, gave me pleasure. I wandered in and out about the garden in the scattering rain; my feet left no trace upon the dripping grass, and I saw with interest that the garment which I wore gathered no moisture and no cold. I sat musing for a while upon the piazza, in the garden-chair, not caring to go in. It was so many months since I had felt able to sit upon the piazza in the open air. "By and by," I thought, I would go in and upstairs to see you once again. The curtains were drawn from the parlor windows and I passed and repassed, looking in.

All this while the cheek of the east was waning, and the air gathering faint heats and lights about me. I remembered, presently, the old arbor at the garden-foot, where, before I was sick, we sat so much together; and thinking, "She will be surprised to know that I have been down alone," I was restless, and I ran again.

I meant to come back and see you, dear, once more. I saw the lights in the room where I had lain sick, overhead; and your shadow on the curtain; and I blessed it, with all the love of life and death, as I bounded by.

The air was thick with sweetness from the dying flowers. The birds woke, and the zenith lighted, and the leap of health was in my limbs. The old arbor held out its soft arms to me—but I was restless, and I ran.

The field opened before me, and meadows with broad bosoms, and a river flashed before me like a scimiter, and woods interlocked their hands to stay me—but being restless, on I ran.

The house dwindled behind me; and the light in my sick-room, and your shadow on the curtain. But yet I was restless, and I ran.

In the twinkling of an eye I fell into a solitary place. Sand and rocks were in it, and a falling wind. I paused, and knelt upon the sand, and mused a little in this place. I mused of you, and life and death, and love and agony;—but these had departed from me, as dim and distant as the fainting wind. A sense of solemn expectation filled the air. A tremor and a trouble wrapped my soul.

"I must be dead!" I said aloud. I had no sooner spoken than I learned that I was not alone.

The sun had risen, and on a ledge of ancient rock, weather-stained and red, there had fallen over against me the outline of a Presence lifted up against the sky, and turning suddenly, I saw. . . . .

Lawful to utter, but utterance has fled! Lawful to utter, but a greater than Law restrains me! Am I blotted from your desolate fixed eyes? Lips that my mortal lips have pressed, can you not quiver when I cry? Soul that my eternal soul has loved, can you stand enveloped in my presence, and not spring like a fountain to me? Would you not know how it has been with me since your perishable eyes beheld my perished face? What my eyes have seen or my ears have heard, or my heart conceived without you? If I have missed or mourned for you? If I have watched or longed for you? Marked your solitary days and sleepless nights, and tearless eyes, and monotonous slow echo of my unanswering name? Would you not know?

Alas! would she? Would she not? My soul misgives me with a matchless, solitary fear. I am called, and I slip from her. I am beckoned, and I lose her.

Her face dims, and her folded, lonely hands fade from my sight.

Time to tell her a guarded thing! Time to whisper a treasured word! A moment to tell her that *Death is dumb, for Life is deaf!* A moment to tell her.—

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### MY VALENTINE.

In mid-life's wearying, noonday heat,  
Rises a vision cool and sweet,  
Of happy days, alas! too fleet.

Of home beside the gray old mill,—  
Of dripping water,—turning wheel,—  
Of school-house perched on snow-clad hill:

Of knife-hacked bench and dog-eared book:  
Of curly-headed Phil's sly look,  
His cautious, beckoning finger-crook.

The billet that he shyly kissed,  
Twirls through the air,—lights on the list  
Of columned words,—sure to be missed.

Two merry hearts that brightly bleed,  
Pierced with a feather-shafted reed,—  
A Cupid begging love's just meed.

Lame verses in a scrawling line:  
"I love my love. Is her love mine?  
Say, wilt thou be my Valentine?"

Ah, happy, happy, foolish days:  
Philip has won and loves the praise  
The world gives to a poet's lays.

I keep the faded, scrawling line:  
"I love my love. Is her love mine?"  
Is still my only Valentine.

Ah! Philip, do you never think  
Of painted sled,—of mill-pond brink,—  
Forget-me-nots in chains alink?

'Tis well to love; 'tis well to pray  
That God will give me back, some day,  
You and the heart you took away.

## THE SAN RAFAEL PHALANSTERY.

I HAVE always thought the world should know more of the details of our social experiment at San Rafael than it has learned through the prejudiced medium of the California newspapers. These details, insignificant though they may be, would possibly guide others who may be contemplating similar experiments; and they, too, ought to give a hint to those reformers who are trying to make all people alike; and they certainly would be sufficiently diverting to such as are amused with the failure of well-intended plans to elevate humanity and purify society. Let none be dismayed at the solemnity of this preamble; it is necessary to an understanding of what follows.

At first we only intended a small phalanstery on the general plan of Prudhomme, Fourier, and other famous socialists. Our attention had been specially awakened by some beautiful pictures painted by Summerly, who was perpetually talking over his fantastic and dreamy plans. Charlie Winter and I used to watch Summerly at work in his dingy studio, high up on the sandy hills of San Francisco, and we marvelled much at the lovely creations which grew beneath his swift pencil and glowed upon his canvas. He painted palaces, temples, glorious pleasure-domes, built of radiant marbles, flashing with gems and glowing with gold. Throngs of men, women, and children poured through the ample arches, or paced the glittering corridors, while multitudes of these lovely beings, dressed in garbs of delicate color, rippled in waves through the long-drawn aisles of sylvan forests, and drifted like showers of blossoms into fairy-like gardens, where flowers, music, statues, fountains and birds, enchanted and intoxicated the senses. Or the painter took a more practical brush, and limned for us a vast aggregation of stately mansions, surrounded by wheat-fields, long stretches of orchards and vineyards. These gleaming structures, sumptuous with architectural adornment, and set like gems in the midst of masses of rich vegetable color, were crystalized communities; they were cities in one family, states aggregated in a single group, a nation centralized. Summerly's pencil and colors built up a fair fabric, in which all the common cares of life were glorified by rare surroundings; producers and consumers interchanged places, and all labored together in airy, inviting habitations to the sound of plashing fountains, the music of lutes and singing-birds; and from this cluster

of industrial palaces, which rivalled that of Aladdin in their splendors, an inviting landscape stretched away to the purple mountains that overlooked the opalescent sea.

These were phalansteries. We gazed at them with unsatisfied desire, and thence turned our eyes over the black, yellow, and gray hills of San Francisco, paining our gaze with the sudden transition from the fairy splendor of Summerly's canvas, to the hard, sharp, dry outlines of the city where we lived.

"This is just an aggravation," Charlie would say. "All our fine-spun theories can never make possible such a dream."

"That purple chain of hills looks like Tamalpais," says Summerly craftily, and waving his brush as he spoke.

"But what magic could ever transform cock-fighting, horse-racing bull-fighting, ragged, straggling San Rafael into that gloried, celestial city?" asked Una, with fine scorn. Una wrote delicious verses, but she had a more practical turn of mind than Charlie, who loved her desperately.

Summerly insisted, however, with sublime faith in his ideal, that all things were possible. He declared that in the lovely vales behind San Rafael, toward Tamalpais, were the best possible sites for a phalanstery. The Devil's Glen, Hog's Back, and Coyote Hollow were, to be sure, unattractive enough in name; but when we look over these from the Paper-Mill road, down the slope below us, across the vernal plain, which, laced by silver streams, stretches at the base of Tamalpais, and behold the huge, velvety bulk of the mountain rising to the dazzling sky, surely—there is loveliness, if nature anywhere beneath the sky is lovely.

We had many such talks as this, and when Boyd, who was excessively dissatisfied with the world as now constituted, dropped in upon us, we became quite enthusiastic over our slowly-forming plans. Boyd's matrimonial venture had terminated unfortunately. We never touched other than lightly on the subject; but it was understood that incompatibility was the rock on which his bark of happiness had been wrecked. His late wife was keeping a boarding-house in Pine street, and had a bill of divorce, with many long Latin names to it, in her bureau drawer. So Boyd was ready for the phalanstery.

So was Miss Grey; poor girl, she had been fagged by teaching in the Rincon school at board-wages, and was ready for any decent es-

cape from bondage. She also would bring with her her sworn friend and ally, Miss Snatchkin, a fellow-sufferer in the unprofitable cause of education. Thus we had a fair nucleus, and lacked only some trustworthy person to "matronize" the group. For we felt that some concession must be made to the conventional prejudices of an imperfect and gossiping world. We were sufficient unto ourselves, but we had not so far emancipated ourselves from the exacting usages of Society that we could afford to set up for ourselves without regard to what people would say.

Our good genius did not forsake us, however; and Mrs. Clifford, a widow somewhat battered and rusty, who had seen decidedly better days, was willing to give up her small, very small, select school, and join the community. She was burdened with an incubance, a nine-year old boy, to whom Charlie decidedly objected; but this difficulty was overcome, as it was agreed that some appearance of youth and innocence, even thus roughly personified, might shed an odor of respectability over what otherwise might be regarded as a very doubtful lot.

And that was the way in which the San Rafael Phalanstery began. It just grew into being; and from talking over Summerly's fanciful pictures of an ideal life in communities, we all moved out from the dusty, sandy, windy city, into a fine, cheap, roomy house, with wide verandas, overlooking Paper Mill Creek, and fronting Mount Tamalpais. To be sure, the house needed painting and other renovation; but, in comparison with the smart villas of the neighborhood it had, in its decay, an eminently respectable appearance. The whole establishment, even to the neglected garden, frowsy with overgrown cactus, woke a pathetic dignity which reminded us at once of blind Belisarius and Mrs. Clifford's modified mourning.

We set to work courageously, and renovated house, garden, fences, and furniture. The phalanstery was on its legs, as Charlie used to say, and henceforth we had a common purse, larder, and income. Summerly would declare ruefully, that the ragged old place was not at all like one of the glowing canvases over which we used to hang with delight, in the early spring days when we were discussing our project. But when we went across the ravine to Mount Tamalpais on one of our frequent picnics, looking back at the phalanstery and beholding it bathed in the golden light of sunset, or gilded in the ruddy glow of morning, the heavy vines and passion-flowers breaking the monotone of

the buff-painted clap-boards, the effect was certainly very charming and homelike. At any rate, it was the germ from which would by and by emerge the lovely growths of domes, arches, corridors, and palace-gardens which would make the old world new again. So we were content to wait in faith.

I do not know how it came about, but while we were combating the inevitable asperities which arose in our little community, we fell upon the theory of Visscher, the old Munich philosopher. Boyd, who was a practical, hard-headed man, had been educated in Germany; and though at last a sharp stock-broker, who had made and lost a dozen fortunes on California Street, he had been, in his day, something of a dreamer. While he was "selling short" in Consolidated Buttery, and buying "long" in Smith-Victoria South Extension, he had been quietly brooding over the Visscher experiment. So, one day when we were all in an uncomfortable turmoil because we thought Mrs. Clifford was parsimonious with the sugar and indulgent in the matter of oatmeal-mush, Charlie broke out:

"See here, why not try the Visscher business?"

I was quite astonished, for Charlie and I were most intimate, and shared each other's thoughts. He had never said a word to me about this; and it was not until long afterwards that I discovered that he and Boyd had been talking it over, with a view to my betterment. Charlie fancied that I was harsh, or, as he used to express it, "mean," because I said sharp biting things which sometimes made a deeper wound than I intended.

So Boyd explained that Visscher was an eminent professor of mental philosophy who lived in Munich years ago, and spent his life in trying to prove that any company of persons who might be agreed, could divide among them the qualities of mind or temperament which each possessed in excess.

"For instance," said he, "here are eight of us, not counting Tom, who is only a boy, and not worth counting. We will suppose that we have just enough firmness in the party to go around, if each had his own proper share. But, unfortunately, some of us have so much firmness that it is in excess in that one individual and makes him simply obstinate." And here he winked at Charlie, who is as stubborn as a stone-wall.

He continued: "But others of the party may not have enough of the quality, and become so pliable as to have no mind of their own." And here Boyd looked over the head



of Una, who was sitting in the window. She colored, and remarked irrelevantly that it was a warm day. Unmindful of the digression, Boyd continued his explication of the theory, and showed how, by mere exercise of the will, a party of friends could divide around among each other the mental and moral traits of which any one might be possessed in excess.

"But how," cried Miss Snatchkin, "about those traits of which everybody wants all they can get?"

"You must be willing to sacrifice something to get what you need," was the severe reply.

"Exactly so," said Charlie; "it's a fair stand-off. You take my obstinacy, and I'll take some of your sentiment."

Miss Snatchkin had not outlived her gush.

Una, on the other hand, was very willing to part with some of her sublimity, if she could only secure a little of Mrs. Clifford's language. Una wrote nice verses, but she found it slow work; and Mrs. Clifford, as Charlie declared, "had the gift of gab."

Summerly was willing to share his endowments for the improvement of our little community; and he spoke of making us all artists in feeling, by dividing his taste and skill with us. I showed my meanness by suggesting that there might not be enough of these to go around; and all thought privately that it would not hurt Summerly, and might help the community, if we could by division reduce his fondness for nice things to eat, and his disinclination to work, to something like a positive virtue. Miss Grey heroically acknowledged that she liked to talk about herself too much, and was ready to be refined into a saint forthwith.

At this Charlie looked beamingly toward Una. He evidently thought that she, at least, could not be more of a saint than she already was. She looked like one, sitting there in the low window with the red light of the sunset glorifying her auburn hair.

I need not say that we had a deal of difficulty in fairly adjusting ourselves to our experiment. When we had first begun our commune life we had had trouble. It was impossible to assimilate the various conflicting interests. Boyd had an exasperating fashion of "running the concern," as Charlie called it, without even consulting the wishes of anybody else; and we found plans altered and carried out by him before we knew what was going on. He had a wilful, dictatorial way of managing which was really provoking. Poor Miss Snatchkin did not recover for a

whole week from the disappointment which she felt when Boyd coolly dug up her violets one morning, and planted roses in their place. He thought violets interfered with the harmony of the garden-plan. And we were all rasped into discomfort by Boyd's outrageous conduct in painting the dining-room walls pea-green, when the furniture was all bright chestnut and maroon. Then Summerly worried us. He lapsed into utter idleness and went mooning about the hills, painting no pictures, doing nothing, but bringing home useless bits of rock, ferns, and birds' nests, to clutter up the house, as Mrs. Clifford complained. He produced nothing, and Charlie declared him "a fraud."

Now we had a panacea for all these minor ills. It would be deeply disgraceful and shameful if the noble experiment of social self-government should fail for any such ignoble cause as the infirmity of temper and moral organization. Here was the perfect remedy, and we proceeded to use it. Weeks and months were spent in baffling experiments. Things would not work well. The fact was, that however willing some one might be to part with his own disorder, he was not so willing to receive his portion of another's excess. Boyd, who grew more complaisant and plastic every week, declared that he was becoming idiotic; and Charlie, who was less obstinate than usual, said he had "a mental goneness" which he could not stand much longer.

Little by little, however, these objections were overcome, and we got on remarkably well with our psychological experiment. The receptivity of each was increased by usage; and, by constant exercise of will-power, we were enabled to give out those moral influences which were to deplete our own store and increase that of our fellows. By such surrender of the individual will as we were able to make, we received as we gave out; but it was all in exchange, you see.

This Arcadian serenity was occasionally disturbed, of course. Miss Snatchkin, for instance, declared that the constant strain on her nerves was breaking her down. She was so incessantly keyed up to the work in hand, that it rather preyed on her spirits and made her weary. Charlie said she overdid the business. He, on the other hand, ironically complained that the virtue which he had absorbed during the day oozed out of him during the helpless hours of the night, and that he woke up in the morning quite reprobate.

But, on the whole, we got on very well, and made excellent progress in the work of re-

forming ourselves and correcting the errors of careless mother Nature.

My dear old Charlie! it was wonderful how he and I clung to each other during those days, endeavoring to improve each the other. I will acknowledge that I was easy-natured and pliable; and, as Charlie said, too ready to wound for the sake of saying a smart thing. But he was aggravatingly obstinate and willful, and so it came to pass that he made no intimacies in our circle outside of myself; which satisfied me well enough. Indeed, though I felt wounded that they all seemed to turn against Charlie, my selfishness was satisfied because we knew and loved each other. Even Una, whom he adored, looked coldly on him. She was always, it seemed to me, an icy sort of angel; and, with all her fine thoughts, she had no soul whatever.

Matters were dreadfully complicated, you see. Charlie and I were most devoted friends; he was madly in love with Una, who held him at a distance. Miss Snatchkin nursed a secret flame for Boyd, who seemed to care only for having his own way; and Miss Grey, like a good spirit, diffused her smiles on all, sweetly doing her best to modify and assimilate the various inharmonious elements. Mrs. Clifford, secure in her seat at the head of the phalanstery, grew dignified and courtly, but looked thriftily after the finances. One morning she astonished us by telling us that we had only forty dollars in the common fund, and were out of flour and several other necessary supplies.

"My idea of a phalanstery," cried Summerly, impatiently, "was one in which we should produce our own flour. I hate the thought of being obliged to buy flour of a sordid grocer."

"Even that would come easier if we had money to buy with," rasped I, who was vexed with Summerly's non-productiveness.

As for myself, my stories in *The Transcontinental* had brought in as much cash as Charlie's copying, and more than Boyd's investment in the United Warmingpan Company, limited; so my withers were unwrung, and I could afford to be disagreeable. It had been part of our theory that the women's contribution to the common fund should be equal to that of the men. But Society was against us. Una's poetry was not in active demand, and did not fetch "male prices;" and poor Miss Snatchkin, who taught four hours each day at the Academy in the village, was not so well paid as I, "because she was a woman."

This was a wicked injustice; but the world seemed to consider it right, as it always had been. The odd thing about it was, that nobody seemed to know why this was so; but it always had been. Women were not able to earn as much as men because they were women. It was very queer; but it came hard on the rest of us, and the women felt sore about it.

We were very blue for a while, when that boy Tom drew a prize in the Mercantile Library lottery, which saved us from bankruptcy; and the phalanstery was again restored to good spirits.

When we were once more provided with funds, we began to discuss an old plan of living under blue glass. One of our neighbors had experimented with the influence of actinic rays on animal and vegetable life. His pigs, raised in a pen with a blue glass roof, were the wonder of the stolid California farmers for miles around. And as for his grapes, grown in a cold grapery which had many rows of azure-tinted glass in it, they were the most marvelous fruit ever beheld even in California—that land where nature seems to have exhausted all her stores of hidden wealth in fruits and flowers. If these blue rays could develop such wonders in animal and vegetable life, why should not the mind, morals, and manners of men and women be improved thereby.

We tried the experiment, and extended our favorite sitting-room so as to allow a sort of conservatory at its end; and here we fitted in alternate rows of blue glass. We established a rule that we should all sit here six hours each day, each at his work or reading. Poor Miss Snatchkin found it a little inconvenient, for it interfered with her duties in the Academy; but she managed to take her share. As for Charlie, he laughed loud and long at the spectacle of Mrs. Clifford sitting in the blue light shelling peas, that boy Tom meantime being coerced into moping in a corner where the azure light made a green halo of his yellow hair.

Still, we made great progress. It was really surprising what an effect all of these appliances had on us. Under the gracious influence of the blue rays we grew healthier, more blooming, and more fair each day. We had so far succeeded in our division of mental traits that we actually became not only very much alike, but each was visibly and sensibly bettered by the change. Such gentle compliance in each other's will, such sweet concession, and such willing surrender of selfish whims and fancies, were never known

anywhere before. It was altogether heavenly. I love to recall that sunny Arcadian time.

But there rose a little cloud. Una came to me one day and asked if I had met Summerly on the mountain the day before. I had; why? She looked troubled and said:

"Nothing; only he promised to take me with him to sketch Bolinas Bay."

"So I suppose he lied?"

"And it is not the first time," sighed Una.

Nor was it the first time. Summerly had no idea whatever of truth. Una and I discussed the subject, and decided that something must be done. Fortunately, we had by this time become so candid with each other, that such a trouble could be openly talked about in the phalanstery. So that evening we brought up Summerly's delinquencies. All listened attentively; Summerly pleaded "guilty."

"Now," said Mrs. Clifford, who, from worrying about preserves and the dairy, had grown as wise as Plato, "here is a new difficulty. Summerly tells lies, and his vice seems the more obnoxious because relieved against the background of so much amiability. It is an abnormal development."

"But," interrupted poor Summerly, "why doesn't my bad habit get divided around among the rest of you?"

We all shuddered. Who wanted to take a share in such a vice?

Boyd courageously said: "I'll make a clean breast of it. If Summerly is half of Ananias, I am the other fraction. I kept back half the profits of the investment in Original Aladdin, and have it deposited to my own private account. That's stealing."

We felt as if we were on the verge of a precipice.

Then up spoke my brave, bright Charlie: "You are all wrong. Here we have been dividing around our mere negative morals, so to speak; we have kept our positive ones. It is all very fine to share with each other our penuriousness or frugality, our volubility or reticence, and so on; but who wants Summerly's deceit, Boyd's greed, or my profanity?"

This was discouraging; for Charlie did swear awfully at times, though that was a habit, rather than a mental or moral trait.

"Imagine Una swearing a blue streak," broke in that boy Tom.

"Hush your noise and get under that blue glass!" said Charlie, indignant.

Next day, while Boyd and I were sunning ourselves on Tamalpais, he said: "This

is a bad state of things. We have got along capitally so far; but our plan is ruined unless we can complete the work of perfect reformation."

"There is one way out of it," said I. "Somebody must be willing to take all the badness of the rest."

"But when he gets all that load on him, he won't be fit to live with."

"Let him go back to society," said I, scornfully.

Boyd rose up and said "Hurrah" with all his might; sat down and hugged me vigorously; then his countenance fell and he asked: "But who will be this scapegoat?"

"Charlie," said I, sententiously.

Boyd looked astonished as he asked: "Would you consent? I thought you and Charlie were kindred souls mingled into one."

"I am willing to make any sacrifice in the interest of science and humanity."

Boyd dragged me down the mountain, and we went home to tell our comrades of our remedy; only we did not say who should bear our infirmities out into the world; that we left for a more convenient occasion.

But in due time poor Charlie, being kept in the dark of what was going on, was selected by the rest of us as the recipient of our remaining evil traits. He seemed to bear it very well, and we all thrived admirably. We sat under the blue roof of glass and absorbed the healing beams; melted into each other's consciousness; parted with evil thoughts, and grew bright, happy, and lovely.

I say "we," though I should not. As for myself, I tried to feel that this was my fortunate condition—my experience; but somehow it was not. I had a mad desire to quarrel with everybody, but was kept from it by some gracious influence; still, I continually wanted to break out in some wild, savage way, and would go out in the woods alone by myself and "swear a blue streak," as Tom would call it, until I was frightened at myself. It was plain that my part of the experiment on Charlie was doing me no good. To complicate matters, my old-time fancy for Una, which I had given up for Charlie's sake, returned in another guise. I was madly in love with the beautiful golden-haired girl; and Charlie's jealous eyes seemed to follow me wherever I went.

The truth came at last. One morning I went down to the sitting-room before the rest of the phalanstery were stirring, and took up my manuscript to finish it for the publisher. Underneath lay a golden double-eagle. It was the sum of Una's last slender earnings. Poor girl! she had worked hard

for it; but it seemed as if I could better than she enjoy what it might bring. She was only a woman; and I felt my cheek glow and eyes sparkle as I thought what I, a man, could buy of pleasure in the city with that gold piece. I had promised myself a gay time with some old companions. The yellow coin burned in my hand. How hard and firm and substantial! How much life and enjoyment were compacted in those generous bounds! I saw the good cheer, the golden champagne, the rosy lights and the stealthy joys which it would bring. The double-eagle slid into my pocket; and I was out of the window and rushing across the ravine below the house.

As I sat gloomily regarding the preternaturally bright landscape, everything seemed jangling and out of tune. A gray hare, scared by my rough feet, scudded away into the ferns as if afraid of some wild beast. A black-tailed deer on a distant bluff regarded me from afar with grave distrust; and on the peak of a yellow pine, a gloomy crow croaked ridiculously solemn, then spread his sooty wings and flew away. Even massive Tamalpais seemed distraught in the harsh morning light.

I must have spent an hour sulking among the bay-bushes and manzanitas which concealed the house from me. A little lizard, with curious eyes, came and looked at me, ran out his pink tongue and slid swiftly away. A brown thrush hopped down long enough to snap up a lady-bug which was toiling up a withered blade of grass; and then he too was gone; and I was alone and miserable.

At last it all came to me like an inspiration. Gathering myself up, I walked across the ravine, up the hill, and into our Palace of Content (how grim now seemed that satire!), and found the family scattered about the room, looking for Una's gold piece.

With a great oath, I threw the hateful coin on the floor, and said: "There is your twenty dollars. I stole it, and you have been putting all your wickedness on me! I won't be your scapegoat; I'll be cursed if I will!"

There was a great hush, and Una, sitting down on the floor, began to cry.

"Now don't snivel, Una; there's your contemptible twenty dollars," said I, brutally.

Boyd broke out: "It's too bad; you said you were willing to make any sacrifice for the general good."

"And so you have been playing me all this while?"

Charlie turned fiercely on me and said: "Yes, you were willing that I should be the victim. Oh, my Damon! my other self!" And his eyes filled with tears.

I strode out into the garden to think about it. Plain enough it all was now. Pretending to me that Charlie was to be the bearer of our superfluous traits, they had secretly agreed to pour all into me; and I had been receiving their vileness these six months without knowing why I was so vile. But I was saved by my own better nature rebelling against this accession of sinfulness and evil. I would revenge myself by quitting the deceitful community, and leave them to worry over their own failings as best they might. I was not bad enough to go, perhaps; I was certainly too good to stay.

The vine-leaves rustled, and Una, tearful and sad, stood beside me. A great desire rushed up in my heart, and I said: "Una, I am a savage and a brute; but I love you."

"My poor boy! I was a party to this wrong, because I thought you were willing for Charlie's sake."

"For Charlie's sake!" So, after all, she loved him so well that she thought I must be made a monster and he be purified and perfected thus for her at my cost.

"You love him, then?" I demanded. She blushed and replied:

"But our experiment—our experiment. Must it fail? It has almost succeeded."

She was a beautiful temptress; standing there half tearful, half hopeful, and pleading. Why should she come to break down my resolution to flee from this dangerous, charming place?

"You say you love me," she went on hurriedly, her color coming and going in sweet confusion. "Yet you will not stay and help us with the greatest scheme of human happiness the world ever knew. We are just on the eve of completing our cherished experiment, and you threaten to break it up, and retard the grand success which is almost reached. It is not for me, nor Charlie, nor for any of us that you might consent to stay; when we are dead and gone, Bennie, the world will be better and happier for your sacrifice—my sacrifice; for I am willing to make any that is needed."

I rose up and kissed her warm red lips, and said: "And your sacrifice is to mate with such a wretch as I shall become when your infernal experiment is finished."

"Will you stay?"

"For your sake, Una, I will stay until I am the greatest villain unhung."

"For the sake of poor humanity," she said. But, for all that, she kissed me.

There is small need for me to tell what followed. I gave myself up to the influences of evil with absolute abandonment. Indeed, after a while, I began to like it. My badness grew with what it fed upon. I kept out of the blue room, and dwelt apart in the dull gray of the inner apartments; but I opened all my channels, and drew swiftly in the vicious streams which flowed from my companions to myself. My receptivity was perfect; and, as I parted with the healing, gracious attributes which had solaced me before, I felt a savage joy in growing bad in every part. I lied, I swore, I stole, I cheated, I slept when I should wake, and waked when I should have slept. I talked incessantly, or relapsed into morose silence. I wanted to kill somebody, and felt a glorious thrill of pleasure kindling through all my veins, when that boy Tom roared with pain at the tremendous beating I gave him.

Charlie looked sad and sorry; but I jeered him for a milksop, and exulted over the good bargain I had made.

"You," said I, "may stay here, and be goody-goody; tell your beads and patter prayer; but I shall go out and play the devil with the world. But I warn you that I am almost done. It's time for me to be sent out into the wilderness. If I stay here much longer, I shall get up some night and kill you all in your beds, steal your hoardings, and then burn your phalanstery."

A few such threats as this were sufficient to alarm my comrades and furnish reason for my expulsion. One morning a tall, skinny man, with a hooked beard, and wearing a wide-rimmed hat, leather leggings, a red sash, and jingling spurs, rode up to the door, and produced a warrant for my arrest. It was time to go; and bitterly turning my back on the phalanstery, I plodded along in the powdery dust by the side of the constable of San Rafael, for such he was.

As I turned the hill, down the road, Una waved her blue scarf after me from the gable window. I choked down a sigh and followed my keeper.

Jerking his thumb over his shoulder he said: "Pretty bad crowd up thar."

"Yes," I said, "a bad crowd."

"Thought so! thought so!" he added briskly. "Some folks say it's a lunatic 'sylum. But the boys down to San Rafale 'low to clean 'em out some day."

"Clean them out?"

"Well, yes; I ain't much on it myself; I'm

an officer of the law. But them San Rafale boys is gay, and they can't go no free-lovers; so I guess they'll go up and scoop 'em some o' these nights. But I'm an officer of the law, I am."

Of course my arrest was merely a form. Bound over to keep the peace, I was free to go where I listed. I returned to San Francisco, my part of the great experiment being a failure. It was selfish, it seemed to me, for my associates to sacrifice me thus; but I reflected that it was in the interest of science and humanity; so I regarded it as my involuntary offering to the cause, and returned to old associations. The dream was over.

But the outside world was not so lenient with my failings as my friends in the Palace of Content had been. It could not understand that it was the concentrated wickedness of Charlie Summerly, Boyd, Tom, and three or four women that went carousing and tearing about the streets of San Francisco. I suppose I ought to have been thankful that lovely Una was sitting placidly in the moonbeams, innocent and pure, while her delegated badness was locked up in the calaboose in the city across the bay. But somehow this reflection did not help me much.

The difficulties which I got into were enough to degrade and brutalize any man; no wonder I was brutal and degraded. But a Good Samaritan came and lifted me out of my troubles, bound up my wounds, and drew me among kindly, well-intentioned people. I was not wholly reprobate. Is any man?

In various ways I heard from my old associates at the San Rafael Phalanstery. They were about as perfect in moral and mental characteristics as human beings ever are, I do suppose. From what I learned afterward, it seems that each found in the other absolutely nothing to repel, nothing objectionable, nothing that he or she would have different. The process of assimilation was complete, and they were perfectly contented with each other. They grew more beautiful under the influence of the blue rays which now pervaded the house; and waxed perfect in moral character as they increased the store of goodness held in common, and were left unstained and flawless by my subtraction from the group.

After all, as I grew more human and generous under the humane and generous treatment of ordinary people about me, I felt that it was well for them that I had left them. The phalanstery was successful. Had not I made it so? This gave me content; and I heard without a pang that Charlie and Una were married. I hated him no more; I



could endure even her loss, since I had gone out of the paradise wherein she dwelt.

Contact with wholesome, many-sided people restored me to my proper mental and moral equilibrium; and I found that life was much more piquant and enjoyable when its mingled elements were tasted in various ways. I had not the least desire to return to the phalanstery at San Rafael. It seemed to me like the home of the lotos-eaters, where everything swam in delicious languor, but where dullness reigned with a mild sort of trance.

Some time after my escape (or ejection?) from the phalanstery, I met Charlie on the street. His face clouded as he saw me, but his hand was as cordial as ever. Of course I asked how the commune flourished.

"Played out," was his brief reply. I was shocked, and desired to know the cause which led to the disaster.

"Well, you see," said Charlie, wearily, "after you left, we got on famously with our experiment; for, although you may not like to hear it, old fellow, you did take all the badness with you."

I agreed with him, and told him that Society had found that out.

He went on: "But life in the phalanstery grew very insipid when you were gone. We missed your sharp tongue and bitter jokes. They accused me of pining for you, and said I had no right to cherish any affection for an outcast. But they all found it rather dull.

Somehow we were all too much alike. There was no elastic rebound in contact with each other. We stared at each other like ghosts who had lost their way back to the graveyard. We were all so fearfully good that each seemed to see the image of himself in the other. In short, Ben, Society is a failure."

"I find it tolerable enough. But it isn't very jolly to have all the people alike."

Charlie brightened up. "I guess that's it, after all. We grew inexpressibly weary of each other; were nearly dying of ennui; so we agreed to disband—for a while. Ma'am Clifford is keeping a boarding-house; Boyd has lost his grip somehow and has gone to Arizona; Miss Grey and Miss Snatchkin have a private boarding-school on Rincon Hill; as for poor Summerly, he's clean gone; he's a wreck."

"And Una?"

"Well, she's taking care of the baby just now. She has no time to write poetry; but she says she shall join the female suffragists when the baby is grown."

That was the end of our famous experiment. I have told the whole truth; all other accounts are unfair and fraudulent. A great many people are still trying in various ways the puzzle which we left unread. I dare say that when all the reformers have accomplished their perfect work, and woman has ceased to be undeveloped man, we shall have a little millennium like that at San Rafael.

## ONE PHASE OF THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

*Letter to a young gentleman of intellectual tastes, who, without having as yet any particular lady in view, had expressed, in a general way, his determination to get married.*

THE subject of marriage is one concerning which neither I nor anybody else can have more than an infinitesimally small atom of knowledge. Each of us knows how his or her own marriage has turned out; but that, in comparison with a knowledge of marriage generally, is like a single plant in comparison with the flora of the globe. The utmost experience on this subject to be found in this country extends to about three trials or experiments. A man may become twice a widower, and then marry a third time, but it may be easily shown that the variety of his experience is more than counterbalanced by

its incompleteness in each instance. For the experiment to be conclusive, even as to the wisdom of one decision, it must extend over half a lifetime. A true marriage is not a mere temporary arrangement, and although a young couple are said to be married as soon as the lady has changed her name, the truth is that the real marriage is a long, slow intergrowth, like that of two trees planted quite close together in the forest.

The subject of marriage generally is one of which men know less than they know of any other subject of universal interest. People are almost always wrong in their estimates of the marriages of others, and the best proof how little we know the real tastes and needs of those with whom we have been most intimate is our unflinching surprise at the

marriages they make. Very old and experienced people fancy they know a great deal about younger couples, but their guesses, there is good reason to believe, never *exactly* hit the mark.

Ever since this idea that marriage is a subject we are all very ignorant about had taken root in my own mind, many little incidents were perpetually occurring to confirm it; they proved to me, on the one hand, how often I had been mistaken about other people, and, on the other hand, how mistaken other people were concerning the only marriage I profess to know anything about, namely, my own.

Our ignorance is all the darker that few men tell us the little that they know, that little being too closely bound up with that innermost privacy of life which every man of right feeling respects in his own case as in the case of another. The only instances which are laid bare to the public view are the unhappy marriages, which are really not marriages at all. An unhappy alliance bears exactly the same relation to a true marriage that disease does to health, and the quarrels and misery of it are the crises by which nature tries to bring about either the recovery of happiness or the endurable peace of a settled separation.

All that we really know about marriage is that it is based upon the most powerful of all our instincts, and that it shows its own justification in its fruits, especially in the prolonged and watchful care of children. But marriage is very complex in its effects, and there is one set of effects resulting from it to which remarkably little attention has been paid hitherto—I mean its effects upon the intellectual life. Surely they deserve consideration by all who value culture.

I believe that for an intellectual man, only two courses are open; either he ought to marry some simple, dutiful woman who will bear him children, and see to the household matters, and love him in a trustful spirit without jealousy of his occupations, or else, on the other hand, he ought to marry some highly intelligent lady, able to carry her education far beyond school experiences, and willing to become his companion in the arduous paths of intellectual labor. The danger in the first of the two cases is that pointed out by Wordsworth, in some verses addressed to lake-tourists who might feel inclined to buy a peasant's cottage in Westmoreland. The tourist would spoil the little romantic spot if he bought it; the charm of it is subtly dependent upon the poetry of a simple life, and would be brushed away by the influence of

the things that are necessary to people in the middle class. I remember dining in a country inn with an English officer whose ideas were singularly unconventional. We were waited upon by our host's daughter, a beautiful girl, whose manners were remarkable for their natural elegance and distinction. It seemed to us both that no lady of rank could be more distinguished than she was, and my companion said that he thought a gentleman might do worse than ask that girl to marry him, and settle down quietly in that quiet mountain village, far from the cares and vanities of the world. That is a sort of dream which has occurred, no doubt, to many an honorable man. Some men have gone so far as to try to make the dream a reality, and have married the beautiful peasant. But the difficulty is that she does not remain what she was; she becomes a sort of make-belief lady, and then her ignorance, which in her natural condition was a charming *naïveté*, becomes an irritating defect. If, however, it were possible for an intellectual man to marry some simple-hearted peasant-girl, and keep her carefully in her original condition, I seriously believe that the venture would be less perilous to his culture than an alliance with some woman of our Philistine classes, equally incapable of comprehending his pursuits, but much more likely to interfere with them. I once had a conversation on this subject with a distinguished artist who is now a widower, and who is certainly not likely to be prejudiced against marriage by his own experience, which had been an unusually happy one. His view was that a man devoted to art might marry either a plain-minded woman, who would occupy herself exclusively with household matters and shield his peace by taking these cares upon herself, or else a woman quite capable of entering into his artistic life; but he was convinced that a marriage which exposed him to unintelligent criticism and interference would be dangerous in the highest degree. And of the two kinds of marriage which he considered possible he preferred the former, that with the entirely ignorant and simple person from whom no interference was to be apprehended. He considered the first Madame Ingres the true model of an artist's wife, because she did all in her power to guard her husband's peace against the daily cares of life and never herself disturbed it, acting the part of a break-water which protects a space of calm, and never destroys the peace that it has made. This may be true for artists, whose occupation is rather æsthetic than in-

lectual, and does not get much help or benefit from talk; but the ideal marriage for a man of great literary culture would be one permitting some equality of companionship, or, if not equality, at least interest. That this ideal is not a mere dream, but may consolidate into a happy reality, several examples prove; yet these examples are not so numerous as to relieve me from anxiety about your chances of finding such companionship. The different education of the two sexes separates them widely at the beginning, and to meet on any common ground of culture a second education has to be gone through. It rarely happens that there is resolution enough for this.

The want of thoroughness and reality in the education of both sexes, but especially in that of women, may be attributed to a sort of policy which is not very favorable to companionship in married life. It appears to be thought wise to teach boys things which women do not learn, in order to give women a degree of respect for men's attainments

which they would not be so likely to feel if they were prepared to estimate them critically, whilst girls are taught arts and languages which until recently were all but excluded from our public schools, and won no rank at our universities. Men and women had consequently scarcely any common ground to meet upon, and the absence of serious mental discipline in the training of women made them indisposed to submit to the irksomeness of that earnest intellectual labor which might have remedied the deficiency. The total lack of accuracy in their mental habits was then, and is still for the immense majority of women, the least easily surmountable impediment to culture. The history of many marriages which have failed to realize intellectual companionship is comprised in a sentence which was actually uttered by one of the most accomplished of my friends—"She knew nothing when I married her; I tried to teach her something,—it made her angry,—and I gave it up."

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## ONE NIGHT.

### I.

As one whose indolent hand forgets to hold  
 A falling flower, I loosed the rose of sleep;  
 Across my lips I felt the night-breath, cold  
 With spray of reefs, and heard the restless deep  
 Troubling the shore with movings manifold:  
 I dropped the rose of sleep.

### II.

Straightway mine eyes I raised: before my bed  
 One moved—I saw the moonlight in her hair;  
 I turned—the watcher's waxen torch was dead;  
 He dreamed, forgetful, in his velvet chair.  
 "It was no wafture of the wind," I said;  
 "The light was in her hair."

### III.

Then I bethought me of the fever-fire,  
 That lately burned my life—but I was calm;  
 I wearied not, nor wasted with desire  
 Of mountain-snow or breath-reviving balm;  
 My heart beat lightly as a lover's lyre,  
 And all my veins were calm.

### IV.

I looked beyond my window's trailing sprays  
 (Stirred by that gust of passion from the sea);

I saw the grandeur of those heavenly ways,  
That wait the ghostly journeyings of the Free ;  
The forest-circling drifts of fallen haze,  
The gray and gusty sea.

## V.

As one who need not haste, the moon on high  
Crossed the blue space, from stellar sign to sign ;  
I saw her heedful acolytes supply  
The feast of light : full softly she did shine.  
From thoughts that hurt, the moon that crossed the sky,  
Did sign me with a sign.

## VI.

"On such a night," I mused, "for angels meet,  
O love long lost ! we heard the trampling deep ;  
And what we said the angels will repeat,  
When in their snowy arms we lie asleep.  
Not Death shall whelm us from their voices sweet,  
Albeit his floods are deep.

## VII.

"We trod the surf-washed promontory, pale  
As that wan foam beneath us : we must part.  
Not less we laughed—the grief to countervail—  
Sang our light songs and found the honeyed heart  
Of many a blossomed rhyme : though every gale  
Went whispering ; we must part.

## VIII.

"We talked of desert people : how they make  
The dewless ways their place, the palm their tent ;  
And watch the red sand-whirlwinds overtake  
And wrap their loaded camels, travel-spent.  
'That were a life not ill,' we gayly spake,  
'The desert-palm our tent.'

## IX.

"We told of wives who dare the torrid glade,  
Nor quake to hear at hand the lion roar ;  
Of queens who walk the scaffold undismayed,  
Whereon their loved have met the axe before.  
'It were not hard to do,' we softly said ;  
'Love heeds no lion's roar.'

## X.

"At this we turned—and lo, that plant of Love  
(The fragrant snow of snows) was all in flower !  
Its opening sweetness while we leaned to prove,  
Our first long kiss sublimed the regnant hour.  
What more we said, the seraphs sang above :  
Love's plant was all in flower.

## XI.

"Ah, that last night ! 'Peace crown thee, Sweet,' I said ;  
'Behold, her moonbeams linger in thy hair !'  
She answered low, 'When past is all we dread,  
And Heaven, for thee, lets down its bridges fair,  
Thy friend will wait before thy silent bed ;  
The moonlight in her hair.'

## XII.

"Will wait!"—I raised mine eyes: the heavens were white;  
 Against his reefs I saw the sea prevail;  
 And, borne abroad, those wreathing mists of night,  
 Torn in the wanton wanderings of the gale;  
 Within my room that sanctitude of light—  
 I felt my soul prevail.

## XIII.

"And art thou here?" I cried; "and hast thou crossed  
 For me the airy boundaries of the sky?  
 With summer-spiced fruits and wines of cost,  
 The sweetness of thy love to verify?  
 To kiss the lips of Death and melt his frost  
 With breathings of the sky?"

## XIV.

Thereat, with haste, a gathering darkness came,  
 In which the sea and sky were wrapped away  
 From star and moony disk; save one fair flame,  
 That on its silver plumage made delay.  
 Ere yet my soul its further thought could frame,  
 The world was whelmed away.

## XV.

Save one pure flame: I saw its gleamy light,  
 Pale as the shadeless vesture of the dead,  
 Pause and beat back the filming waves of night,  
 Thou lost, my love, from round thy drooping head,  
 O, mine! my friend! swayed from seraphic flight:  
 —And I had called thee DEAD!

## XVI.

What subtle, stealthy tides essayed to rise—  
 That all my soul should bathe in healing dew?  
 Beneath the tender watching of thine eyes,  
 The smiling of thy lips, I could not choose  
 But lapse into the rest that satisfies  
 The soul with balmy dew.

## XVII.

O sloth supreme! O silent floods and cold!  
 From far-off shores, across the moonless deeps,  
 There came a grieving voice that cried, "Behold  
 How all is lost! Our friend forever sleeps!"  
 And I arose: as if a wind had rolled  
 And cleft the moonless deeps.

## XVIII.

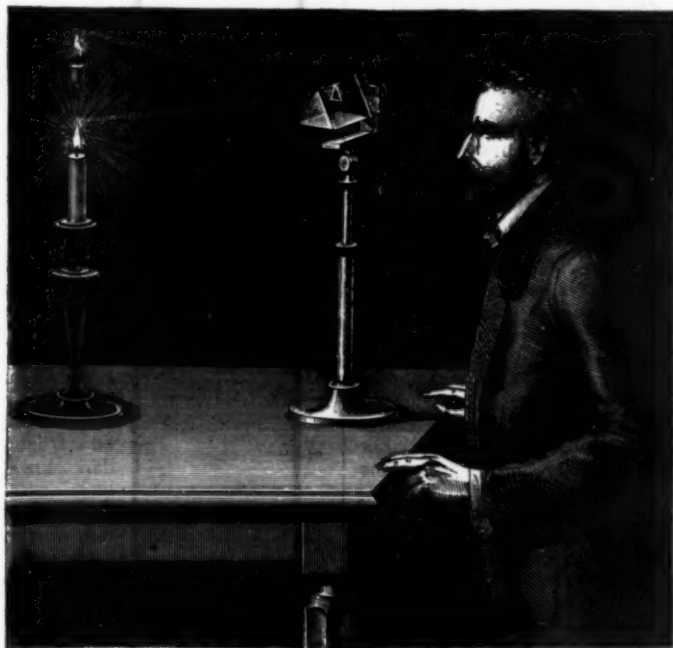
Then—as a new-wrought star, whose clouds are gone—  
 Caught in a snare of Heaven and unafraid,  
 I moved; and lo, the zones, aflame with dawn,  
 Were populous with ghosts, in snow arrayed!  
 I heard thy singing voice, and, Heavenward drawn,  
 I answered, unafraid.

## XIX.

O blithe the fire-nerved frame, and swift the flight!—  
 Sweet, wrap thine arms about me: grief is done.  
 Yet lest thy smile be somewhat veiled from sight,  
 Turn thou thy face an instant from the sun.  
 —Ah, quivering kiss!—Nay, Love engenders light:  
 Behold, the night is done!



## HOW MEN LEARNED TO ANALYZE THE SUN



THE PRISM.

A GENTLEMAN visiting the celebrated English chemist, Dr. Black, soon after he had made one of his greatest discoveries, asked to see the apparatus he had used in making the investigations which had brought him such world-wide fame.

The philosopher led the way to a common kitchen sink, pointed to a meager array of broken tobacco-pipes, cups, and bottles, and said, "This is my laboratory."

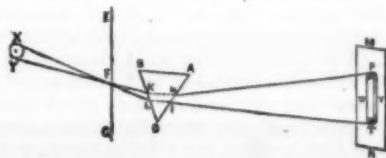
In view of the complicated and costly apparatus employed in the workshops of modern scientists, one might think the day of great results from slender means had long gone by. But not so. Discoveries of the most far-reaching importance yet come through means as unpretending as Franklin's kite, or Black's tobacco-pipes and bottles. Indeed the master-keys for unlocking the secret treasures of the universe are, and always have been, sublimely simple. Witness the three that have helped more than any others to make wide and exact our knowledge of the physical universe,—the balance, the lens, and the prism.

The first gave precision to chemistry, re-

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vealing the orderly combinations which give form and character to all material things. The second so multiplied our visual power that the hitherto invisible structure of things—from the smallest crystal, cell, or monad to planetary, stellar, and nebular systems—was brought within our ken.

With the last, the most delicate and the most distant portions of matter—the minutest speck the microscope can discern, the farthest orb the telescope can reach—are subjected to a searching analysis which reveals their inmost elements. So marvelous, indeed, are its powers, that one who has not followed the developments of the last decade of science closely may well stand agast.



FAC-SIMILE OF NEWTON'S FIGURE, ILLUSTRATING THE DISPENSING OF LIGHT RAYS.

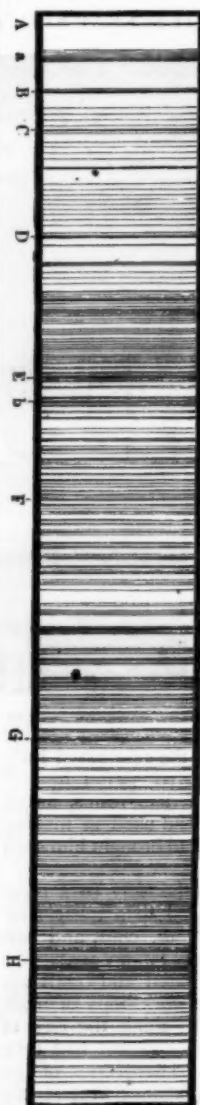
at the recital of its revelations: they stagger the imagination even of the most familiar.

That the skillful chemist should be able to extract metallic iron (for instance) from unmetallic rock, from the growing plant, from his own blood, seems not incredible. Minds of average culture have become familiar with such achievements. But for man to pronounce with positive assurance that iron exists in the sun, or in a star so far distant that centuries are required for light to traverse the space between it and our world,—to say that men have observed and demonstrated the presence of iron there with a certainty that cannot be gainsaid, seems like pushing the claims of observation and demonstration so far that they become no better than reckless speculation. But truth in science is often stranger than any fiction, and reason leads where the imagination scarcely dares to follow, in more instances than this.

That objects seen through angular transparent media take on unaccustomed colors must have been noticed by the first who put to his eye a fragment of many-sided glass or crystal; but nothing came of the observation until it was repeated in various ways and for a purpose, a couple of centuries ago, by an Italian scholar who came to the decision that the colors thus seen were due to some occult influence of the glass or crystal upon the rays of light.

The English philosopher, Newton, soon after took up the investigation, using a triangular prism of clear glass, and in 1675 presented the results of his observations to the Royal Society, in his memorable *Treatise on Opticks*. Every reader is so familiar with his experiments showing the compound nature of white light, the diverse refrangibility of the several kinds of colored light composing the sun-ray, and the fact that the order of the colors in the solar spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet—remains the same whatever may be the nature of the refracting substance, that they need no description here.

The accident that Newton used a round hole instead of a narrow slit for the admission of the sunlight into his darkened chamber prevented his seeing a spectrum in which the successive colors should stand clear of each other without overlapping, and, consequently, his observing the shadow lines which have lately proved of such marvelous significance. These dark lines of the solar spectrum were first observed by Dr. Wollaston at the beginning of the present century. They were re-



FRAUNHOFER LINES.

discovered in 1814, by the German optician, Fraunhofer, who made them the subject of special study. In the course of his investigations Fraunhofer found these lines to be present in every kind of sunlight, whether direct or reflected, their relative positions always the same with prisms of like material, and their relation to the colors of the spectrum unvarying. After carefully mapping some six hundred lines he turned his prism to the stars and discovered starlight to contain dark lines also, but lines not altogether corresponding in position with those of sunlight; and there were marked differences between the spectra of different stars. From an elaborate series of observations he deduced the important conclusion that the unknown cause of these shadow-lines must exist somewhere beyond our atmosphere, and independent of the earth, though what that cause might be he could not divine.

Let us trace the steps of its discovery.

It is a matter of common observation that when a solid—say a bar of iron—is subjected to high heat it becomes luminous, first showing a dull red color, then a brighter red, and so on until it glows with white light. When a body thus heating is observed through a prism, its spectrum begins with a spot of red; as the heat increases orange is added, then yellow, then green, and so on until, when the luminous body is white-hot, a complete continuous spectrum is seen. This develop-

ment of color with increasing temperature was found by Dr. Draper, in 1847, to be generally true of all solids and liquids. They begin to be visibly hot at the same temperature, and when white-hot their spectra present all the colors in an unbroken series. The converse of this rule is equally true, that is, when a continuous spectrum is observed, the legitimate inference is that the light comes from an incandescent solid or liquid. The importance of this law, known among spectroscopists as Draper's Law, will be appreciated further on.

Now let our incandescent body be subjected to still greater heat, to a temperature so high that it flashes into luminous vapor or gas. A new phenomenon appears. The light is no longer white, but colored. The hitherto unbroken spectrum vanishes and there stands in its place one exhibiting only disconnected bands of color with darkness between, as though a screen had been placed in the path of the light, with narrow slits for the passage here perhaps of a slender band of red, there one of green, and beyond a couple of bright blue color. These bands of disconnected colors are peculiarly significant from the fact that they differ in number and position and hue with every difference in the composition of the luminous flame; while every element and every compound whose vapor may be heat-

ed to incandescence without decomposition, presents a spectrum, or, under varying conditions, a series of spectra, peculiar to itself.

The accompanying chart exhibits the position of the spectrum lines of the alkaline metals and earths, potassium, sodium, lithium, strontium, calcium, barium, cesium, thallium, and indium, with a map of the solar spectrum above. The spectrum of potassium, it will be observed, has two characteristic lines, one red and one violet. Sodium shows a single bright yellow line. Lithium has a brilliant line in the red portion of the spectrum, and

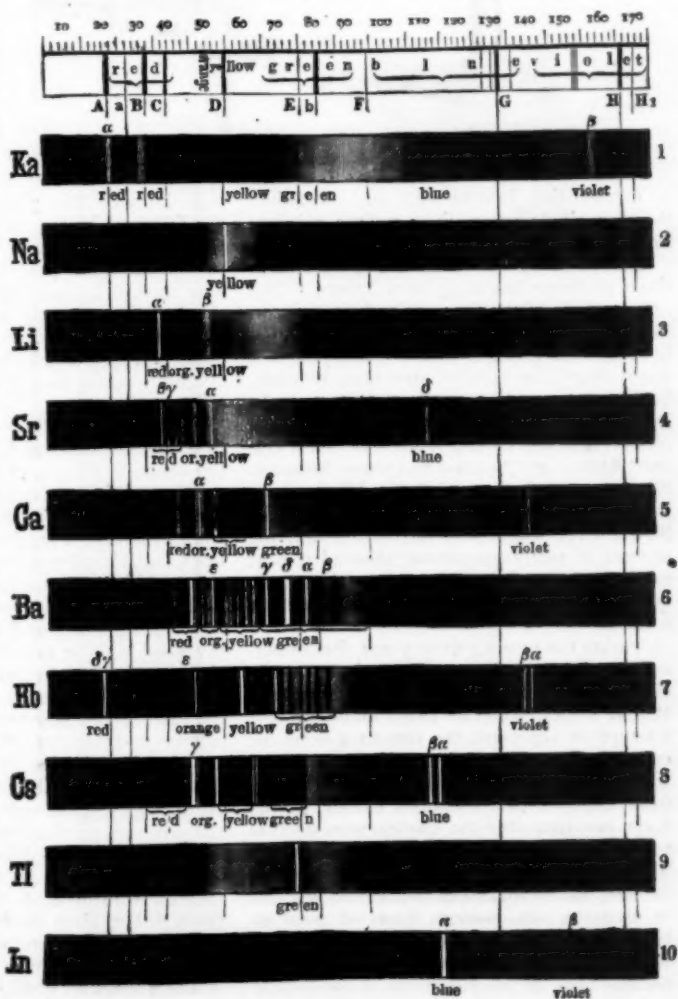
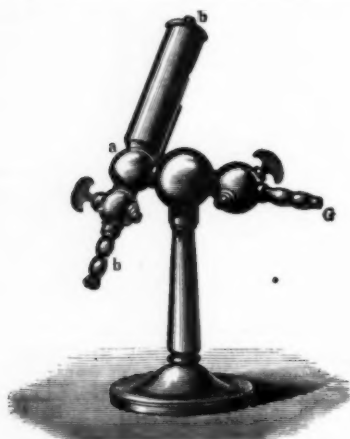
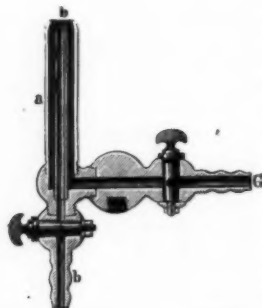


TABLE OF SPECTRA.



BUNSEN'S GAS BURNER.



a fainter line in the orange. Thallium shows a single green line; indium a bright line in the blue, and a faint one in the violet.

That many substances give a characteristic tinge to flame has long been known. The colored light of the theaters and the brilliant hues of fire-works are secured by these means—burning soda giving a yellow color, potash a violet tinge, the salts of strontium crimson, barium green, calcium red, and so on. As long ago as 1752, Thomas Melville, a Scotch observer, made careful studies of such colored flames, and noticed the monochromatic character of soda-flame. Colored flames were further investigated some fifty years ago, by Sir John Herschell, who discovered that the spectra of many substances afforded a neat and ready way of detecting extremely minute quantities of them: the germ of spectrum analysis.

During the ensuing forty years these interesting phenomena were studied by many chemists and opticians, especially by Prof. W. A. Miller, who, in 1845, made the first attempt to represent the various spectra by colored diagrams; but the results obtained were more or less confused and misleading, from the fact that luminous flames, having their own characteristic spectra, were used in vaporizing the substances under examination. This difficulty was at last overcome by Prof. Bunsen, whose ingenious burner enabled him to secure a non-luminous flame of great intensity, and consequently an unmixed spectrum of any substance volatilized in the flame.

"I take" says this observer, "a mixture

of the chlorides of the alkaline metals and earths, sodium, potassium, lithium, barium, strontium, and calcium, containing at most a hundred thousandth of a milligram of each of these substances; I place this mixture in the flame and observe the result. At first the intense yellow line of the sodium appears on a background of a continuous very pale spectrum; when it begins to be less sensible and the sea salt is volatilized, the

pale lines of the potassium appear; they are followed by the red line of the lithium, which soon disappears, whilst the green lines of the barium appear in all their intensity. The salts of sodium, potassium, and lithium are therefore entirely volatilized; a few instants after, the calcium and strontium lines come out, as if a veil had been removed, and gradually attain their form and characteristic brilliancy."

In one of his earliest experiments in spectrum analysis, Bunsen happened, in 1860, to be examining some of the alkalis left after the evaporation of a quantity of mineral water from Dürkheim. To his surprise the spectrum contained a number of unfamiliar bright lines, due, he inferred, to some element or elements hitherto unrecognized. He straightway evaporated forty-four tons of the Dürkheim spring water, and after separating from the solid residue every substance known to chemists, he found remaining some two hundred grains of a mixture of what proved to be the salts of two new metals, which he named caesium and rubidium, the first from the grayish blue lines of its spectrum, the last from its two intensely red lines. This was the first great victory of the new method of chemical analysis. Since then two other new elements have been discovered by it, thallium and indium: the first by an English chemist, Mr. Crooks, who named it from the splendid green tint it gives to flame; the second by two German chemists, who called it after the two indigo-colored lines of its spectrum.

The Dürkheim spring water, in which Professor Bunsen discovered the new metals,

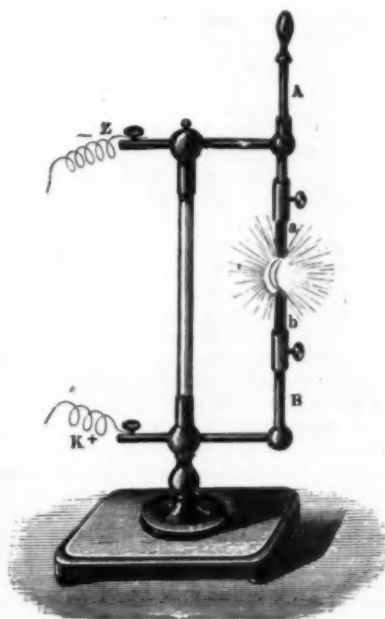
contains only three grains of the chloride of cesium, and four grains of the chloride of rubidium, to the ton, a proportion utterly undetectable by ordinary methods of examination. Yet this discovery but faintly illustrates the extreme delicacy of spectrum analysis. Of soda, a quantity so small as the hundred and eighty millionth of a grain can be easily detected. The reaction of the metallic base of soda is indeed so delicate that it can scarcely be got rid of. Draw a chemically clean wire through the fingers, and enough invisible perspiration will adhere to show the sodium line in the spectrum. Expose a chemically pure substance five or ten minutes to the air, and the same reaction appears from the dust that promptly settles on it. The atmosphere is full of sodium, not in quantity sufficient to be detected by ordinary



FLUCKER TUBE.



GEISSLER TUBE.



ELECTRIC LIGHT.

tests, it is true, but sufficient to give the characteristic yellow line to every flame exposed to it. This was the source of great perplexity to the early observers, who could conceive of nothing so persistently common but the vapor of water. The secret of the prevailing presence of sodium in the air lies in the fact that the larger portion of the earth's surface is covered with salt water, and every drop of evaporating spray leaves its speck of common salt (chloride of sodium) to be borne away by the wind. We see them dancing in every sunbeam, and they gather in every nook and corner where dust accumulates. Had the lines of chlorine, the other constituent of salt, appeared along with that of sodium, this troublesome element might not have given the chemists such a roundabout chase; but it is a characteristic of chlorine and other non-metallic substances that when their combinations with metals are subjected to spectrum analysis only the spectra of the metals appear. The light of the non-metallic gases is so faint that their spectrum lines are entirely eclipsed by the brighter lines of the metals. They must, therefore, be studied by themselves. For this purpose an electric current is required, that alone being sufficient to raise gases to the requisite degree of luminosity.



In such examinations the gas is hermetically sealed within a glass tube, whose extremities are connected with the poles of a Rhumkorff coil. By the electric discharge the gas is heated to a temperature far higher than can be obtained by means of a flame, and when thus heated every gas is found to give off light peculiar to itself, luminous hydrogen appearing red, nitrogen yellow, carbonic acid blue, and so on. Geissler-tubes afford a convenient means for rendering gases luminous, but except in a darkened room the light thus obtained is too weak for the purposes of spectrum analysis. The tube devised by Prof. Plücker answers better. By it the electricity is caused to pass through gas confined in a very attenuated capillary space, and a brilliant line of light is obtained, well adapted for prismatic observation.

When the peculiar red color of luminous hydrogen is examined in this way the spectrum shows three distinct bright lines, one of so intense a red that it almost overpowers the others, one greenish-blue, and the other dark blue or indigo color. The remarkable part which these three lines play in solar chemistry makes them singularly worthy of remembrance.

The study of the remaining class of elements, the refractory heavy metals, likewise requires the use of electricity, but in another way.

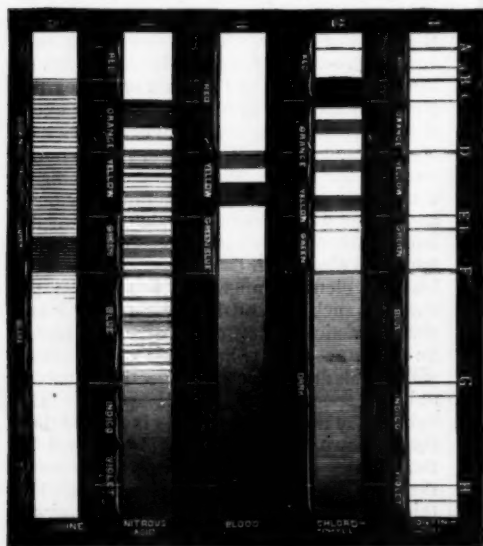
As early as 1835, Sir Charles Wheatstone



VOLATILIZATION OF SODIUM.

studied the spectra produced by the sparks of different metals, finding them so obviously different, that one metal might easily be distinguished from another by the appearance of its spark. Noticing this fact, he remarked, "We have here a mode of discriminating metallic bodies more readily than by chemical examination, and which may hereafter be employed for useful purposes." It was twenty years before this prophecy was made a fact by the Swedish philosopher Ångström, who investigated the spectra of electric sparks very thoroughly and discovered them to be double, one part derived from the metal of the poles, and the other from the medium through which the spark passes. The explanation of this duplex character of electric spectra we owe to Faraday, who by an elaborate series of experiments discovered the electric spark to consist of luminous particles of the substances between which it passes and the medium through which it passes,—that is to say, it is a current propagated along and by ponderable matter volatilized in the same manner as a voltaic current heats and volatilizes a metallic wire: the spark passing between points of iron, for example, consists of luminous iron vapor in connection with incandescent air.

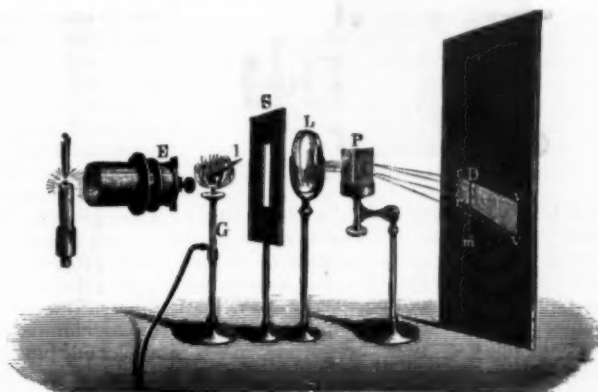
In studying the spectra of metallic sparks the electric lamp is used, the lower carbon pole (*b*, in Fig.) being replaced by a cylinder of pure carbon, the upper end of which is slightly hollowed to hold the metal to be volatilized. Suppose the metal under observation be zinc. A piece the size of a pea is laid in the carbon cup, the upper pole is brought in contact with it, when the intense heat of the electric current quickly volatilizes a portion of the metal. The light now given off is mixed with that of the glowing carbon; but by withdrawing the upper pole a little, the carbon glows less, and an arc of luminous zinc vapor becomes the principal source of light. When this is looked at through a prism the spectrum of zinc is seen—one red band and three



ABSORPTION SPECTRA.

beautiful bright blue bands—on a faintly colored background, the spectrum of the white light of the glowing carbon. In like manner the spectrum lines of other metals may be studied, the electric spark readily volatilizing the most refractory. In case the substance under examination be compound, the spectra of the several elements appear together, or one after another in the order of their volatility. For instance, if a piece of brass be submitted to the current, not only the four zinc lines appear in the spectrum, but also the three green bands characteristic of its other element, copper.

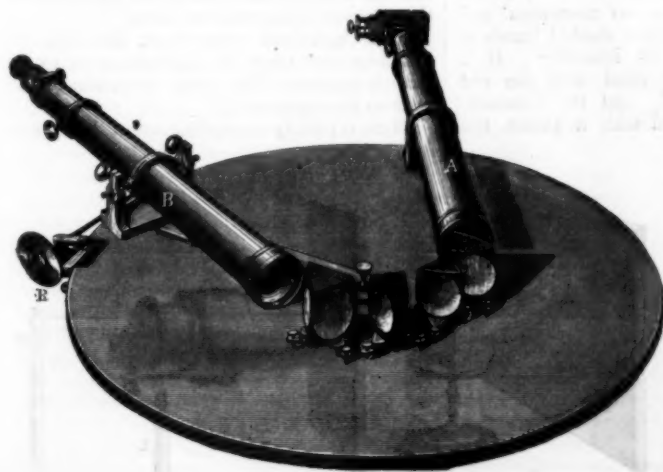
When an easily volatilized element, say our familiar sodium, is subjected to the electric current, a most remarkable phenomenon appears. To prevent the eclipse of the yellow sodium light by the intense white light of incandescent carbon, the two poles must be separated after the first contact rather farther than usual, to subdue the carbon light and increase that of the sodium. The spectrum of this element, it will be remembered, consists of a single yellow line (or, more correctly, two lines so close together that they appear as one, except when examined by powerful instruments). As soon



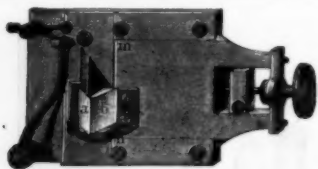
REVERSAL OF SODIUM LINE (PROJECTED ON SCREEN).

as the electric current begins to pass, this brilliant yellow double line appears; but in a few seconds it darkens, and a sharply defined black line takes its place. The bright yellow sodium line has become, like the mysterious black lines of Fraunhofer, a shadow line, which continues as long as the combustion of the sodium lasts. It is plain that the presence of sodium in the source of a light may show itself under certain conditions in a black line in the spectrum of that light; in other words, it may cause the absorption of a portion of its own radiance. But how? The answer to this question is the key to solar chemistry—the grandest triumph of modern science.

Since white light is made up of rays of every color, it is evident that any substance which transmits less than white light, that is colored light, must have the power to stop, or absorb, a portion of the rays. It rarely happens that any material is transparent to one color only, though to the unaided eye it may appear so. Glass which seems to transmit pure ruby red light alone is shown by the prism to allow some orange and yellow



KIRCHHOFF'S SPECTROSCOPE.



PRISM OF COMPARISON.

rays to pass through also, while it stops entirely the green, blue, and violet rays. Cobalt blue glass transmits some violet and green rays besides the blue, but absorbs all the red rays. Colored liquids act in a similar manner, though their absorptive power is generally more decided.

In certain cases colorless liquids—for example, clear solutions of the salts of the rare metal didymium—possess the power of absorbing from white light certain definite rays, so as to produce characteristic absorption spectra by which the metal can be recognized when present even in very minute quantities; and it is remarkable that, although these didymium absorption bands are black, and serve as such a certain test of the presence of the metal, the portion of the light absorbed is so small that the solution appears colorless. The delicacy of this absorption test is so extreme that the thousandth part of a grain of the red coloring matter of blood gives the characteristic spectrum of blood with beautiful distinctness.

Unlike colored liquids which give wide absorption bands, eclipsing sometimes whole groups of colors in the spectrum, colored gases exhibit only fine black lines; these, however, are sometimes so numerous and close-set that they produce shaded bands of considerable width and intensity. If a hollow glass globe be filled with the red vapor of nitrous acid, and the transmitted light be examined with a prism, the spectrum will be crossed by multitudes of dark lines which quite eclipse the violet portion. In like manner the violet vapor of iodine obscures the orange, yellow and green of the spectrum; and so other vapors and gases yield peculiar spectra by which they may be recognized. But this is not the most significant

fact in connection with the absorption spectra of gases. As demonstrated by the careful observations of Ångström, Stokes, and Kirchhoff, all gases and vapors in transmitting light absorb or impair precisely those rays which they themselves emit when rendered luminous, while they remain perfectly transparent to all other rays.

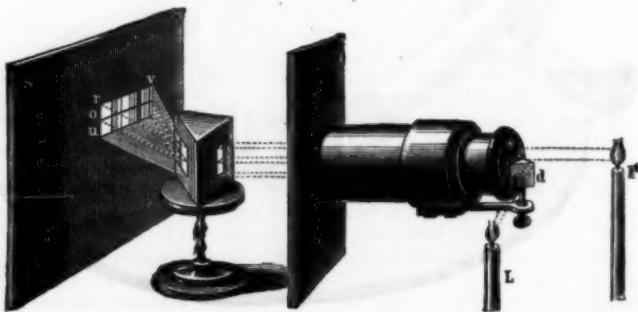
In describing the memorable experiment which gave him this key to the solution of the mystery of the black lines of the solar spectrum, Professor Kirchhoff says: "In order to test in the most direct manner possible the frequently asserted fact of the coincidence of the sodium lines with the lines D, I obtained a tolerably bright solar spectrum, and brought a flame colored by sodium in front of the slit. I then saw the dark lines D change into bright ones. The flame of a Bunsen's lamp threw the *bright* sodium lines upon the solar spectrum with unexpected brilliancy. In order to find out the extent to which the intensity of the solar spectrum could be increased without impairing the distinctness of the sodium lines, I allowed the full sun light to shine through the sodium flame, and to my astonishment I saw that the *dark* lines D appeared with an extraordinary degree of clearness.

"I then exchanged the sun-light for the Drummond or oxyhydrogen lime-light, which, like the light of all incandescent solid or liquid bodies, gives a spectrum containing no dark lines.

"When this light was allowed to fall through a suitable flame colored by common salt, *dark* lines were seen in the spectrum in the position of the sodium lines."

Prof. Kirchhoff next used the light of platinum wire raised to incandescence by an electric current: The same reversion of the sodium line appeared!

Here is plainly an explanation of the myste-



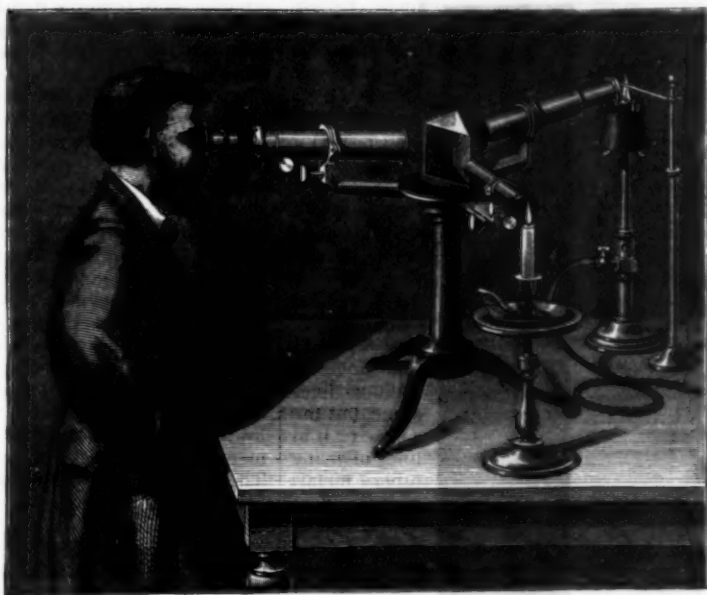
THE DOUBLE SPECTRUM.

rious reversal of the yellow sodium double line in our experiment some paragraphs above. As soon as the electric current began to pass, a portion of the sodium was converted into luminous vapor, which gave its characteristic line in the spectrum. In a little while the luminous vapor about the sodium became enveloped in a cloud of cooled non-luminous sodium vapor, which sufficed to extinguish the characteristic sodium rays and convert the bright lines into shadow lines.

What is true of sodium proves true of other substances; the characteristic bright lines of each are changed into dark lines when its light is passed through its own vapor.

Hereupon arises a momentous question: Is the sun a repetition of our sodium experiment on a grand scale? And do the other lines of Fraunhofer correspond with the reversion spectra of known substances?

To settle these questions Kirchhoff set to work to compare the spectra of other terrestrial substances with the solar spectrum, to determine whether any of their lines corresponded in position, breadth, and intensity with the dark lines mapped by Fraunhofer. In these investigations he employed a spectroscope of four prisms with a telescope having a magnifying power of 40. The prisms, as shown in the accompanying illustration, were mounted on small brass tripods, so that they could be easily placed in the right position on a horizontal table. One tube carried at the end to be directed toward the sun a narrow slit for the admission of the sun-ray, and a reflecting prism, or prism of comparison, to be described below. The telescope received the widely diverging

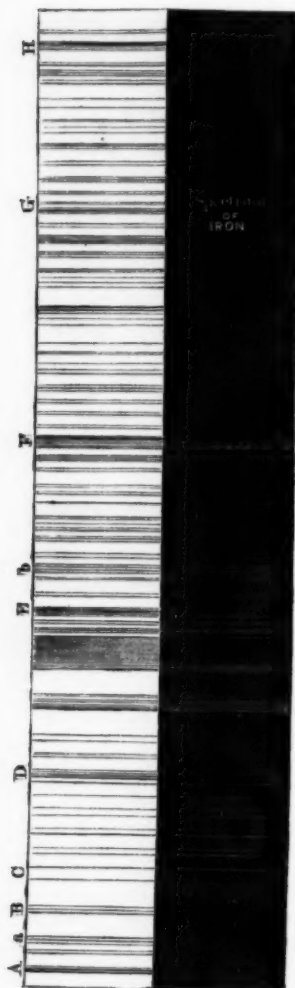


THE COMPOUND SPECTROSCOPE.

rays of the solar spectrum from the last prism, and could be moved by a micrometer screw so as to determine in angular measurement the distance between any of the dark lines. In front of the lower half of the slit (the upper half being left free and arranged so as to be made wider or narrower at will) was placed an equilateral glass prism, which cut off from this portion of the slit all the light falling directly upon it, while it received obliquely and transmitted through the slit the light from any incandescent substance whose spectrum was to be compared with that of the sun. The following figure shows on a screen the projection of the double spectrum thus formed. From the extreme sensitiveness of the eye to the exact coincidence of lines of spectra so placed, this mode of comparison forms one of the most important methods of spectrum analysis.

For the ready comparison of known with unknown spectra, spectroscopists are accustomed to have always at hand small wax or tallow candles, prepared with wicks impregnated with the various metallic compounds of chlorine, and these they employ as a secondary source of light.

The artificial light used by Kirchhoff was generally that of the induction spark from a powerful Rhunkorff coil, with electrodes of



COINCIDENCE OF THE SPECTRUM OF IRON  
WITH 65 FRAUNHOFER LINES.

lines. According to the law of probability, the likelihood that such a coincidence is accidental, in comparison with the supposition that these lines really make known the presence of iron in the sun, is in the ratio of one to the sixtieth power of two, that is, as 1 to 1,152,930,000,000,000,000. Ångström and Thalén have made the comparison of these lines much more elaborate, finding a coincidence of more than four hundred and sixty iron lines with an equal number of dark lines in the solar spectrum. The chances

such metals as he wished to volatilize in order to obtain their spectra. By patiently comparing these with the dark lines of the solar spectrum he arrived at the surprising and most significant result that not the sodium lines alone, but the spectrum lines of many other metals are coincident with the same number of dark lines in the solar spectrum; a result amply confirmed by the observations of other investigators.

In the portion of the spectrum published by Kirchhoff there are, for example, some sixty bright lines of iron, all of which correspond exactly with as many Fraunhofer

are thus more than the four hundred and sixtieth power of two to *one* against the supposition that there is no iron in the sun, a ratio whose magnitude forbids the setting down of its numerical representatives here.

The spectrum lines of sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, manganese, chromium, nickel and hydrogen proclaim their relationship with solar lines with similar positiveness. They agree with corresponding Fraunhofer lines not only in position but in breadth and intensity. In the case of the metals zinc, copper, cobalt, gold, titanium, aluminium, and barium the coincidence is only partial, their brightest lines only corresponding with solar lines. On the other hand, the spectra of the metals silver, mercury, antimony, arsenic, tin, lead, cadmium, strontium, and lithium show no coincidence with Fraunhofer lines; and the same is true of the two non-metallic substances silicon and oxygen. There are besides certain solar lines which have no counterpart in the spectra of known substances.

But this is not all that the spectroscope tells of the composition of our great luminary, nor the most important. It has given us an entirely new conception of the physical constitution of the sun, a conception utterly opposed to that previously held by astronomers, yet one whose general accuracy as propounded by Kirchhoff has been marvelously justified by the results of subsequent investigations. According to this view the sun consists of a solid or partially liquid nucleus in the highest state of incandescence, which emits, like all incandescent solid or liquid bodies, light which would give a continuous spectrum not crossed by dark lines.\* This incandescent nucleus is surrounded by an atmosphere of lower temperature containing, on account of the extreme heat of the nucleus, the vapors of many of the substances composing the central body. The white light emitted by the nucleus must pass through this atmosphere before reaching the earth, and lose by the way such rays as the constituent vapors of the solar atmosphere would emit if raised to an incandescent state. The interrupted rays are chiefly such as are emitted by the vapors of terres-

\* Recent experimenters have shown that under certain conditions of temperature and pressure gases may be made to give unbroken spectra like solids and liquids. Hence the incandescent nucleus of the sun may be gaseous; this, however, does not militate against the remainder of Kirchhoff's theory. The cooler strata of vapors surrounding a glowing nucleus of gas would cause absorption lines just the same as if the incandescent center were liquid or solid.



trial substances when made self-luminous ; consequently the vapors of these substances must exist in the atmosphere of the sun, and in all probability in the central body of the sun.

It is impossible to pursue the subject further—to enlarge upon the astounding revelations of the spectroscope in the field of solar physic, touching the nature of sun-spots, the chromosphere, and so on ; much less to speak of the knowledge it gives of the nature and constitution of the rest of the heavenly

bodies. The writer must be content with the hope that he may have attained not too imperfectly his single purpose, to retrace the long and delicate path of discovery, which step by step has led up to the chemical analysis of our great luminary, noting only those discoveries which are of fundamental importance. The illustrations, which have so materially aided in the presentation of the history, are from Appleton's edition of Dr. Schellen's excellent treatise on Spectrum Analysis.

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COVERT.

ONE day, when sunny fields lay warm and still,  
And from their tufted hillocks, thick and sweet  
With moss, and pine, and ferns, such spicy heat  
Rose up, it seemed the air to over-fill,  
And quicken every sense with subtle thrill,  
I rambled on with careless, aimless feet,  
And lingered idly, finding all so sweet.

Sudden, almost beneath my footsteps' weight,  
Almost before the sunny silence heard  
Their sound, from a low bush which scarcely stirred  
A twig at lightening of its hidden freight,  
Flew, frightened from her nest, the small brown mate  
Of some melodious, joyous soaring bird,  
Whose song that instant high in air I heard.

"Ah, Heart," I said, "when days are warm and sweet,  
And sunny hours for very joy are still,  
And every sense feels subtle, languid thrill  
Of voiceless memory's renewing heat,—  
Fly not at sound of strangers' aimless feet !  
Of thy love's loving song drink all thy fill !  
Thy hiding-place is safe. Glad heart, keep still.

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## BORROWING AS A SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THAT one-half the world does not know how the other half lives is a trite maxim, and it may be added, that it does not care. This lack of knowledge is said to have been recently supplied by the discovery that the one-half subsists by borrowing of the other. There is a broad foundation for this opinion, as residents of large cities, notably New York, must ere this have found. This Republic is the Oceana of borrowers, and the Metropolis, in their regard, is as the Floating Isles of Morelli.

In the Old World, customs and positions are so established, the social lines so clearly drawn, that these are seldom crossed, and those seldom infringed. On this side of the Atlantic, communities are as yet somewhat chaotic, and individuality is so strong that it contemns conventionality, and trenches upon all prerogative. Here, more than elsewhere, he is the best man who wins, and having clearly reached the upper part of the ladder, there is little heed of the manner of his climbing. All the conditions of the country, especially in its commercial centers, being formative and fluent, extraordinary facilities are furnished for pretenders, charlatans and adventurers of every conceivable variety. Money-borrowers embrace all these, and indeed represent as many characters as Shakespeare's page. Their vocation long since developed to a profession, yea, an art—the falsest of professions and the vilest of arts.

It was an aphorism among the Latins, now worn threadbare, that no one was ever utterly base of a sudden; nor was any man, it may be inferred, a money-borrower from the start. (By the term is meant exactly what it conveys—a fellow who always borrows, but never returns, and has no intention of returning.) He may be self-indulgent and inconsiderate; but he is, if not honest, at least not positively dishonest at the outset. He seeks, at first, temporary accommodation, and, though willing others should take the risk of their loans, his purpose is to pay on an early occasion, or at least when convenient. He does return what he borrows for a while; but he finds, ere long, that he cannot redeem his promises, and that it is, moreover, so much easier to deceive and lie, so much pleasanter (to him) to get money than to pay it back, that the pernicious habit becomes fixed. He steadily goes from indirection and prevarication to unblushing falsehood and premeditated swindling. His moral consciousness grows more and more blunted as he continues to prey upon

the careless or the credulous. After a certain apprenticeship to the nefarious trade, he does with deliberation what, in the beginning, he would have believed himself incapable of under any circumstances. He comes to consider what he has managed to borrow in the past as his rightful income in the future.

Nothing can be more degrading than this practice, for any time continued. It fastens itself upon, becomes a part of the character—not to be cured, not to be expelled, not to be alleviated by any power resident in the brain or conscience. Albeit not so debasing outwardly, nor so hurtful to the mind as intemperance, it is more insidious and more tenacious. Habitual intoxication is such an alarming extremity, there is likely to be some reaction from it, and there is a persistent effort on the part of relatives and friends to drag a drunkard out of the slough into which he has fallen. Instances of reformed inebriates are very common, as they are of reformed rakes, reformed gamblers, reformed rogues of divers sorts; but the examples of professional money-borrowers who have abandoned their calling, while there was a penny to be had by ingenious knavery, are too infrequent for citation. Money-borrowing becomes by long indulgence a passion that destroys the moral perceptions; extinguishes the quality of industry; obliterates every notion of individual right and personal property. On this last rest all government, law and civilization, in sooth; hence, he who disregards right and property habitually is a self-declared outlaw,—an enemy, in the craftiest, and, therefore, the most dangerous form, of the whole body of society.

Many borrowers are made, and continue to be such, from vicious courses; but, even when these are surrendered, the borrowing, which was a consequence, goes on as an independent cause, producing new and still worse effects. To owe money that the owner might pay if he would, leaves a taint in the blood, an obliquity in the mind that neither medicine nor ethics can reach. The borrower soon finds his indebtedness so far beyond his present and prospective means of liquidation that he sinks to a state of financial desperation, and henceforward is reckless and shameless in his confidential plundering. The main mischief is that he does not take from those who can afford to lose, nor from those who have gotten easily the sums they lend. If the borrower could, by his adroit trickery, cajole wealthy hunkers and prospe-

rous corruptionists, while his dishonesty would not be less, the harm he did would be.

Howbeit such persons cannot be duped. They would not usually lend money to their grandmothers without taking mortgage on the old ladies' souls. They turn away from prayers upon famishing lips, and from the most plaintive voice of suffering. They are not likely to be caught by chaff, such old birds as they. The trained borrower would as soon seek charity from a corporation as strive to get a dollar from those animated ironclads. He goes to the warm-hearted possessing slender purses; for his experience has taught him that the hand gives quickest that holds the least. He appeals and robs by sacred words, and, worse than all, commits a crime against nature by ruining the faith of his victims in their fellows. Afterward, when besought by worthiness and desert, when kindness would be a benison, they remember how they have been beguiled by pretenses just as fair, and they withhold the grace that would have crowned the act, and made courtesy a precious memory. He is the Mephistopheles of society; substituting evil for good, and stabbing sweetest truth with the two-edged poniard of mistrust and unbelief. His profession renders him pitiless; going from one victim to another, he reckons not of the pain and desolation he has wrought. He is absorbed by that abnormal venality which wheedles and worms out of others the substance it squanders on itself.

Politeness is said to come from the East; to flourish most where liberty is least. The facility to borrow money is greatest in the West. He who would get cash without collaterals should follow the course of the sun. Naturally, social centers provide the most fertile field for cozeners.

In Smyrna and Constantinople, borrowers, in our sense, scarcely exist. In Naples and Vienna there are not many; in Paris and London they have increased, and on this side of the sea they are rife. Boston has few compared with Chicago, and in San Francisco they are quadruple what they are in Chicago. This city, however, exceeds, as I have said, all other cities in such financial fungi, because it is cosmopolitan, shifting, heedless,—the rendezvous of the Republic, the camp of the Continent. All roads lead to Rome: all sharpers and adventurers gravitate to the metropolis.

There are two persons who can find you in New York—the woman who loves you, and the man who wants to borrow money of

you. The former may be disheartened; the latter never can be. He will hunt you to the top of Trinity spire, and catch you *tête-à-tête* in the cave of Central Park. Duns are pronounced the abhorred of gods and men; but borrowers should be tenfold detested. Those ask only for their own; these demand, and take, the property of others.

Wall Street is the clearing house of the Western Hemisphere, and Broadway is regarded as the nation's purse, from which every cunning hand is privileged to filch what it may. The New-Yorker of experience who is not out at elbows, or bulletined as a vagabond, feels conscious there are always a hundred men, at least, in different quarters of the country with eye or mind fixed upon him in order to negotiate a loan. Constantly streaming into town, they never think of him until, having scattered their fund in their fun, they look for him to replenish their purse. If a careful observer, he recognizes them at once; detects in their appearance and manner the amount they want, and makes up his mind, before they ask, how much he can spare, or, in other words, afford to lose. Should he be monetarily easy, also liberal and polite, he will assume to believe their story as well as their promise to pay. He will hand them the amount with a smile, absolutely certain that the day on which the debt will be refunded will be beyond the Day of Judgment. Something less than a thousand such experiences will wear off the novelty of being transparently swindled, and the once careless Gothamite will wax so sordid and so heartless as to decline making any further life-long investments without interest in diaphanous scoundrels. Repeated imposition seals the sources of sympathy like continued prosperity.

You need not live here very long to get the gauge of borrowers, and to give them a certain classification: You can tell by the character of their application the length of time they have been in the business, as the rattles of a rattlesnake are vulgarly thought to indicate the years of its age. The borrower generally begins with wanting five hundred dollars, and adheres to this sum for a twelvemonth. During that period he drains the market, and then drops down to two hundred dollars. Six months later he can be prevailed upon to accept one hundred dollars, to be returned positively the following day. His complexion changes with the waning weeks, and he who must have one hundred dollars or nothing in September, will be grateful in November for a temporary

accommodation of fifty. The descent of Avernus is easy. Even fifty dollars is not a fixed color: it will fade into forty, thirty, twenty ere the winter has gone, and with the returning May—to such a state are the prints of unsuccessful aspiration and haughty poverty reduced—the remaining hue will not be higher than ten, or even five. There are degenerate souls so oblivious of their early ambition that they will ultimately consent to solicit the loan of a dollar or its fractions. They often get it from sheer commiseration; and yet so lost are they to sense of manly dignity, so ignorant of the laws of political economy, that they refuse to invest a dime in arsenic at the corner drug-store.

It would seem as if the city had been districted by borrowers, each district having its infesters. The leading hotels, or rather their patrons, are laid under contribution by these financial pests, who take their position at stated hours, and ply their trade perseveringly from season to season. These are the fellows who, having exhausted the metropolitan mine, are following the stronger lode. They are better acquainted with the arrivals in town than the drummers themselves. They scan the registers as antiquarians would a mouldering inscription, and greet with fulsome flattery and cordial hand-shaking every provincialist they have ever encountered. Their accidents are chronic; their misfortunes unvarying. They have always lost their pocket-book, or left it at home; they have been suddenly called out of town, or have received a dispatch requiring immediate answer. They have failed to receive an expected remittance; their wife is very ill, or their child has just died; they must have money or go mad. (It may be noted here that they rarely go half so mad as the credulous creatures do after lending them.)

A gentleman blessed with a good memory, and cursed with frequent approaches of petitioners for call-loans, declares that one of these tricksters has been bereaved during the past six months of offspring to the number of ninety-eight, and has become a widower not less than sixty times. Who can regard without profoundest pity a mortal struggling under such an accumulation of sorrows, and not respond pecuniarily? Like rhetorical questions are put by the borrower. He who answers them with his pocket-book may charge its contents perpetually to Profit and Loss.

New York has thousands of regular borrowers, and volunteers are entering the strategic army daily and hourly. The ranks are

always full to overflowing, and masterly advances are constantly making on the foe, who is hoodwinked by the pretext that he is a friend. The foe is any gull or generous fellow who hates to say no, or gives to his persecutor the benefit of the doubt. The foe can win little glory by resistance; his wisest course is retreat, and he is apt to do so finally, though not before his *porte-monnaie* bears many humiliating scars.

It is lamentable to think how many borrowers there are, growing more and more professional, who would yet be deeply hurt if told that they are not honorable. Outside of business, the rules of which are enforced by certain penalties, the proportion of men who borrow and pay is startlingly small. Ask those of large experience, and they will inform you that not more than one out of fifty persons asking without some just claim of intimacy or circumstance, for pecuniary accommodation, will offer, of his own volition, to return what he has borrowed. It is safe to say that any loan made to any mere acquaintance, except under extraordinary circumstances, will render him, in quite another than the courteous meaning, a lasting debtor. You can count upon your fingers, I venture to assert, all the members of your social circle to whom you can lend money on their word, with any certainty of its prompt or promised return.

It seems vulgar to esteem character as based in any way upon money; and yet that it is so based daily observation teaches. It is very little for anybody to pay his debts—it is one of the first and most patent obligations to ourselves and others—but it is very much not to pay them. The man who neglects, or is careless of, what he owes materially, is equally neglectful or careless of what he owes spiritually. Debt of any kind undermines, debases, debauches. Many creatures of common clay make it a rule to discharge all dues: they are simply just, and nothing more. But you cannot produce a man following the opposite course, in whose nature there is not an irremediable flaw. He may be kind-hearted, spasmodically self-sacrificing, may have noble instincts; but he must be weak and shuffling, without principle, barren of the spirit of fidelity and rectitude. He slips on the sand; he is not built on the rock. Circumstances have made, and circumstances may mar him. He shines by reflected hues; he has no color of his own. No strength of purpose, no element of power is in him. The edifice that is reared on a frail foundation may be graceful and attractive, but it is

perilous to its nearest admirers, and its beauty is for a day. To the willful debtor, Life cannot be a creditor. No fine-spun theory will hide his defects; no sentimental apology will ever set him right who is constitutionally wrong. Numerous mean fellows have been and are conscientious respecting their debts;

but no really good or noble fellows voluntarily neglect their debts. The true gentleman, recognized everywhere by the free-masonry of his order, cannot afford to owe. Reverence for himself prevents the smallest injustice to others, and on the arch of Justice he raises his Ideal.

### MY SONG.

At morn I watch with wide-oped, eager eyes  
The royal sun's ascent through shining skies;  
At morn I say, Sad soul, perhaps to thee,  
To-day, this king will offer graciously  
The gift thou cravest; be serene and strong;  
Unwearied waiting gains reward ere long.

Bright hours speed past; I watch the sun decline,  
But cannot call the wished-for blessing mine;  
The wind unto the voice of my regret  
Makes answer only, "Ah! not yet, not yet."  
At night I pray and wrestle; planets keep  
Their still, cold smiles, unheeding when I weep.

O God, have mercy! I am but a child,  
Weak, ignorant, enthralled by yearnings wild.  
Thou art Compassion; Thou dost send the dew  
On noiseless pinions downward from the blue,  
To set the flowers from their bud-prisons free;  
And hast Thou no deliverance for me?

To grant my prayer, would be an easy thing  
To Thee, dear Lord; I only ask to sing  
A little song, so true and strangely sweet,  
That though it be not wise nor e'en complete,  
The tired world, while going to and fro,  
More glad and faithful, hearing it, shall grow.

I will not doubt; behold! the mounting sun  
Again proclaims the night's long vigil done.  
I, still aspiring to the blessing great,  
Can do no more than pray, and, praying, wait.  
But what, O soul, if it indeed should be  
That God, this day, should send a song to thee!



## ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.



"CLAIRE'S HAND LIGHTED THE CANDLE WITH WHICH I LED HIM TO HIS ROOM."

## CHAPTER IV.

AT an early hour on the following morning, dressed in my best, I went to pay my respects to Mrs. Sanderson at The Mansion. As I walked along over the ground, stiffened with the autumn frost, wondering how "my dear Aunt" would receive me, it seemed as if I had lived half a lifetime since my father led me over the same road, on my first visit to the same lady. I felt older and larger and more independent. As I passed Mr. Bradford's house, I looked at the windows, hoping to see the little girl again, and feeling that in my holiday clothes I could meet her eyes unabashed. But she did not appear, nor did I get a sight of Mr. Bradford.

The autumn was now in its glory, and, as I reached the summit of the hill, I could not resist the temptation to pause and look off upon the meadows and the distant country. I stood under a maple, full of the tender light of lemon-colored leaves, while my feet were buried among their fallen fellows with which the ground was carpeted. The sounds of the town reached my ears mellowed into music by the distance, the smoke from a hundred chimneys rose straight into the sky, the river was a mirror for everything upon it, around it and above it, and all the earth was

a garden of gigantic flowers. For that one moment my life was full. With perfect health in my veins, and all my sensibilities excited by the beauty before me, my joy was greater in living than any words can express. Nothing but running, or shouting, or singing, or in some way violently spending the life thus swelled to its flood, could give it fitting utterance; but as I was near The Mansion all these were denied me, and I went on, feeling that passing out of the morning sunlight into a house would be like going into a prison. Before reaching the door I looked at the stable, and saw the old horse with his head out of one window, and Jenks' face occupying another. Jenks and the horse looked at one another and nodded, as much as to say: "That is the little fellow we brought over from Hillsborough yesterday."

That Mrs. Sanderson saw me under the tree, and watched every step of my progress to the house, was evident, for when I mounted the steps, and paused between the sleeping lions, the door swung upon its hinges, and there stood the little old woman in the neatest of morning toilets. She had expected me, and had prepared to receive me.

"And how is Master Bonnicastle this pleasant morning?" she said as I entered.

I was prepared to be led into any mani-

festation of respect or affection which her greeting might suggest, and this cheery and flattering address moved me to grasp both her hands, and tell her that I was very well and very happy. It did not move me to kiss her, or to expect a kiss from her. I had never been called "Master" Bonnicastle before, and the new title seemed as if it were intended so to elevate me as to place me at a distance.

Retaining one of my hands, she conducted me to a large drawing-room, into which she had admitted the full glow of the morning light, and seating me, drew a chair near to me for herself, where she could look me squarely in the face. Then she led me into a talk about Mr. and Mrs. Bird, and my life at school. She played the part of a listener well, and flattered me by her little comments, and her almost deferential attention. I do her the justice to believe that she was not altogether playing a part, thoroughly pre-considered, for I think she was really interested and amused. My presence and my report of what was going on in one little part of the great world which was so far removed from the pursuits of her lonely life were refreshing influences. Seeing that she was really interested, my tongue ran on without restraint, until I had told all I had to tell. Many times, when I found myself tempted to exaggerate, I checked my vagrant speech with corrections and qualifications, determined that my old fault should have no further sway.

"Well, my boy," she said at last, in a tone of great kindness, "I find you much improved. Now let us go up-stairs and see what we can discover there."

I followed her up the dark old stairway into a chamber whose windows commanded a view of the morning sun and the town.

"How lovely this is!" I exclaimed.

"You like it, then?" she responded with a gratified look.

"Yes," I said, "I think it is the prettiest room I ever saw."

"Well, Master Bonnicastle, this is your room. This new paper on the walls and all this new furniture I bought for you. Whenever you want a change from your house, which you know is rather small, and not exactly the thing for a young gentleman like you, you will find this room ready for you. There are the drawers for your linen, and there is the closet for your other clothes, and here is your mirror, and this is a pin-cushion which I have made for you with my own hands."

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She said this, walking from one object named to another, until she had shown me all the appointments of the chamber.

I was speechless and tearful with delight. And this was all mine! And I was a young gentleman, with the prettiest room in the grandest house of Bradford at my command! It was like a dream to me, bred as I had been in the strait simplicity of poverty. Young as I was, I had longed for just this—for something around me in my real life that should correspond with my dreams of life. Already the homely furniture of my father's house, and the life with which it was associated, seemed mean—almost wretched; and I was distressed by my sympathy for those whom I should leave behind in rising to my new estate. By some strange intuition I knew that it would not do to speak to my benefactress of my love for my father. I was full of the thought that my love had been purchased, and fairly paid for. I belonged to Mrs. Sanderson. She who had expended so much money for me, without any reward, had a right to me, and all of my society and time that she desired. If she had asked me to come to her house and make it my only home, I should have promised to do so without reserve, but she did not do this. She was too wise. She did not intend to exact anything from me, but I have no doubt that she took the keenest delight in witnessing the operation and consummation of her plans for gaining an ascendancy over my affections, my will, and my life.

Her revelations produced in me a strange disposition to silence which neither she nor I knew how to break. I was troubled with the fear that I had not expressed sufficient gratitude for her kindness, yet I did not know how to say more. At length she said: "I saw you under the maple: what were you thinking about there?"

"I was wondering if the world was not made in the fall," I replied.

"Ah?"

"Yes," I continued, "it seemed to me as if God must have stood under that same maple tree, when the leaves were changing, and saw that it was all very good."

With something of her old asperity she said she wished my boyish fancies would change as well as the leaves.

"I cannot help having them," I replied, "but if you don't like them I shall never speak of them again."

"Now I tell you what I think:" said she, assuming her pleasant tone again. "I think

you would like to be left alone for a little while."

"Oh! I should like to be alone here in my own room ever so much!" I responded.

"You can stay here until dinner, if you wish," she said, and then she bent down and kissed my forehead, and retired.

I listened as she descended the stairs, and when I felt that she was far enough away, I rose, and carefully locked my door. Then I went to the mirror to see whether I knew myself, and to find what there was in me that could be addressed as "master," or spoken of as "a young gentleman." Then I ransacked the closet, and climbed to a high shelf in it, with the vague hope that the portrait which had once excited my curiosity was hidden there. Finding nothing I had not previously seen, I went to the window, and sat down to think.

I looked off upon the town, and felt myself lifted immeasurably above it and all its plodding cares and industries. This was mine. It had been won without an effort. It had come to me without a thought or a care. I believed there was not a boy in the whole town who possessed its equal, and I wondered what there was in me that should call forth such munificence from my benefactress. If my good fortune as a boy were so great, what brilliant future awaited my manhood? Then I thought of my father, working humbly and patiently, day after day, for bread for his family, and of the tender love which I knew his heart held for me, and I wondered why God should lay so heavy a burden upon him and so marvelously favor me. Would it not be mean to take this good fortune and sell my love of him and of home for it? Oh! if I could only bring them all here, to share my sweeter lot, I should be content, but I could not even speak of this to the woman who had bestowed it on me.

It all ended in a sweet and hearty fit of crying, in which I sobbed until the light faded out of my eyes, and I went to sleep. I had probably slept two hours when a loud knock awakened me, and staggering to my feet, and recognizing at last the new objects around me, I went to the door, and found Jenks, in his white apron, who told me that dinner was waiting for me. I gave a hurried glance at the mirror and was startled to find my eyes still red; but I could not wait. As he made way for me to pass down before him, he whispered: "Come to the stable as soon as you can after dinner. The Atlas and compasses are ready."

I remembered then that he had borrowed

the former of me on the way home, and secreted it under the seat of the chaise.

Mrs. Sanderson was already seated when I entered the dining-room.

"Your eyes are red," she said quickly.

"I have been asleep, I think," I responded.

Jenks mumbled something, and commenced growling. His mistress regarded me closely, but thought best not to push inquiries further.

Conversation did not promise to be lively, especially in the presence of a third party, between whom and myself there existed a guilty secret which threatened to sap the peace of the establishment.

At length I said: "Oh! I did not think to tell you anything about my chum."

"What is his name?" she inquired.

"His name is Henry Hulm," I replied; and then I went on at length to describe his good qualities and to tell what excellent friends we had been. "He is not a bit like me," I said, "he is so steady and quiet."

"Do you know anything about his people?" inquired the lady.

"No, he never says anything about them, and I am afraid he is poor," I replied.

"How does he dress?"

"Not so well as I do, but he is the neatest and carefullest boy in school."

"Perhaps you would like to invite him here to spend your vacation with you, when you come home again," she suggested.

"May I? can I?" I eagerly inquired.

"Certainly. If he is a good, respectable boy, and you would like him for a companion here, I should be delighted to have you bring him."

"Oh! I thank you: I am so glad! I'm sure he'll come, and he can sleep in my room with me."

"That will please you very much, will it not?" and the lady smiled with a lively look of gratification.

I look back now with mingled pity of my simple self and admiration of the old lady who thus artfully wove her toils about me. She knew she must not alarm my father, or imprison me, or fail to make me happy in the gilded trap she had set for me. All her work upon me was that of a thorough artist. What she wanted was to sever me and my sympathy from my father and his home, and to make herself and her house the center of my life. She saw that my time would pass slowly if I had no companion; and Henry's coming would be likely to do more than anything to hold me. My pride would certainly

move me to bring him to my room, and she would manage the rest.

After dinner, I asked liberty to go to the stable. I was fond of horses and all domestic animals. I made my request in the presence of Jenks, and that whimsical old hypocrite had the hardihood to growl and grumble and mutter as if he regarded the presence of a boy in the stable as a most offensive intrusion upon his special domain. I could not comprehend such duplicity, and looked at him inquiringly.

"Don't mind Jenks," said Madame: "he's a fool."

Jenks went growling out of the room, but, as he passed me, I caught the old cunning look in his little eyes, and followed him. When the door was closed he cut a pigeon-wing, and ended by throwing one foot entirely over my head. Then he whispered: "You go out and stay there until I come. Don't disturb anything." So I went out, thinking him quite the nimblest and queerest old fellow I had ever seen.

I passed half an hour patting the horse's head, calling the chickens around me, and wondering what the plans of Jenks would be. At length he appeared. Walking tiptoe into the stable, he said: "The old woman is down for a nap, and we've got two good hours for a voyage. Now, messmate, let's up sails and be off!"

At this he seized a long rope which depended from one of the great beams above, and pulled away with a "Yo! heave oh" *sotto voce* (letting it slide through his hands at every call), as if an immense spread of canvas was to be the result.

"Belay there!" he said at last, in token that his ship was under way, and the voyage begun.

"It's a bit cold, my hearty, and now for a turn on the quarter-deck," he said, as he grasped my hand, and walked with me back and forth across the floor. I was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, but walked with him, nothing loth. "Now we plow the billow," said Jenks. "This is what I call gay."

After giving our blood a jog, and getting into a glow, he began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" I inquired.

"She made me promise that I wouldn't tease or trouble you, she did," and then he laughed again. "Oh yes; Jenks is a fool, he is. Jenks is a tremendous fool." Then he suddenly sobered, and suggested that it was time to examine our chart. Dropping my hand, he went to a bin of oats, built like

a desk, and opening from the top with a falling lid. To this lid he had attached two legs by hinges of leather, which supported it at a convenient angle. Then he brought forth two three-legged milking-stools, and placed them before it, and plunging his hand deep down into the oats drew out my atlas, neatly wrapped in an old newspaper. This he opened before me, and we took our seats.

"Now where are we?" said Jenks.

I opened to the map of the world, and said: "Here is New York, and there is Boston. We can't be very far from either of 'em, but I think we are between 'em."

"Very well, let it be between 'em," said Jenks. "Now what?"

"Where will you go?" I inquired.

"I don't care where I go; let us have a big sail, now that we are in for it," he replied.

"Well, then, let's go to Great Britain," I said.

"Isn't there something that they call the English Channel?" inquired Jenks with a doubtful look.

"Yes, there is," and, cruising about among the fine type, I find it.

"Well, I don't like this idea of being out of sight of land. It's dangerous, and if you can't sleep, there is no place to go to. Let's steer straight for the English Channel—straight as a ramrod."

"But it will take a month," I said; "I have heard people say so a great many times."

"My! A month? Out of sight of land? No old woman and no curry-comb for a month? Hey de diddle! Very well, let it be a month. Hullo! it's all over! Here we are: now where are we on the map?"

"We seem to be pretty near to Paris," I said, "but we don't quite touch it. There must be some little places along here that are not put down. There's London, too: that doesn't seem to be a great ways off, but there's a strip of land between it and the water."

"Why, yes, there's Paris," said Jenks, looking out of the stable window, and down upon the town. "Don't you see? It's a fine city. I think I see just where Napoleon Bonaparte lives. But it's a wicked place; let's get away from it. Bear off now;" and so our imaginary bark, to use Jenks' large phrase, "swept up the channel."

Here I suggested that we had better take a map of Great Britain, and we should probably find more places to stop at. I found it

easily, with the "English Channel" in large letters.

"Here we are!" I said: "see the towns!"

"My! Ain't they thick!" responded Jenks. "What is that name running lengthwise there right through the water?"

"That's the 'Strait of Dover,'" I replied.

"Well, then, look out! We're running right into it! It's a confounded narrow place, any way. Bear away there; take the middle course. I've heard of them Straits of Dover before. They are dangerous; but we're through, we're through. Now where are we?"

"We are right at the mouth of the Thames," I replied, "and here is a river that leads straight up to London."

"Cruise off! cruise off!" said Jenks.

"We're in an enemy's country. Sure enough, there's London;" and he looked out of the window with a fixed gaze, as if the dome of St. Paul's were as plainly in sight as his own nose. After satisfying himself with a survey of the great city, he remarked, interrogatively, "Haven't we had about enough of this? I want to go where the spicy breezes blow. Now that we have got our sea-legs on, let us make for the equator. Bring the ship round; here we go; now what?"

"We have got to cross the Tropic of Cancer, for all that I can see," said I.

"Can't we possibly dodge it?" inquired Jenks with concern.

"I don't see how we can," I replied.

"It seems to go clean around."

"What is it, any way?" said he.

"It don't seem to be anything but a sort of dotted line," I answered.

"Oh well, never mind; we'll get along with that," he said encouragingly. "Steer between two dots, and hold your nose. My mother died of one of them things."

Here Jenks seized his nose with entire gravity, and held it until the imaginary danger was past. At last, with a red face, he inquired, "Are we over?"

"All over," I replied; "and now where do you want to go?"

"Isn't there something that they call the Channel of Mozambique?" said Jenks.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, I've always thought it must be a splendid sheet of water. Yes: Channel of Mozambique—splendid sheet of water! Mozambique! Grand name, isn't it?"

"Why, here it is," said I, "away round here. We've got to run down the coast of Africa, and around the Cape of Good Hope,

and up into the Indian Ocean. Shall we touch anywhere?"

"No, I reckon it isn't best. The niggers will think we are after 'em, and we may get into trouble. But look here, boy! We've forgot the compasses. How we ever managed to get across the Atlantic without 'em is more than I know. That's one of the careless things I ever did. I don't suppose we could do it again in trying a thousand times."

Thereupon he drew from a corner of the oat-bin an old pair of carpenter's compasses, between which and the mariner's compass neither he nor I knew the difference, and said: "Now let us sail by compasses, in the regular way."

"How do you do it?" I inquired.

"There can't be but one way, as I see," he replied. "You put one leg down on the map, where you are, then put the other down where you want to go, and just sail for that leg."

"Well," said I, "here we are, close to the Canary Islands. Put one leg down there, and the other down here at St. Helena."

After considerable questioning and fumbling and adjusting of the compasses, they were held in their place by the ingenious navigator, while we drove for the lonely island. After a considerable period of silence, Jenks broke out with: "Doesn't she cut the water beautiful? It takes the Jane Whittlesey!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "I didn't know you had a name for her."

"Yes," said Jenks with a sigh—still holding fast to the compasses, as if our lives depended upon his faithfulness—"Jane Whittlesey has been the name of every vessel I ever owned. You know what I told you about that young woman?"

"Yes," I said, "and was that her name?"

Jenks nodded, and sighed again, still keeping his eye upon the outermost leg of the instrument, and holding it firmly in its place.

"Here we are," he exclaimed, at last. "Now let's double over and start again."

So the northern leg came around with a half circle, and went down at the Cape of Good Hope. The Tropic of Capricorn proved less dangerous than the northern corresponding line, and so, at last, sweeping around the cape, we brought that leg of the compasses which we had left behind toward the equator again, and, working up on the map, arrived at our destination.

"Well, here we are in the Channel of Mozambique," I said.



"What's that blue place there on the right hand side of it?" he inquired.

"That's the Island of Madagascar."

"You don't tell me!" he exclaimed. "Well! I never expected to be so near that place. The Island of Madagascar! The Island of Mad-a-gas-car! Let's take a look at it."

Thereupon he rose and took a long look out of the window. "Elephants—mountains—tigers—monkeys—golden sands—cannibals," he exclaimed slowly, as he apprehended *seriatim* the objects he named. Then he elevated his nose, and began to sniff the air, as if some far-off odor had reached him on viewless wings. "Spicy breezes, upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Don't you notice em, boy? Smell uncommonly like hay: what do you think?"

We had after this a long and interesting cruise, running into various celebrated ports, and gradually working toward home. I was too busy with the navigation to join Jenks in his views of the countries and islands which we passed on the voyage, but he enjoyed every league of the long and eventful sail. At last the Jane Whittlesey ran straight into Mrs. Sanderson's home inclosures, and Jenks cast anchor by dropping a huge stone through a trap-door in the floor.

"It really seems good to be at home again, and to feel everything standing still, doesn't it?" said he. "I wonder if I can walk straight," he went on, and then proceeded to ascertain by actual experiment. I have laughed a hundred times since at the recollection of the old fellow's efforts to adapt himself to the imaginary billows of the stable-floor.

"I hope I shall get over this before supper-time," said Jenks, "or the old woman will know we have been to sea."

I enjoyed the play quite as well as my companion did, but even then I did not comprehend that it was simply play with him. I supposed it was a trick of his to learn something of geography, before cutting loose from service and striking out into the great world by way of the ocean. So I said to him: "What do you do this for?"

"What do I do it for? What does anybody go to sea for?" he inquired with astonishment.

"Well, but you don't go to the real sea, you know," I suggested.

"Don't I! That's what the atlas says, anyway, and the atlas ought to know," said Jenks. "At any rate it's as good a sea as I want at this time of year, just before winter

comes on. If you only think so, it's a great deal better sailing on an atlas than it is sailing on the water. You only have to go a few inches, and you needn't get wet, and you can't drown. You can see everything there is in the world by looking out of the window, and thinking you do, and what's the use spending so much time as people do traveling to the ends of the earth? The only thing that troubles me is that Bradford's Irishman down here has really come across the ocean, and I don't s'pose he cared any more about it than if he'd been a pig. If I could only have had a real sail on the ocean, and got through with it, I don't know but I should be ready to die."

"But you will have, some time, you know," I said encouragingly.

"Do you think so?"

"When you run away you will," I said.

"I don't know," he responded dubiously.

"I think perhaps I'd better run away on an Atlas a few times first, just to learn the ropes."

Here we were interrupted by the tinkle of a bell, and it was marvelous to see how quickly the Atlas disappeared in the oats and the lid was closed over it. Jenks went to the house and I followed him.

Mrs. Sanderson did not inquire how I had spent my time. It was enough for her that I had in no way disturbed her after-dinner nap, and that I came when she wanted me. I told her I had enjoyed the day very much, and that I hoped my father would let me come up soon and occupy my room. Then I went up-stairs, and looked the room all over again, and tried to realize the extent and value of my new possession. When I went home, toward night, she loaded me with nice little gifts for my mother and the children, and I lost no time in my haste to tell the family of the good fortune that had befallen me. My mother was greatly delighted with my representations, but my father was sad. I think he was moved to sever my connection with the artful woman at once, and take the risks of the step, but a doubt of his own ability to do for me what it was her intention and power to do withheld him. He consented at last to lose me because he loved me, and on the following day I went out from my home with an uneasy conviction that I had been bought and paid for, and was little better than an expensive piece of property. What she would do with me I could not tell. I had my doubts and my dreams, which I learned to keep to myself; but in the swift years that followed there was never

an unkind word spoken to me in my new home, or any treatment experienced which made me seriously regret the step I had taken.

I learned to regard Mrs. Sanderson as the wisest woman living, and I found, as the time rolled by, that I had adopted her judgments upon nearly every person and every subject that called forth from her an opinion. She assumed superiority to all her neighbors. She sat on a social throne, in her own imagination. There were few who openly acknowledged her sway, but she was imperturbable. Wherever she appeared, men bowed to her with profoundest courtesy, and women were assiduous in their politeness. They may have flouted her when she was out of sight, but they were flattered by her attentions, and were always careful in her presence to yield her the pre-eminence she assumed. No man or woman ever came voluntarily into collision with her will. Keen, quiet, alert, self-possessed, she lived her own independent life, asking no favors, granting few, and holding herself apart from, and above, all around her. The power of this self-assertion, insignificant as she was in physique, was simply gigantic.

To this height she undertook to draw me, severing one by one the sympathies which bound me to my family and my companions, and making me a part of herself. I remember distinctly the processes of the change, and its result. I grew more silent, more self-contained, more careful of my associations. The change in me had its effect in my own home. I came to be regarded there as a sort of superior being; and when I went there for a day the best things were given me to eat, and certain proprieties were observed by the family, as if a rare stranger had come among them. In the early part of my residence at The Mansion, some of the irreverent little democrats of the street called me "Mother Sanderson's baby," but even this humiliating and maddening taunt died away when it was whispered about that she was educating her heir, and that I should be some day the richest young man in the town.

#### CHAPTER V.

LIFE is remembered rather by epochs than by continuous details. I spent five years at The Bird's Nest, visiting home twice every year, and becoming more and more accustomed to the thought that I had practically ceased to be a member of my own family. My home and all my belongings were at The Mansion; and although I kept a deep, warm spot in my heart for my father, which never grew cold, there seemed to be a difference

in kind and quality between me and my brothers and sisters which forbade the old intimacy. The life at home had grown more generous with my father's advancing prosperity, and my sisters, catching the spirit of the prosperous community around them, had done much to beautify and elevate its appointments.

The natural tendency of the treatment I received, both at my father's house and at The Mansion, was for a long time to concentrate my thoughts upon myself, so that when, on my fifteenth birthday, I entered my father's door, and felt peculiarly charmed by my welcome and glad in the happiness which my presence gave, I made a discovery. I found my sister Claire a remarkably pretty young woman. She was two years my senior, and had been so long my profoundest worshiper that I had never dreamed what she might become. She was the sweetest of blondes, with that unerring instinct of dress which enabled her to choose always the right color, and so to drape her slender and graceful figure as to be always attractive. My own advance toward manhood helped me, I suppose, to appreciate her as I had not hitherto done; and before I parted with her, to return to the closing term of Mr. Bird's tuition, I had become proud of her, and ambitious for her future. I found, too, that she had more than kept pace with me in study. It was a great surprise. By what ingenuities she had managed to win her accomplishments, and become the educated lady that she was, I knew not. It was the way of New England girls then as it is now. I had long talks and walks with her, and quite excited the jealousy of Mrs. Sanderson by the amount of time I devoted to her.

In these years Mrs. Sanderson herself had hardly grown appreciably older. Her hair had become a little whiter, but she retained, apparently, all her old vigor, and was the same strong-willed, precise, prompt, opinionated woman she was when I first knew her. Jenks and I had many sails upon the atlas succeeding that which I have described, but something had always interfered to prevent him from taking the final step which would sever his connection with the service of his old mistress forever.

Every time during these five years that I went home to spend my vacation, I invited Henry to accompany me, but his mother invariably refused to permit him to do so. Mrs. Sanderson, in her disappointment, offered to defray all the expenses of the journey, which, in the mean time, had ceased

to be made with the old horse and chaise; but there came always from his mother the same refusal. The old lady was piqued at last, and became soured toward him. Indeed, if she could have found a valid excuse for the step, she would have broken up our intimacy. She had intended an honor to an unknown lad in humble circumstances; and to have that honor persistently spurned, without apparent reason, exasperated her. "The lad is a churl, depend upon it, when you get at the bottom of him," was the stereotyped reply to all my attempts to palliate his offence, and vindicate the loveliness of his character.

These years of study and development had wrought great changes in me. Though thoroughly healthy—thanks to the considerate management of my teacher—I grew up tall and slender, and promised to reach the reputed altitude of the old Bonnicastles. I was a man in stature by the side of my sister Claire, and assumed the dress and carriage of a man. Though Henry was two years older than I, we studied together in everything, and were to leave school together. Our companionship had been fruitful of good to both of us. I stirred him and he steadied me.

There was one aim which we held in common—the aim at personal integrity and thorough soundness of character. This aim had been planted in us both by Christian parents, and it was fostered in every practicable way by Mr. and Mrs. Bird. There was one habit, learned at home, which we never omitted for a night while we were in school—the habit of kneeling at our bedside before retiring to slumber, and offering silently a prayer. Dear Mrs. Bird—that sweet angel of all the little boys—was always with us in our first nights together, when we engaged in our devotions, and sealed our young lips for sleep with a kiss. Bidding us to pray for what we wanted, and to thank our Father for all that we received, with the simple and hearty language we would use if we were addressing our own parents, and adjuring us never, under any circumstances, to omit our offering, she left us at last to ourselves. "Remember," she used to say, "remember that no one can do this for you. The boy who confesses his sins every night has always the fewest sins to confess. The habit of daily confession and prayer is the surest corrective of all that is wrong in your motives and conduct."

In looking back upon this aspect of our life together, I am compelled to believe that

both Henry and myself were in the line of Christian experience. Those prayers and those daily efforts at good, conscientious living, were the solid beginnings of a Christian character. I do not permit myself to question that had we gone on in that simple way we should have grown into Christian men. The germination and development of the seed planted far back in childhood would, I am sure, have been crowned with a divine fruitage. Both of us had been taught that we belonged to the Master—that we had been given to Him in baptism. Neither of us had been devoted to Him by parents who, having placed His seal upon our foreheads, thenceforth strove to convince us that we were the children of the devil. Expecting to be Christians, trying to live according to the Christian rule of life, never doubting that in good time we should be numbered among Christian disciples, we were already Christian disciples. Why should it be necessary that the aggregate sorrow and remorse for years of selfishness and transgression be crowded into a few hours or days? Why should it be necessary to be lifted out of a great horror of blackness and darkness and tempest, into a supernal light by one grand sweep of passion? Are safe foundations laid in storms and upheavals? Are conviction and character nourished by violent access and reaction of feeling? We give harsh remedies for desperate diseases, and there are such things as desperate diseases. I am sure that Henry and I were not desperately diseased. The whole drift of our aims was toward the realization of a Christian life. The grand influences shaping us from childhood were Christian. Every struggle with that which was base and unworthy within us was inspired by Christian motives. Imperfect in knowledge, infirm in will, volatile in purpose as boys always are and always will be, still we were Christian boys, who had only to grow in order to rise into the purer light and better life of the Christian estate.

I am thus particular in speaking of this, for we were both destined to pass through an experience which endangered all that we had won. I shall write of this experience with great care, but with a firm conviction that my unvarnished story has a useful lesson in it, and an earnest wish that it may advance the cause which holds within itself the secret of a world's redemption. I am sure that our religious teachers do not competently estimate the power of religious education on a great multitude of minds, or adequately measure the almost infinite mischief that may be

inflicted upon sensitive natures by methods of address and influence only adapted to those who are sluggish in temperament or besotted by vice.

My long stay at The Bird's Nest was a period of uninterrupted growth of mind as well as of body. Mr. Bird was a man who recognized the fact that time is one of the elements that enter into a healthy development of the mind—that mental digestion and assimilation are quite as essential to true growth as the reception of unlimited food. Hence his aim was never to crowd a pupil beyond his powers of easy digestion, and never to press to engorgement the receptive faculties. To give the mind ideas to live upon while it acquired the discipline for work, was his steady practice and policy. All the current social and political questions were made as familiar to the boys under his charge as they were to the reading world outside. The issues involved in every political contest were explained to us, and I think we learned more that was of practical use to us in after-life from his tongue than from the text-books which we studied.

Some of the peculiarities of Mr. Bird's administration I have already endeavored to represent, and one of these I must recall at the risk of repetition and tediousness. In the five years which I spent under his roof and care, I do not think one lad left the school with the feeling that he had been unjustly treated in any instance. No bitter revenges were cherished in any heart. If, in his haste or perplexity, the master ever did a boy a wrong, he made instant and abundant reparation in an acknowledgment to the whole school. He was as tender of the humblest boy's reputation as he was of any man's, or even of his own. When I think of the brutal despotism that reigns in so many schools of this and other countries, and of the indecent way in which thousands of sensitive young natures are tortured by men who, in the sacred office of the teacher, display manners that have ceased to be respectable in a stable, I bless my kind stars—nay, I thank God—for those five years, and the sweet influence that has poured from them in a steady stream through all my life.

The third summer of my school life was "Reunion Summer," and one week of vacation was devoted to the old boys. It was with inexpressible interest that I witnessed the interviews between them and their teacher. Young men from college with downy whiskers and fashionable clothes; young men in business, with the air of business in their manners;

young clergymen, doctors, and lawyers came back by scores. They brought a great breeze from the world with them, but all became boys again when they entered the presence of their old master. They kissed him as they were wont to do in the times which had become old times to them. They hung upon his neck; they walked up and down the parlors with their arms around him; they sat in his lap, and told him of their changes, troubles and successes, and all were happy to be at the old nest again.

Ah, what *fêtes* were crowded into that happy week!—what games of ball, what receptions, what excursions, what meetings and speeches, what songs, what delightful interminglings of all the social elements of the village! What did it matter that we small boys felt very small by the side of those young men whose old rooms we were occupying? We enjoyed their presence, and found in it the promise that at some future time we should come back with whiskers upon our cheeks, and the last triumphs of the tailor in our coats!

Henry and I were to leave school in the autumn; and as the time drew near for our departure dear Mr. and Mrs. Bird grew more tender toward us, for we had been there longer than any of the other boys. I think there was not a lad at The Bird's Nest during our last term whom we found there at our entrance five years before. Jolly Jack Linton had become a clerk in a city shop, and was already thrifty and popular. Tom Kendrick was in college, and was to become a Christian minister. Andrews, too, was in college, and was bringing great comfort to his family by a true life that had been begun with so bad a promise. Mr. Bird seemed to take special pleasure in our society, and, while loosening his claim upon us as pupils, to hold us as associates and friends the more closely. He loved his boys as a father loves his children. In one of our closing interviews, he and Mrs. Bird talked freely of the life they had lived, and its beautiful compensations. They never wearied with their work, but found in the atmosphere of love that enveloped them an inspiration for all their labor and care, and a balm for all their trials and troubles. "If I were to live my life over again," said Mrs. Bird to me one evening, "I should choose just this, and be perfectly content." There are those teachers who have thought and said that "every boy is a born devil," and have taught for years because they were obliged to teach, with a thorough and outspoken detestation

of their work. It is sad to think that multitudes of boys have been trained and misunderstood and abused by those men, and to know that thousands of them are still in office, untrusted and unloved by the tender spirits which they have in charge.

My connection with Mrs. Sanderson was a subject to which Mr. Bird very rarely alluded. I was sure there was something about it which he did not like, and in the last private conversation which I held with him it all came out.

"I want to tell you, Arthur," he said, "that I have but one fear for you. You have already been greatly injured by Mrs. Sanderson, and by the peculiar relations which she holds to your life. In some respects you are not as lovable as when you first came here. You have become exclusive in your society, obtrusive in your dress, and fastidious in your notions of many things. You are under the spell of a despotic will, and the moulding power of sentiments entirely foreign to your nature. She has not spoiled you, but she has injured you. You have lost your liberty, and a cunning hand is endeavoring to shape you to a destiny which it has provided for you. Now no wealth can compensate you for such a change. If she makes you her heir, as I think she intends to do, she calculates upon your becoming a useless and selfish gentleman after a pattern of her own. Against this transformation you must struggle. To lose your sympathy for your own family and for the great multitude of the poor; to limit your labor to the nursing of an old and large estate; to surrender all your plans for an active life of usefulness among men, is to yield yourself to a fate worse than any poverty can inflict. It is to be bought, to be paid for, and to be made a slave of. I can never be reconciled to any such consummation of your life."

This was plain talk, but it was such as he had a right to indulge in; and I knew and felt it to be true. I had arrived at the conviction in my own way before, and I had wished in my heart of hearts that I had had my own fortune to make, like the other boys with whom I had associated. I knew that Henry's winter was to be devoted to teaching, in order to provide himself with a portion of the funds which would be necessary for the further pursuit of his education. He had been kept back by poverty from entering school at first, so that he was no further advanced in study than myself, though the years had given him wider culture and firmer character than I possessed. Still, I felt en-

tirely unable and unwilling to relinquish advantages which brought me immunity from anxiety and care, and the position which those advantages and my prospects gave me. My best ambitions were already sapped. I had become weak and to a sad extent self-indulgent. I had acquired no vices, but my beautiful room at The Mansion had been made still more beautiful with expensive appointments, my wardrobe was much enlarged, and, in short, I was in love with riches and all that riches procured for me.

Mr. Bird's counsel produced a deep impression upon me, and made me more watchful of the changes in my character, and the processes by which they were wrought. In truth, I strove against them, in a weak way, as a slave might strive with chains of gold, which charm him and excite his cupidity while they bind him.

Here, perhaps, I ought to mention the fact that there was one subject which Henry would never permit me to talk about, viz., these relations with Mrs. Sanderson upon whose baleful power over me Mr. Bird had animadverted so severely. Why these and my allusions to them were so distasteful to him, I did not know, and could not imagine, unless it were that he did not like to realize the difference between his harder lot and mine. "Please never mention the name of Mrs. Sanderson to me again," he said to me one day, almost ill-naturedly, and quite peremptorily. "I am tired of the old woman, and I should think you would be."

Quite unexpectedly, toward the close of the term, I received a letter from my father, conveying a hearty invitation to Henry to accompany me to Bradford, and become a guest in his house. With the fear of Mrs. Sanderson's displeasure before my eyes, should he accept an invitation from my father which he had once and many times again declined when extended by herself, I was mean enough to consider the purpose of withholding it from him altogether. But I wanted him in Bradford. I wanted to show him to my friends, and so, risking all untoward consequences, I read him the invitation.

Henry's face brightened in an instant, and, without consulting his mother, he said at once: "I shall go."

Very much surprised, and fearful of what would come of it, I blundered out some faint expression of my pleasure at the prospect of his continued society, and the matter was settled.

I cannot recall our parting with Mr. and



Mrs. Bird without a blinding suffusion of the eyes. Few words were said. "You know it all, my boy," said Mr. Bird, as he put his arms around me, and pressed me to his side. "I took you into my heart when I first saw you, and you will live there until you prove yourself unworthy of the place."

For several years a lumbering old stage-coach with two horses had run between Hillsborough and Bradford, and to this vehicle Henry and I committed our luggage and ourselves. It was a tedious journey, which terminated at nightfall, and brought us first to my father's house. Ordering my trunks to be carried to The Mansion, I went in to introduce Henry to the family, with the purpose of completing my own journey on foot.

Henry was evidently a surprise to them all. Manly in size, mould, and bearing, he bore no resemblance to the person whom they had been accustomed to regard as a lad. There was embarrassment at first, which Henry's quiet and unpretending manners quickly dissipated; and soon the stream of easy conversation was set flowing, and we were all happy together. I quickly saw that my sister Claire had become the real mistress of the household. The evidences of her care were everywhere. My mother was feeble and prone to melancholy; but her young spirit, full of vitality, had asserted its sway, and produced a new atmosphere in the little establishment. Order, taste, and a look of competency and comfort prevailed. Without any particular motive, I watched the interchange of address and impression between Henry and my sister. It was as charming as a play. Two beings brought together from different worlds could not have appeared more interested in each other. Her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes were luminous, her words were fresh and vivacious, and with a woman's quick instinct she felt that she pleased him. Absorbed in his study of the new nature thus opened to him, Henry so far forgot the remainder of the family as to address all his words to her. If my father asked him a question, he answered it to Claire. If he told a story, or related an incident of our journey homeward, he addressed it to her, as if her ears were the only ones that could hear it, or at least were those which would hear it with the most interest. I cannot say that I had not anticipated something like this. I had wondered, at least, how they would like each other. Claire's hand lighted the candle with which I led him to his room. Claire's hand had arranged

the little bouquet which we found upon his table.

"I shall like *all* your father's family very much, I know," said Henry, in our privacy.

I was quick enough to know who constituted the largest portion of the family, in his estimate of the aggregate.

It was with a feeling of positive unhappiness and humiliation that I at last took leave of the delightful and delighted circle, and bent my steps to my statelier lodgings and the society of my cold and questioning Aunt. I knew that there would be no hope of hiding from her the fact that Henry had accompanied me home, and that entire frankness and promptness in announcing it was my best policy; but I dreaded the impression it would make upon her. I found her awaiting my arrival, and met from her a hearty greeting. How I wished that Henry were a hundred miles away!

"I left my old chum at my father's," I said, almost before she had had time to ask me a question.

"You did?" she exclaimed, her dark eyes flaming with anger. "How came he there?"

"My father invited him and he came home with me," I replied.

"So he spurns your invitation and mine, and accepts your father's. Will you explain this?"

"Indeed I cannot," I replied. "I have nothing to say, except that I am sorry and ashamed."

"I should think so! I should think so!" she exclaimed, rising and walking up and down the little library. "I should think so, indeed! One thing is proved, at least, and proved to your satisfaction, I hope—that he is not a gentleman. I really must forbid"—here she checked herself, and reconsidered. She saw that I did not follow her with my sympathy, and thought best to adopt other methods for undermining my friendship for him.

"Arthur," she said, at last, seating herself and controlling her rage, "your model friend has insulted both of us. I am an old woman, and he is nothing to me. He has been invited here solely on your account, and if he is fond of you he has declined the invitation solely on mine. There is a certain chivalry—a sense of what is due to any woman under these circumstances—that you understand as well as I do, and I shall leave you to accept or reject its dictates. I ask nothing of you that is based in any way on my relations to you. This fellow has grossly,

and without any apology or explanation, slighted my courtesies, and crowned his insult by accepting those coming from a humbler source—from one of my own tenants in fact."

"I have nothing to say," I responded. "I am really not to blame for his conduct, but I should be ashamed to quarrel with anybody because he would not do what I wanted him to do."

"Very well. If that is your conclusion, I must ask you never to mention his name to me again, and if you hold any communication with him, never to tell me of it. You disappoint me, but you are young, and you must be bitten yourself before you will learn to let dogs alone."

I had come out of the business quite as well as I expected to, but it was her way of working. She saw that I loved my companion with a firmness that she could not shake, and that it really was not in me to quarrel with him. She must wait for favoring time and circumstances, and resort to other arts to accomplish her ends—arts of which she was the conscious mistress. She had not forbidden me to see him and hold intercourse with him. She knew, indeed, that I must see him, and that I could not quarrel with him without offending my father, whose guest he was—a contingency to be carefully avoided.

However, I knew that all practicable means would be used to keep me out of his company during his stay in Bradford, and I was not surprised to be met the next morning with a face cleared from all traces of anger and sullenness, and with projects for the occupation of my time.

"I am getting to be an old woman, Arthur," said she, after a cheery breakfast, "and need help in my affairs, which you ought to be capable of giving me now."

I assured her most sincerely that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to make what return I could for the kindness she had shown me.

Accordingly, she brought out her accounts, and as she laid down her books, and package after package of papers, she said: "I am going to let you into some of my secrets. All that you see here, and learn of my affairs, is to be entirely confidential. I shall show you more than my lawyer knows, and more than anybody knows beyond myself."

Then she opened an account book, and in a neat hand made out a bill for rent to one of her tenants. This was the form which she wished me to follow in making out twenty-five or thirty other bills which she pointed

out to me. As I did the work with much painstaking, the task gave me employment during the whole of the morning. At its close, we went over it together, and she was warm in her praises of my handwriting and the correctness of my transcript.

After dinner she told me she would like to have me look over some of the papers she had left on the table. "It is possible," she said, "that you may find something that will interest you. I insist only on two conditions: you are to keep secret everything you learn, and ask me no questions about what may most excite your curiosity."

One ponderous bundle of papers I found to be composed entirely of bonds and mortgages. It seemed as if she had her hold upon nearly every desirable piece of property in the town. By giving me a view of this and showing me her rent-roll, she undoubtedly intended to exhibit her wealth, which was certainly very much greater than I had suspected. "All this, if you continue to please me," was what the exhibition meant; and young as I was I knew what it meant. To hold these pledges of real estate, and to own this rent-roll was to hold power; and with that precious package in my hands there came to me my first ambition for power, and a recognition of that thirst to gratify which so many men had bartered their honor and their souls. In that book and in those papers lay the basis of the old lady's self-assurance. It was to these that men bowed with deferential respect or superfluous fawning. It was to these that fine ladies paid their devoirs; and a vision of the future showed all these demonstrations of homage transferred to me—a young man—with life all before me. The prospect held not only these but a thousand delights—travel in foreign lands, horses and household pets, fine equipage, pictures, brilliant society, and some sweet unknown angel in the form of a woman, to be loved and petted and draped with costly fabrics and fed upon dainties.

I floated off into a wild, intoxicating dream. All the possibilities of my future came before me. In my imagination I already stood behind that great bulwark against a thousand ills of life which money builds, and felt myself above the petty needs that harass the toiling multitude. I was already a social center and a king. Yet after all, when the first excitement was over, and I realized the condition that lay between me and the realization of my dreams—"all this if you continue to please me"—I knew and felt that I was a slave. I was not my own: I had been purchased. I

could not freely follow even the impulses of my own natural affection.

Tiring of the package at last, and of the thoughts and emotions it excited, I turned to others. One after another I took them up and partly examined them, but they were mostly dead documents—old policies of insurance long since expired, old contracts for the erection of buildings that had themselves grown old, mortgages that had been canceled, old abstracts of title, etc., etc. At last I found, at the bottom of the pile, a package yellow with age; and I gasped with astonishment as I read on the back of the first paper: "*James Mansfield to Peter Bonnicastle.*" I drew it quickly from the tape, and saw exposed upon the next paper: "*Julius Wheeler to Peter Bonnicastle.*" Thus the name went on down through the whole package. All the papers were old, and all of them were deeds—some of them conveying thousands of acres of colonial lands. Thus I learned two things that filled me with such delight and pride as I should find it altogether impossible to describe: first, that the fortune which I had been examining, and which I had a tolerable prospect of inheriting, had its foundations laid a century before by one of my own ancestors; and second, that Mrs. Sanderson and I had common blood in our veins. This discovery quite restored my self-respect, because I should arrive at my inheritance by at least a show of right. The property would remain in the family where it belonged, and, so far as I knew, no member of the family would have a better right to it than myself. I presumed that my father was a descendant of this same Peter Bonnicastle, who was doubtless a notable man in his time; and only the accidents of fortune had diverted this large wealth from my own branch of the family.

This discovery brought up to my memory the conversations that had taken place in my home on my first arrival in the town, between Mr. Bradford and my father. Here was where the "blue blood" came from, and Mr. Bradford had known about this all the time. It was his hint to Mrs. Sanderson that had procured for me my good fortune. My first impulse was to thank him for his service, and to tell him that I probably knew as much as he did of my relations to Mrs. Sanderson; but the seal of secrecy was upon my lips. I recalled to mind Mrs. Sanderson's astonishment and strange behavior when she first heard my father's name, and thus all the riddles of that first interview were solved.

Pride of wealth and power had now firmly

united itself in my mind with pride of ancestry; and though there were humiliating considerations connected with my relations to Mrs. Sanderson, my self-respect had been wonderfully strengthened, and I found that my heart was going out to the little old lady with a new sentiment—a sentiment of kinship, if not of love. I identified myself with her more perfectly than I had hitherto done. She had placed confidence in me, she had praised my work, and she was a Bonnicastle.

I have often looked back upon the revelations and the history of that day, and wondered whether it was possible that she had foreseen all the processes of mind through which I passed, and intelligently and deliberately contrived to procure them. She must have done so. There was not an instrument wanting for the production of the result she desired, and there was nothing wanting in the result.

The afternoon passed, and I neither went home nor felt a desire to do so. In the evening she invited me to read, and thus I spent a pleasant hour preparatory to an early bed.

"You have been a real comfort to me to-day, Arthur," she said, as I kissed her forehead and bade her good-night.

What more could a lad who loved praise ask than this? I went to sleep entirely happy, and with a new determination to devote myself more wholly to the will and the interests of my benefactress. It ceased to be a great matter that my companion for five years was in my father's home, and I saw little of him. I was employed with writing and with business errands all the time. During Henry's visit in Bradford I was in and out of my father's house, as convenience favored, and always while on an errand that waited. I think Henry appreciated the condition of affairs, and as he and Claire were on charming terms, and my absence gave him more time with her, I presume that he did not miss me. All were glad to see me useful, and happy in my usefulness.

When Henry went away I walked down to bid him farewell. "Now don't cry, my boy," said Henry, "for I am coming back; and don't be excited when I tell you that I have engaged to spend the winter in Bradford. I was wondering where I could find a school to teach, and the school has come to me, examining committee and all."

I was delighted. I looked at Claire with the unguarded impulse of a boy, and it brought the blood into her cheeks painfully.

Henry parted with her very quietly—indeed, with studied quietness—but was warm in his thanks to my father and mother for their hospitality, and hearty with the boys, with whom he had become a great favorite.

I saw that Henry was happy, and particu-

larly happy in the thought of returning. As the stage-coach rattled away, he kissed his hand to us all, and shouted "*Au revoir!*" as if his anticipations of pleasure were embraced in those words rather than in the fact that he was homeward-bound.

(To be continued.)

### "FOR THOUGHTS."

A PANSY on his breast she laid,  
Splendid, and dark with Tyrian dyes;  
"Take it; 'tis like your tender eyes,  
Deep as the midnight heaven," she said.

The rich rose mantling in her cheek,  
Before him like the dawn she stood,  
Pausing upon life's height, subdued,  
Yet triumphing, both proud and meek.

And white as winter stars, intense  
With steadfast fire, his brilliant face  
Bent toward her with an eager grace,  
Pale with a rapture half suspense.

"You give me then a thought, O sweet!"  
He cried, and kissed the purple flower,  
And bowed by love's resistless power,  
Trembling he sank before her feet.

She crowned his beautiful bowed head  
With one caress of her white hand;  
"Rise up, my flower of all the land,  
For all my thoughts are yours," she said.

### ART AT THE CAPITOL.

A FRIEND of this writer tells him that one rainy evening, on board an ocean steamer, when walking up and down the deck was out of the question, he sat and listened with due complacency to an enthusiastic American, who was bragging a steady stream about his native country. To weak people, this sort of talk is velvet rubbed backward, but to healthy folks, like my friend, it is exhilarating. He declares he likes to hear a great hearty, hulking fellow, dressed in good clothes, with his pocket full of the chinks, blowing out to a company of luxurious, Europe-

mad, timid, apologizing Americans his absurd defense of everything in America, good and bad alike. But then, he says, there is a limit to this pleasure, as to most things. Free elections and orderly, common-schools, universal reading, writing, and arithmetic, free religion, riddance of primogeniture, entailed estates, House of Lords, and much other feudal rubbish, payment of the national debt, with items of material wealth,—iron mines, copper mines, mines of lead and tin, of silver, quicksilver and gold, with tall talk about Washington and Adams, Jackson and

Lincoln, Sherman and Grant,—all this, and more of the same sort, my friend found strong meat and digested it well; but his bull-necked fellow-passenger "slopped over," as the boys say, when he went on to brag of our doings in the fine arts. Here there was need of some modesty and discrimination, and of these qualities the man had not a whit. Two of his speeches will serve as specimen bricks, and every reader who knows the kind of man (he's no rarity, but a common way-side flower!) can build up his whole discourse from them.

"Why, sir," said he, "them fellers [this phrase means all civilized Europe!] seem to hate a white wall; can't, somehow, bear one inside their houses! Now you know, *we* [this phrase means all civilized America!] think a white, hard-finish wall jest the nicest thing a man can have, and he don't want to put nothing on to it. When it begins to get mussed up, streaked with finger-marks, and greased where folks has leaned their heads, *then* we cover it up with wall-paper, but we only do it when we *has* to do it. Now them fellers, they puts paper on to the walls as soon as ever they are dry, don't wait till they're dirty, seem to *hate* the sight of a white wall!"

The other speech was this: "I've seen every famous building in Europe: I've seen St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, and the Tooleries, and St. Peter's, and all the cathedrals, and everything, and I never seen a building yet that can come anyways near the Capitol at Washington, it's so big, and so *white*!"

We fear we should tread on too many toes if we were to make fun of our fellow-citizen's frank expression of opinion. However, we will say this; that we wouldn't on any account have had him hold his tongue! We don't believe in the wise people having all the say to themselves in this world; ignoramuses, and babes and sucklings have their rights as well, and the only safety is in a multitude of counselors. A year or two ago, when the controversy was raging in Germany over the authenticity of the Holbein Madonna at Dresden, some one placed a book in the gallery, in which every visitor was requested to record his, her, or even its opinion for or against: "Is the Dresden picture, or the Darmstadt picture, the original? Answer, general public, men, women, children, learned and unlearned, wise and foolish—use your faculties, look and think, and then speak!" Everybody obeyed the order and wrote his opinion, and we dare

say that the general verdict was a sensible one: we never heard what it was, it is true; but our faith in the average perceptions, the average taste of the world at large is strong, and we think the critics are more like in the end to come round to the average opinion than the average opinion is to give up to the critics. When Michael Angelo said to the young artist, "Put your statue in the market-place: the light of the public square will test its value," he didn't mean merely that the free light of out-of-doors was better than the managed light of the studio; he meant that the criticism of the market-place was better for the artist than the criticism of his friends and acquaintances. As everybody has a right to his opinion, so almost every opinion has some grain of reason in it, and deserves to be listened to at least, and its worth or worthlessness established.

There can be no doubt that the Capitol at Washington has affected the imaginations of many Americans beside our bragging first-class passenger. When the late estimable Mr. Cole wanted a model for the New Jerusalem, he could think of nothing finer than the Capitol; and, to a cynical observer, the first picture in the "Voyage of Life" looks too much like the traditional American boy starting out in life with the Capitol and the Presidency in his eye!

Yet, surely, there is some excuse for the popular admiration of the Capitol, even if it be called forth by nothing more in reality than a striking bit of stage-effect. For, in the first place, few great public buildings that we recall are so finely placed as the Capitol at Washington, while many a grander structure misses the admiration that is its due merely by being unfortunately placed where it cannot be seen at all as a whole, or where it can only be seen as a whole by getting so far away that all the details of its architecture are lost. St. Peter's and St. Paul's are never seen until they hang in far horizons like clouds that have taken shape. The façades of Notre Dame of Paris, of the Cathedral of Rouen, of the Cathedral of Strasburg, are really never seen at all, though they might be much better seen than they are by the destruction of a few of the surrounding buildings. But our Capitol is as a city set on a hill that cannot be hid, and Washington may grow *ad libitum*, and line all her prairies of avenues with lofty buildings; the Capitol will still crown the view, and draw all eyes to itself. This is one advantage not to be denied, and the size and whiteness of the dome are no doubt impres-



sive at first view to everybody, though the structure cannot stand a thoughtful examination, and will one day be outgrown by all Americans. It was a childish, if not a barbarous taste that erected the present dome; and the confidence we have confessed in the good sense and good taste of the public at large will no doubt be justified when we shall all see, what already a great many see, that this is not architecture, properly speaking, at all, but mere mechanics, having no connection whatever with the art of building, and no more capable of exciting enthusiasm, in the mind of a sincere person who knows what art means, than the boiler of a steam-engine—nor indeed so much; for the boiler is at least a real thing and not a sham, it obeys the laws of boiler construction, and it has some honest work to do in the world and does it.

The dome, on the contrary, is a sham. It springs from a well-built building of white marble, and it passes itself off, to people who do not know that such a dome could not be built of marble, for a marble dome, and by ninety-nine people out of every hundred who see, it is believed to be of marble. And built of marble it should have been, in which case there would have been probably no disproportion between it and the building of which it is a part, for the architect would not have set himself a task he could not perform, and the natural limitations of the structure would have kept all in due proportion. The moment, however, the architect permitted himself to think of putting an iron dome upon a marble building, he was no longer restrained by the law of the building itself, which law should have had his full allegiance, but he felt himself at liberty to do whatever the laws of his new material would permit, and there resulted an immediate and fatal disproportion! The dome is not only an excrescence, having no structural relation to the building proper—it is an ugly excrescence, ugly in its lines, ugly in its disproportion, and we shall, we hope, live to see the day when it will be taken down and a real dome be put up in its place.

We have rested so long under this pretentious piece of smithy-work because, as it seems to us, the most of the "art" that is in and about the Capitol has been commanded and produced in the same spirit that built this iron dome. It is too late now to regret the influences that erected the building itself in the so-called classic style, and that seem to be perennially at work in Washington; so that we shall go on repeating

the same monotonous post and lintel, column and architrave song, from generation to generation; such power has a notion, once fairly lodged in the brain, to make us forget discomforts of all kinds, foul air, insufficient light, want of room, inconvenient planning, and all the teasing miseries that come of trying to wear other people's clothes. But the style of building is fixed, and it will be a long while before it is abandoned for one that shall be more beautiful, more noble to the eye, and better adapted to our wants. Perhaps there will come no change until Washington is no longer the Capital, and we shall begin to erect the buildings for the new one under the direction of that saving common sense that is at the root of true art. The style of building at Washington grew out of the prevailing taste of the time, but the retiring waves of the renaissance,—fairly retired, in fact, and no longer any life or movement in them, settling down into dull stagnation,—had received a new impetus, been set spasmodically rolling again by the sentimental enthusiasm, or make-believe enthusiasm, for so-called classic ideas and ways which sprang up in France just before the Revolution. An enthusiasm that spread all over Europe, kindling touch-wood Italy, rousing sluggish Germany, setting common-sense John Bull to growling, and even to singing in a melodramatic manner about Liberty—with a large L—and the Spartans; finally flowed over to these shores of ours in a softly refluent manner, and made our sensible, prosaic Revolutionary fathers and mothers strike a great many attitudes, and say and do many things not at all natural to them, or to any human beings, at any time or in any country. It was this influence that caused so many buildings public and private to be erected in imitation of Greek temples, and that imported into this country, and into England as well, from France, the fashion in furniture which we call "style of the Empire," from its having been in vogue during the time of the First Napoleon, who shared to the full the affectation of classicism which infected a world of people, weak and foolish, in that befogged time.

This affectation it was that, among other things, made curule-chairs, and sofas à la grecque, and stiff formal side-boards, and bureaux and wardrobes covered with classic masks, and garlands, and torches, all the fashion—furniture beautifully made, but as dull and lacking in ideas as ever was furniture! Old houses in this country are full of it, par-

ticularly in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, and New York, and in the older large towns of New Jersey. All the furniture in the government official houses in Washington, dating from the Jefferson, Franklin, Adams times, is in this style—happily almost all of it now disappearing, and getting displaced by something not much better.\* One sees traces of this theatric affectation for Greek and Roman ways in the old portraits of our notables of that time, particularly in those of Washington, who is oftener represented standing by an "Empire" table with *fascies* for legs, having just risen from a curule chair, and is looking unutterable Roman dignity (as far as that dignity is attainable in powdered hair, lace ruffles, velvet breeches, silk stockings and shoe-buckles!), his noble figure relieved against highly improbable draperies connected somehow with a marble column in the Roman manner! And just as in France at that time we saw Madame Tallien at her parties, setting the fashion to the high French ladies of veiling their beautiful bodies in gauzes as transparent as those of Cos—because Aspasia and Sappho did so, if they did!—and Madame Recamier, at her salons, appearing with her pretty feet quite naked, for similar Greek reasons; and homely, stumpy Madame De Staël painted by Gérard as Sappho—lyre in hand, stumpy figure in peplum, Sappho sitting disconsolate on the Lesbian rocks! and Napoleon getting his coro-

nation robes designed in theatrical, imaginary, Roman imperial style, and taking lessons in posturing of Talma against the ceremonial day;—while classic tricks and manners such as these were playing on the French stage, we have so sensible a woman as plain Abigail Adams, one of the best heads of her time, signing her letters to her husband "Portia," and he himself, the embodiment of strong common sense and straightforward honesty, signing his letters to the newspapers "Cato."

The memories of this era—this queer mixture of hair-powder and peplums, silk stockings and curule-chairs—are written all over the capitol at Washington, as over the White House (we beg pardon, we mean "The Executive Mansion!"), the Treasury Building, and The Patent Office—over these principally, but also over much of less importance. Of course, all the other capital cities of the seaboard States show similar characteristics, but we are not now concerned so much with them. But though the Capitol itself took on a classic, or supposed classic form, it is interesting to observe that there are traces, early in the work, of the growing spirit of realism, which West must have the honor allowed him of having planted in England and in this country, where his authority stood at the highest for many years. In the Rotunda are certain bas-reliefs, one over each of the four doors; difficult to make out whether they are marble, or simply plaster casts, most likely marble; the subjects are taken from early American history: "Penn making his Treaty with the Indians," "Pocahontas saving Capt. Smith," "Landing of the Pilgrims," and "Contest between White Man and Indian."

These bas-reliefs are the work of two Italians and a Frenchman, the Italians, like Persico later, probably mere stone-cutters out of work at home, and turning their steps hitherward in the wake of their countryman Columbus—at some distance, 'tis true—as to an El Dorado or land of easy riches! The Frenchman's name was N. Gevelot: he made the bas-relief of Penn and his Treaty, in 1827. In the same year A. Capellano made the bas-relief of Pocahontas and Smith, and Enrico Causici of Verona made the other two, no date tells us in what year, but evidently about the same time. Probably few persons ever think it worth while to look at these bas-reliefs, but they have a common point of interest nevertheless in the realism that animates them, particularly the "Penn" by Gevelot and the Landing of the Pilgrims by Causici. From foreign artists, French and Italian, at this

\* As a sample of the taste that rules in Washington to-day, take this: A visitor to the White House, looking at the East Room, and seeing the floor covered—it was summer-time—with a matting, asked the person-in-waiting, "What sort of carpet went down in winter-time?" In answer he is told that there is to be put down a very handsome new carpet (Brussels or Wilton, the visitor forgets which); that there is a very large carpet, in one piece, covering the entire floor, presented to the United States by the Sultan of Turkey—"a carpet made expressly for this room, but so uneven in the weaving, and so ugly!—no pattern at all, sir—at least, none that can be made out—ugliest carpet you ever saw, sir!" The visitor asks what is to be done with this ugly Turkey carpet when the handsome spick and span is laid down? "Oh, cut up, I suppose, sir, and used in the upper halls and bed-rooms!" The visitor, with his own inward, unexpressed conviction that a Turkey carpet, particularly if it were one made express by the Sultan for presentation to a great Power, could not by any human possibility be ugly, regrets quietly to himself that he could not have seen the great piece of oriental magnificence before the drummers for the carpet-importers got the ear of the authorities, and accomplished the barbarous substitution of modern spick and span for an object whose only fault could have been that it would make the crimson damask silk curtains, with their thousand-dollar-a-piece lace under-curtains, look as vulgar and as shoddy in taste as they really are!

time, one would have looked for more classicism in the composition, more attitudinizing and straining for effect in the treatment, but in these two at least there is great simplicity and directness. The figure of Penn is meant to be a portrait; he might have stepped out of West's picture of the same subject, and there is no attempt to shirk the homely details of his Quaker costume: the three-cornered hat, the shad-belly coat, silk stockings and shoe-buckles are all there honestly confessed, and the Laws of Art trying to reconcile themselves to them as they best may. More noticeable still is Causici's bas-relief of the "Landing," where one of the Pilgrims, an old lady, is invested in a poke-bonnet, undeniable Quaker bonnet! the artist evidently a little befogged in his investigations into our early history—Quaker lady actually in his bas-relief being hospitably welcomed to the stern and rock-bound coast, in spite of history's statement to the contrary! But that is not our point. Rather, we wish to note that Causici, who called himself a pupil of Canova (Canova's nephew, says Dunlap, being asked whether this were like to be the fact, plainly "sniffs" at Causici's pretensions!)—perhaps only a stone-cutter in Canova's employ, but, at all events, anxious to be thought to have learned something from the master, and to represent him after a fashion—does actually do what Canova never once in all his life would have stooped to do—dresses people as, to the best of his belief, they really did dress in this world, and shows them doing what they have to do in a simple, straightforward, natural way! We should say that with this bas-relief before us there can be no need of asking whether Causici was or was not a pupil of Canova! Either he never was, or, happily, he never learned anything from his master! His work is of the slightest possible artistic value, but, so far as it goes, it is his own and Nature's.

For the pictures that are in the Rotunda of the Capitol—the time seems almost past for saying anything about them. Trumbull's historical contributions, it must be admitted, are of very little value as art, but a certain sentimental interest attaches to them as the work of a person who lived in the times when the scenes they chronicle were acting, and who knew personally many of the people whose portraits he has painted. But he did not make up for his deficiencies as an artist by the truthfulness of his representations; no one of these scenes could have looked to the actual spectator as it looks to us on Trumbull's canvas, and consequently there is

little in the picture that is of permanent value. Even in so slight a matter as the representation of the room in which the Declaration of Independence is being signed, the artist could not be accurate; an engraving of the picture hangs up in the room itself, and one may study the essential differences on the spot. It may be objected that this is a matter of small importance, and we readily admit it, but it is a type of the general inaccuracy that characterizes these pictures, and makes them worthless as history. According to Dunlap, the portraits of persons who were not present at the signing of the Declaration are introduced as if they had been there, as also the portraits of persons who did not sign the document till later; while, on the other hand, the portraits of some who were present are omitted. As a rule, too, the likenesses are inferior to those in the small original, a statement which may be applied to all four of the pictures in the Rotunda. Trumbull was one of the best miniature painters of these modern times, and from the miniatures in oil that he made of the persons whose portraits were to be introduced into these compositions, he painted the pictures first, in little, and very good they were—handy, manageable, pretty pictures, with the most charming miniature heads in them yet painted on this side the ocean; most charming, unless those just beginning to be painted by Malbone in Providence and Boston may be thought to rival them; these of Malbone, however, being true miniatures in water-colors on ivory, while the miniatures painted by Trumbull are in oils. Showing these pretty pictures of his, with the bright, sparkling, speaking miniature portraits, to members of the Continental Congress, they were naturally taken by them, had, few of them, ever seen their like, and straightway gave Trumbull a commission to paint them in large, to be placed in four of the panels of the Rotunda. When, however, the pictures were finished and in their places, it was plain to see that the artist had accepted a task beyond his powers, the enlarged copies being evidently inferior to the pretty originals, and the charming miniatures quite gone! Even the merit of trying to come somewhat nearer the facts of history than was the fashion of his time in England and France, for which he has been much praised, was an imitated virtue in him, not his own motion at all, but borrowed from West, who seems to have been one of the first men of his time to perceive that rationalism in art was to be for some time to come the fashion. West himself has had more

credit than was due him for what he did in this way; his Quaker birth and spare bringing up, without the opportunities that a wealthy cultivated society can give, thinly dieted on common sense and reason, fancy and imagination not allowed—it was in his blood that he should take the side of rationalism in his art. He set a fashion, and Trumbull and Copley followed it, settling the matter for us here in America, at least for some time to come. It were to be wished that instead of such a superabundance of Trumbull's work, we could have had good specimens of the skill of his fellow-countrymen his contemporaries. A panel filled by West and one by Copley would have been very acceptable. But, then, let us be reasonably thankful that Trumbull's proposal to the Government to go on indefinitely painting pictures six feet by nine, or four by six, at twenty-five hundred dollars a-piece for the President's House and the Capitol Committee-Rooms, was not accepted. Enough of Trumbull as it is!

Of the other pictures in the Rotunda—those in the panels, we mean, for of the astounding fresco in the dome we surely may be excused from speaking!—of the remaining paintings in the panels, then, Mr. Robert Weir's seems to us much the most respectable. No doubt the artist has put into this picture of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" the best work he is able to do, and certainly the picture is a respectable one. Horatio Greenough, a good critic, wrote of it: "The general aspect of the picture is striking. . . . The composition of lines is worthy of Mr. Weir, and shows a profound study of that very difficult branch of his art. There is no clap-trap or vulgar effect in the arrangement—all are in their places, and a pleasing variety has been created without any theatrical make-shift. The subject has been treated with due reverence, conscientiously. It is a work of good omen."\* Thus much may be admitted; but also we must agree with Greenough when he goes on to say that the men and women are not so well painted as the things. "I am out of humor with that dress, so real, which mocks my desire to see men. The armor is true Milan steel. The men are foggy." This is true, but it is not the painter's fault that it is true—he simply cannot paint men and women, that is all, and he has naturally enough painted best what he felt best able to paint. The picture, how-

ever, is not open to the charge of being a formal academic production. There is a home-flavor about it that gives it a certain zest, and something is in it that saves it from contempt in spite of its dreary color and the want of vigor in the heads.

Vanderlyn's "Landing of Columbus," of which the composition only is the artist's, the actual painting of it having been done by some hired Paris jobber, is not a work of any value. The picture might have been made interesting enough by a simple adherence to evident facts—without any stage-play or ballet-dancing contrivances, but by the mere natural bringing together of these two strange elements, the savage and the civilized, under a tropic sky with tropic vegetation, and the accompaniment of the Spanish shipping, such as it was, and the swarming canoes of these amphibious natives. Or, if it had fallen into the hands of a great landscape painter, we might have been treated to some splendid vision of the Indian isles, with such light as never was on sea or land, the human action being subordinated as in your Claudes, and Poussins, and Turners, to a mere decorative assemblage telling its story in a spectacular manner, and without scrupulous regard to truth of detail—the landscape being the matter of chief importance. But, alas! why wish for the impossible? Vanderlyn was little of a painter any way, and certainly no landscape-painter, as any one may see from this picture, and even from those other temporarily famous pictures, the "Ariadne" and the "Marius." Query: Whether Vanderlyn would ever have been known at all had it not been for those two lucky accidents that befell him: First, our own Durand, Ashur Brown Durand, late president of the Academy, and well known to all of us as a landscape-painter of the respectable-conventional sort, but who once promised to be known to all the world as an engraver of extraordinary merit, had not misfortune befallen his eyes,—Durand seeing the "Ariadne," beautiful naked female figure, lying in innocent enough exposure on a green bank under the clear sky, thinks that he can engrave it attractively, buys the picture, does engrave it in a way truly admirable, and sends Vanderlyn's name, coupled with his own, out into the world wherever the arts are cared for and honored. Second lucky accident: Vanderlyn paints the picture of "Marius sitting on the Ruins of Carthage," a picture, to our eyes, absolutely dead and devoid of all human interest—only point of real interest in it the poor fox wandering among the ruins,

\* Quoted by Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, p. 209.

actual fox started from its hiding-place in the ruins of old Rome, by Vanderlyn meditating this picture, and strolling about on the Campagna with his friend Washington Allston. All the rest of the canvas is unreal, and only this little bit of reality and reminiscence keeps it sweet for us. Far otherwise thought Napoleon, in love with classicalities, as, passing through the salon of that year 1808 with his staff, he "inspected all the pictures, then walked quickly back to the 'Marius,' and, bringing down his forefinger as he pointed to it, said, in his usual rapid way, 'Give the medal to that!'"\* These were Vanderlyn's two pieces of luck. Thanks to these, he made a great name, and secured the commission to paint a picture for the Capitol, which commission he filled in this shabby way, making a design and getting it painted by hired Paris jobber!

The reader who has seen them will excuse our skipping hastily over the other two pictures in the Rotunda—Powell's "Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto," and Chapman's "Baptism of Pocahontas." For Chapman's picture perhaps gentle pity is the most appropriate treatment. If one could only quietly veil it from sight, or in some way expedite the exhaling of it into thinnest air, which seems the natural mode of disappearance for such a piece of feebleness! A subject, in the first place, no way suitable for such a position—not, properly speaking, a national-historical subject at all—one wonders why it was chosen, and concludes that politics had somewhat to do with the matter; some compliment to Virginia perhaps, his native State, and to John Randolph, descended from Pocahontas, as everybody knows, just as politics gave the other panel to Powell, who hailed from Ohio—and shall not the West be honored in her artist, too? But, whatever motive moved to the choice of such an unimportant subject, incapable of picturesque treatment in the hands of anybody, surely all the world may see that Chapman has distilled it into pure unadulterated weakness and vapid sentimentality. Even if it had been treated in the realistic way, and with stark adherence to the dull commonplaces of the event, the picture could not have wakened any interest in us; but this sentimental prettifying of such a dull matter is not tolerable—best give it the go-by.

Powell's "De Soto" deserves harsher words; but we may take it for granted people generally have made up their minds it is a

thoroughly worthless piece of mendacity. Was never anything quite so bad done in our part of the world, until on one of the staircase walls of the Capitol the late Emanuel Leutze painted his fresco, "The Western Emigrants." Then Mr. Powell's picture was surpassed, and even made to seem comparatively respectable, but it cannot be a pleasant task to any one to dilate upon either of these most unhappy productions. May the day not be far distant when it will be impossible to find an American artist at once so poorly provided with the rudimentary knowledge of his profession—knowledge alike of principles and practice—and so shameless in the display of his ignorance as the author of either of these pictures. And may we, some time or another, have a Congress that shall refuse to allow itself to be taken in by any reputation, that shall refuse to give any commission for picture or statue until it have guarantees that the person to whom it is given can, if he be so disposed, fill it in a way that will be of some advantage to the country. The space to be filled by paintings on the walls of the Capitol is too small that we should waste any of it, and it would be wise if no picture were finally accepted until a cartoon of it, or some sufficient hint of what it would look when finished, had been allowed to fill the appointed place during one round winter of Congress and Washington society. Then let the members use their own eyes and their own minds, accepting or refusing as their honest judgments may decide—our word for it, in the course of no long time we should see better pictures at the Capitol—better pictures, and better statues too.

It is by a method as simple and straightforward as the one we propose, that the country has come to be possessed of the only really good picture that is to be found in the Capitol, Mr. Thomas Moran's "Great Cañon of the Yellowstone." This picture was taken to Washington at the strong urging of persons who thought the government ought to buy it and put it in the Capitol. When it reached Washington it was allowed a resting-place in the Speaker's Room, and during some weeks was seen by a great many members of Congress and by visitors to the Capitol. Finally it was purchased, and it is a pleasant thing to be able to say, considering how much talk there is of speculation, and jobbery, and improper influences used, in every Congressional grant of money, that Mr. Moran's picture was bought on its own merits, and that the money paid for it came to the artist undiminished by a penny of

\* Tuckerman, p. 130.



brokerage disguised under whatever name. This ought not to be thought a matter worthy of mention, but, as things are, we suppose it is not amiss to record it. Considering what poor luck has been ours thus far in getting good pictures for our Capitol, we cannot but think it a good omen that the notion which lies at the bottom of the much-desired and much-promised reform in the Civil Service, should also seem to be getting accepted in the matter of our Fine Art service, and that one of the first evidences of a change of

heart should be the purchase outright of a good picture after careful examination of it—a picture painted by an artist almost unknown, a man too modest to trumpet his own praises, and absolutely ignorant of the first principles of that “business talent” by which so many “great reputations” have grown up like Jonah’s gourd in a night, and so many fortunes equally sudden, and, alas! equally unsubstantial, have been achieved.

Another month, and the statues shall have their turn.

## A VISION OF ST. ELIGIUS.

### I.

I SEE thy house, but I am blown about,  
A wind-mocked kite, between the earth and sky,  
All out of doors—alas! of thy doors out,  
And drenched in dews no summer suns can dry.

For every blast is passion of my own;  
The dews cold sweats of selfish agony;  
Dank vapor steams from memories lying prone;  
And all my soul is but a stifled cry.

### II.

Lord, thou dost hold my string, else were I driven  
Down to some gulf where I were tossed no more;  
No turmoil telling I was not in heaven;  
No billows raving on a blessed shore.

Thou standest on thy door-sill, calm as day,  
And all my throbs and pangs are pulls from thee;  
Hold fast the string, lest I should break away,  
And outer dark and silence swallow me.

### III.

No longer fly thy kite, Lord; draw me home.  
Thou pull’st the string through all the distance bleak;  
Lord, I am nearing thee; O Lord, I come;  
Thy pulls grow stronger and the wind grows weak.

In thy remodeling hands thou tak’st thy kite;  
A moment to thy bosom hold’st me fast.  
Thou flingest me abroad:—lo! in thy might,  
A strong-winged bird I soar on every blast.

## AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL "BREAKFAST."

ONE of the most praiseworthy characteristics of English country life is the Archæological Society, which flourishes in almost every county. The great landed proprietors of the neighborhood, titled and untitled, are its real patrons and honorary members; the clergymen form its most effectual and practical staff. The ruins of old abbeys, the Roman roads, camps or aqueducts, the restored churches of long ages ago, with which England is thickly strewn, form the subject for the investigations of the Society and the pretext for a week's pleasuring, pic-nic, and "camping out," that makes a pleasant holiday in many a hard-working life. Men and women of all classes and occupations belong to it,—some through genuine love of antiquarian researches, and many because the excitement involved in these annual tours is very alluring in itself.

The social side of the solemn "progress" has strong claims on our consideration. It is a sacred custom, and one the fulfillment of which is broadly suggested by the chairman each time the scientific caravan draws near a country manor-house, that the whole Society should be royally feasted and entertained by the squires of the district. On this account it is that many who are not *bona-fide* members, associate themselves temporarily with the Society, and thus gain free access to the very innermost of houses and grounds, which they could otherwise never hope to visit.

It happened that a few years ago, our house in Gloucestershire was honored by an invasion of "Archæologicals" to the number of at least seventy members. The house was small, and though built on the site of a former abbey dependency, its greater part (with the exception of one square ivied tower) was entirely modern. But the many gables and buttresses, the high pitched roof, the oval windows glazed with the small diamond panes of Tudor times, the stone balustrades bordering the terraces that rose in picturesque unevenness around the flower-garden and shrubberies,—everything, indeed, wore an oldtime look, and carried one back to the days of stately Elizabeth and Raleigh.

We received information from the chairman of the perambulating Society, that our guests would arrive at such and such an hour (about luncheon-time, I think), and after partaking of our hospitality, would go on to the little town and inspect the church, the family monuments, the almshouses, and an old grammar-school and farm-house of the fourteenth century, finishing with a ruined and

deserted chapel of very ancient date in a small hamlet a mile or so further than the town.

We spent a good deal of time and trouble getting up the substantial part of the entertainment, and the whole household was busy for days in the various departments, making enormous pasties, wonderful conglomerations of cold meats, pies, galantines, mountains of confectionery and inimitable brown-bread, ices and cream-cheeses, for the expected guests. The fruit and flower decoration of the long table in the Elizabethan dining-room might have shamed a painter's taste, and the adjuncts of highly carved oak chairs, sculptured stone mantelpiece, and family portraits covering the walls, made a splendid and appropriate background.

We expected a very particular "lion" with the Archæological Society, Miss Agnes Strickland, the veteran historian of English and Scottish royalty, and the brave advocate of slandered Mary Stuart. Her books had been familiar to us from childhood, and stood on the old library shelves in imposing array, twenty or thirty volumes at least.

The day came, and towards noon we were all expectation. It was quite a novel experience, and we had been anxiously looking forward to it. The Society arrived in numberless vehicles of all kinds and sizes, some very much over-loaded. It did not look very fashionable; indeed, its costumes were, on the contrary, rather eccentric. The gentlemen wore rusty black clothes, tourists' costumes, shooting garments—anything. The ladies had on very thick boots, blue veils, saucer-shaped hats, and all manner of comfortable, though hardly elegant wraps. Altogether the males of the party looked "seedy," and their companions "strong-minded." It was a curious bevy to welcome to the quiet old house.

Many clergymen were there, earnest in searching out ecclesiastico-architectural details, and some of them very much interested in our domestic chapel, a little Gothic gem, which, albeit modern, was worthy of the thirteenth century. The guests roamed from room to room, admiring, as one does in a museum, the objects of art and *virtus* scattered around, and now and then issuing out on the terraced flower-garden, laid out English-wise, in geometrical patterns of brilliantly tinted and well-contrasted flowers. The huge cruciform barn, supposed to have been a monastic tithe-barn, and which now served as a

coach-house and stables, drew much attention and occasioned scientific comments without number. Most people mistake it for a church, on first approaching it from the carriage-road, and the illusion is heightened by the narrow slits like lancet windows, cut between the buttresses, and the *quasi* cross-shaped ornament that crowns its foremost gable. Bouquets were hastily picked and presented to the ladies of the party, as we accompanied them through the grounds, stopping to see the views which certain openings cut among the trees were calculated to frame to the best advantage.

There were more people than we had reckoned on, but, thanks to the prudence of our invaluable house-keeper, not more than we were prepared for. There certainly was a goodly proportion of guests whose devotion to archæology was less perceptible than their reverent curiosity about their superiors. We had been warned of this, and if it gave these good people any pleasure to see how we dined, lived, slept and prayed, it certainly was no trouble to us to gratify the innocent prying. So with our incongruous medley of visitors the time passed quickly and pleasantly till the gong boomed out its summons to "breakfast." There was a rush for the dining-room, but the Society could not get in all together (for the table would not seat much more than twenty or thirty at a time), so it had to feed in batches. It must have been very hungry, for the first batch left but a wreck for the second to finish, and the third had to be appeased with the reserve dishes that prudence had only just supplied in time. I eschewed the "breakfast," and continued doing the honors of the house and grounds.

Miss Agnes Strickland had come with the rest. She seemed wonderfully buoyant and sociable. It was the first time I had seen an "authoress" face to face, and one whose works were so familiar to me as standard school-books. She was an old woman, tall, healthy and masculine, a great talker, and a cheery, warm-hearted person. She was asked to give us a quiet week after the Archæological jaunt, and she consented, apparently very gladly. The afternoon being now pretty far advanced, it was thought time, though the days were still long, to resume the ostensible "business" which lay at the root of this banqueting tour. It was a pretty and a curious sight to see the male and female antiquaries gather from all parts of the house and grounds, some fresh from devotional admiration of the Gothic chapel, others from

poring over the Carthaginian marbles ingeniously wrought into a mosaic table, others again from poetic wanderings in the shrubberies, at the back of the house. The carriages were once more packed, and the Society's implements—hammers for the geological, poetical guide-books for the romantic, sun-umbrellas for the practical—safely stowed away. The procession defiled through the park and wood and stopped at Campden—Chipping Campden, as it is called in its full dignity of a market-town, *chipping* being Saxon for *market* (so at least I have been told). There the architectural curiosities of a fourteenth-century parish church, et cetera, engaged the Society's attention for an hour or two—much less time, as we reflected, than it had given to the lounging "breakfast" I have just described.

We saw no more, for a long time, of any Archæological Societies, and this "feast of reason and flow of soul" remained a solitary experience in our quiet records; but within a month Miss Agnes Strickland returned and paid us the promised visit.

She was most kind to me, and often talked, very much as she does on paper, about history and biography, etc. But there is a poetic side to her talent, little known to the world; she presented me with a copy of verses in her own handwriting, and also wrote her name in full on the fly-leaf of one of her own early books, *Alda, the British Captive*, a tale of the first ages of Christianity in Rome and Britain. This was seeing the biographer of English Queens in quite a new light. She proved herself a most agreeable companion, an indefatigable walker, and a sympathizing conversationalist, all the time I was with her.

She was like a new study to me. What was strangest about her was the intense earnestness and gravity of her interest in things gone by: she spoke of historical events three or four hundred years old in the tone of actual concern with which we canvass the passing deeds of to-day; the morning newspaper did not interest her at all, while an old chronicle would keep her placidly occupied for many pleasant hours. Above all, Mary Stuart—her wrongs, her sorrows, and the history of her accusations with their denials—was an all-absorbing topic of conversation. One morning at breakfast she talked of this so long as to send half the company to sleep, but she was too deep in her subject to mind that. She is one of the most whole-souled, warm-hearted beings I ever met, a woman whose genuine enthusiasm is a refreshing experi-

ence, and whom it is a pleasure and an honor to count among one's friends. Since that short visit I have never seen her, but we corresponded occasionally, and her letters were, like herself, full of heart, of youth, of energy and self-reliance. She lives alone in a little cottage in one of the southern counties of England, the center of a wide circle of friends

whom she does not know by name, but who know her and her efforts well; a little lonely, perhaps, when she looks around upon the homes that she can see with the eyes of the flesh, but happier in the visionary world of the past, where she dwells with bright, holy, beautiful, or gifted women, and knightly, generous men.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Thoughts after Christmas.

WHEN we witness the persistent efforts that are made by a certain class of philosophers to shake and undermine the popular faith in Christianity, we wonder whether it ever occurs to them to question what this country and the world would be if those efforts should succeed,—if all the churches should be closed or transformed into places of business and pleasure, if there should be no more inculcation of Christian morals based upon divine authority, if all the mission-schools should be shut up and all the charities abandoned that grow out of Christian love and duty, if all the hopes of happy immortality should be extinguished, and all the assurances of divine sympathy and ministry should fall upon faithless ears and deadened hearts. We do not think that a question like this ever finds foothold in them, else, for humanity's sake, they would smother their doubts in their own bosoms, and keep their crude and cruel speculations to themselves. If Christianity is a lie, it has proved itself to be more fruitful of love and beneficence than any truth ever discovered. If Christianity is a lie, then the devil is God, and the world's first and foremost benefactor. If Science is the source and the test of all truth relating to humanity, and Christianity is a fable, then fable is the natural food and refuge of the soul; and we are left to thank the devil for everything which makes life desirable, and death a transformation into a higher life,—everything which elevates morals, regulates the animal appetites and passions, encourages the desponding, and gives to life the significance of a school for a spiritual sphere of existence.

To blot out Christianity would be to blot out a civilization which has achieved more for human good, and done more to realize the brotherhood of men than all the philosophies and all the other religions of the world combined. To blot out Christianity would be to blot out the sacredness of our domestic relations, blot out the sense of moral obligation, blot out ten thousand charities that have their root in Christian love, blot out the Sabbath with all its hallowed associations and influences, blot out the conservative influence of the Christian church, blot out the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, blot out the inspiring influence of the only spotless human

life ever lived, blot out the sense of spiritual relationship to the divine, blot out prayer, a personal deity and heaven.

Will the philosophers be kind enough to tell us what they propose to substitute for this weak and wretched fable that, for eighteen centuries, intrenched within the purest and best minds of every century, has not only been able to defend itself against all their assaults, but to thrive and grow strong? What good do they bring us to compensate for it? What new center for the heart of man, what new example for imitation, what new inspiration to self-denial for the sake of others, what new purifying influence upon morals, what new encouragements in a life of toil and trouble, what new motives to the shaping of noble character do they propose to give us in the place of that which they take away? Do they ever think of this?

But the man of science is the man pre-eminently of reason. Is he? Will he be kind enough, then, to tell us the reason why error is so much more fruitful of good to men than truth? Here is a system of morals and religion which, if embraced in its simplicity and entirety, is demonstrably capable of transforming every human home into a heaven, of reducing to harmony all the disorders of society, of doing away with all wars between nationalities, of substituting the law of benevolence for that of selfishness in all human relations, of subjecting the animal to the spiritual in human life, of producing the sweetest types of character that the world has ever known, of sustaining the heart in trouble and sorrow, and of making death a scene of triumphant happiness and hope. Where did it come from? It was an invention of a weak enthusiast, was it? It is a fable for women and weak men to believe in, is it? Has the world been fruitful of such things? Did it come up out of the ground? Must we have everything by induction and nothing by superinduction? Was God Almighty, as He lives and reigns in the human mind, developed from a polyp? What awful nonsense a man of reason may believe in! If the undevout astronomer is mad, the unchristian man of reason is an ass.

In an age when science undertakes to apply its tests to the material uses of prayer, and dawdling among second causes, stumbles upon the Almighty at every step, and fixes its little label upon the purple

of His robe and calls Him "Force;" when it puts on airs of superiority over its retorts and re-agents, and presumes to settle questions relating to a realm of life and research as remote from it as mind is from matter; when it talks about nature as a key-board, below the lowest note of which it finds nothing to learn, and nothing to learn above the highest,—not even the name of the person who made the piano staring him in the face during every moment of his study,—it becomes the Christian not only to preserve his equanimity, but to hold his head erect. The time is past for making apologies for Christianity. If apologies are due from any man it is from him who does not know God when he meets Him, and cannot recognize, in a system of religion which has demonstrated itself to be the purest and noblest force in all human civilization, that which is authoritative and divine. Is the experience of millions of hearts and lives to be proved illusory in a crucible? Are the possibilities and verities of divine revelation to be measured by a yard-stick?

On the whole, it was well that the bells were rung, that wise men; like the magi of old on the first Christmas morning, bore gifts to childhood, that good wishes were exchanged, that feasts were spread, that the churches were filled with worshiping and rejoicing crowds, and that, for one day, all Christendom was bright with happiness and resonant with congratulations. It is well, too, to be sorry for those who, bound to the science of materials, have no comprehension of the science of morals and of history,—to pity those who, recognizing no facts but those apprehensible by the senses, fail to find the life and love which inform them, and ignore a revelation of truths of which the senses take no cognizance. For the bells will ring on through all the generations with finer and fuller music on every coming Christmas; the hands of those now unborn will blossom with richer gifts than those which bless our children; congratulations will fill all the lands and all the homes of the world, and our blessed fable will live until it shall be decked with all the laurels of Science, and until Reason shall be a devout learner at the feet of Faith. The one reforming, purifying, humanizing and saving influence of the world will not be outlived or outlawed. Even if its perpetuity depended upon the suffrages of humanity—which it does not—humanity cannot afford its sacrifice and will not consent to it.

#### The Neglect of the Rich.

If any of the millionaires of the City of New York have felt grieved because we have not called upon them, or because we do not even know their faces when we happen to meet them, we beg their pardon. We have had no intention to slight them, or to count them out of the circle of humanity by reason of their comparative independence of it. We do not blame them for being rich, unless they have procured their wealth by oppression of the poor. Some of them have be-

come rich because they were brighter and more industrious than the rest of us, and recognized quicker than we the elusive faces of golden opportunities. We can find no fault with them for this, but rather with ourselves. Some of them inherited wealth, and have no responsibilities concerning it save those connected with the spending of it. Some of them acquired it by accident—by the rise of real estate that they had held, perhaps, unwillingly, or by an unlooked-for appreciation of the value of stocks. However their wealth may have been acquired—always excepting that which has been won by immoral practices—we wish to have them understand that we think none the worse of them for their pleasant fortune. We regard them still as men and brothers, who delight in the sympathy of their fellows, and whose hearts are warmed by the popular confidence and good-will.

We confess that we have never been quite able to understand why it is that those who have been fortunate in life should be compelled, in consequence, to sacrifice their early friendships and their old friends. Two boys begin life together. They may, or may not, be relatives; but they are bosom-friends. They confide to one another their plans and ambitions, and start out on the race for fortune, neck-and-neck. One outstrips the other, and reaches his goal gladly and gratefully. He has thrown no hindrances in the path of his friend. He has, on the contrary, encouraged him; and, so far as it was proper for him to do so, given him assistance. Finding at last that he is hopelessly floundering in the way, or that he has tripped and fallen, he goes back to him to exchange a friendly word, but he is met by cold looks and averted eyes. The successful man has committed no sin except that of becoming successful. He has lost none of his affection for his friend, but he has lost his friend. Thenceforward there is between the two a great gulf fixed, and that gulf is fixed by the unsuccessful man. He has taken to himself the fancy that the successful man must hold the unsuccessful man in dishonor, and that he cannot possibly meet him again on the even terms which existed when their lives were untried plans.

There are few successful men, we imagine, who have not been vexed and wounded by the persistent misapprehensions and distrust of those whom they loved when they were young, and whom they would still gladly love if they could be permitted to do so. There is not an hour, on any day, in this city, in which thriving men do not cross the street to meet old friends who, because they are not thriving, strive to avoid them—not an hour in which they do not try by acts of courtesy and hearty good-will to hold the friendship of those whom they have left behind in the strife for fortune. Excepting a few churls and coxcombs, they all do this until they get thoroughly tired of it, and finally give it up as a bad job. They know that they have done their duty. They know that they have not entertained a thought or performed an act of wrong toward those who shun them. Their consciences are clear, and, at last, half in sorrow,



half in anger, they consent that the knot that once united two harmonious lives shall be severed forever.

There are many men who cannot bear prosperity when it comes to them, but their number is small compared to those who cannot bear the prosperity of others. There is no finer test of true nobility of character than that furnished by the effect of the good fortune of friends. The poor man who rejoices in the prosperity of his neighbor, and meets him always without distrust and with unshaken self-respect, betrays unconsciously a nature and character which a king might envy. To such a man every rich man bows with cordial recognition, while he cannot fail to regard with contempt the insolent churl who meets him with bravado and the offensive assertion of an equality which he does not feel, as well as the cowardly sneak who avoids and distrusts him.

A great deal is said about the insolence of riches and the neglect or disregard of the poor on the part of those who possess them, but, in sober truth, there is a neglect of the rich on the part of the poor that is quite as unjust and quite as hard to bear. If there is a gulf between the rich man and the poor man, the latter does quite as much to dig it and keep it open as the former. There are multitudes of rich men whose wealth has the tendency to enlarge their sympathies, and to fill them with good-will, particularly toward all those whom they have known in their less prosperous years. To these men of generous natures the loss of sympathy and friendship is a grievous deprivation.

Money does not make the man. The poor man will tell us this as if he believed it, but either he does not believe it, or he believes that the rich man does not believe it; certainly, in his intercourse with the rich man, he does not manifest his faith in this universally accepted maxim. He merely accepts the rich man's courtesies as condescension and patronage, and is offended by them. No; let no poor man talk of the pride and superciliousness of riches until his self-respectful poverty is ready to meet those riches half way, and to have faith in the good-will and common human sympathy of those who bear them.

#### Habits of Literary Labor.

When Mr. Pickwick informed Mr. Jingle that his friend Mr. Snodgrass had a strong poetic turn, Mr. Jingle responded:

"So have I—Epic poem—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night—bang the field-piece—twang the lyre—fired a musket—fired with an idea—rushed into wine-shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—another idea—wine-shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, sir."

There are other people beside Mr. Pickwick who accept this method of literary production as quite natural and legitimate. We remember seeing, some years ago, a sketch by an extravagant humorist of a man, who wrote a book in a single night, tossing each

sheet as it was finished over his left shoulder, pursuing his work with a pen that hissed with the heat of the terrible friction, and fainting away into the arms of anxious friends when the task was finished. Preposterous as the fiction was, it hardly exaggerated an idea prevalent in many minds that literary production is a sort of miraculous birth, that is as strenuous and inevitable as the travail which brings a new being into life. Indeed, there are some, perhaps many, writers who practically entertain the same notion. They depend upon moods, and if the moods do not come nothing comes. They go to their work without a will, and impotently wait for some angel to stir the pool, and if the angel fails to appear that settles the question for them. Such men of course accomplish but little. Few of them ever do more than show what possibilities of achievement are within them. They disappoint themselves, disappoint their friends, and disappoint a waiting public that soon ceases to wait, and soon transfers its expectations to others. Literary life has very few satisfactions for them, and often ends in a resort to stimulating drinks or drugs in order to produce artificially the mood which will not come of itself.

There is a good deal of curiosity among literary men in regard to the habits of each other. Men who find their work hard, their health poor, and their production slow, are always curious concerning the habits of those who accomplish a great deal with apparent ease. Some men do all their writing in the morning. Some of them even rise before their households, and do half their day's work before breakfast. Others do not feel like going to work until after breakfast and after exercise in the open air. Some fancy that they can only work in the evening, and some of these must wait for their best hours until all but themselves are asleep. Some cannot use their brains at all immediately after exercise. Some smoke while writing, some write on the stimulus of coffee, and some on that of alcohol. Irregularity and strange whims are supposed to be characteristic of genius. Indeed, it rather tells against the reputation of a man to be methodical in his habits of literary labor. Men of this stripe are supposed to be mechanical plodders, without wings, and without the necessity of an atmosphere in which to spread them.

We know of no better guide in the establishment of habits of literary labor than common sense. After a good night's sleep and a refreshing breakfast, a man ought to be in his best condition for work, and he is. All literary men who accomplish much and maintain their health do their work in the morning, and do it every morning. It is the daily task, performed morning after morning, throughout the year—carefully, conscientiously, persistently—that tells in great results. But in order to perform this task in this way, there must be regular habits of sleep, with which nothing shall be permitted to interfere. The man who eats late suppers, attends parties and clubs, or dines out every night, cannot work in the morning. Such a

man has, in fact, no time to work in the whole round of the hours. Late and irregular habits at night are fatal to literary production as a rule. The exceptional cases are those which have fatal results upon life in a few years.

One thing is certain: no great thing can be done in literary production without habit of some sort; and we believe that all writers who maintain their health work in the morning. The night-work on our daily papers is killing work, and ought to be followed only a few years by any man. A man whose work is that of literary production ought always to go to his labor with a willing mind, and he can only do this by being accustomed to take it up at regular hours. We called upon a preacher the other day—one of the most eloquent and able men in the American pulpit. He was in his study, which was out of his house; and his wife simply had to say that there was no way by which she could get at him, even if she should wish to see him herself. He was wise. He had his regular hours of labor, which no person was permitted to interrupt. In the afternoon he could be seen; in the morning, never. A rule like this is absolutely necessary to every man who wishes to accomplish much. It is astonishing how much a man may accomplish with the habit of doing his utmost during three or four hours in the morning. He can do this every day, have his afternoons and evenings to himself, maintain the highest health, and live a life of generous length.

The reason why some men never feel like work in the morning is, either that they have formed other habits, or that they have spent the evening improperly. They have only to go to their work every morning, and do the best they can for a dozen mornings in succession, to find that the disposition and power to work will come. It will cost a severe effort of the will, but it will pay. Then the satisfaction of the task performed will sweeten all the other hours. There is no darker or deadlier shadow than that cast upon a man by a deferred and waiting task. It haunts him, chases him, harries him, sprinkles bitterness in his every cup, plants thorns in his pillow, and renders him every hour more unfit for its performance. The difference between driving literary work and being driven by it is the difference between heaven and hell. It is the difference between working with the will and working against it. It is the difference between being a master and being a slave.

Good habit is a relief, too, from all temptation to the use of stimulants. By it a man's brain may become just as reliable a producer as his hand, and the cheerfulness and healthfulness which it will bring to the mind will show themselves in all the issues of the mind. The writings of those contemporaneous geniuses, Scott and Byron, illustrate this point sufficiently. One is all robust health, the result of sound habit; the other all fever and irregularity. What could Poe not have done with Mr. Longfellow's

habit? No; there is but one best way in which to do literary work, and that is the way in which any other work is done—after the period devoted to rest, and with the regularity of the sun.

#### To the Memory of George P. Putnam.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE was a notable confluent of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. It rose among the mountains and rocks of American magazine literature, and brought a pure tide into the present prosperous stream. Its source was the heart and brain of him whose name we have written above, and, now that that heart and brain are still, it is as fitting as it is delightful for us to pay our tribute of respect to their memory. Other pens have chronicled Mr. Putnam's history, and told his worth, but it is every journalist's privilege to sweeten his columns with the records of a good life.

The name of Mr. Putnam has been for many years known throughout the nation in association with the best books. He was a genuine lover of literature, and a friend as well as patron of literary men. Quick to recognize and ready to encourage merit in others, he was himself a good writer and an excellent critic. If he failed to reap the rewards of his life-long industry in pecuniary advantage, it was mainly because his interest in literature rose above pecuniary considerations. He loved it more for its own sake, and for the sake of his country, than for any personal benefit which it might bring to him. He was also a connoisseur in art, and took, in the last months of his life, many a day from his absorbing business pursuits to give fitting inauguration to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with whose birth his name and loving service will be forever associated. There is not a publisher in the United States who does not feel that in Mr. Putnam's death he has lost one of the brightest, best, and most honorable representatives of his guild.

It is natural that we yoke his memory with that of the beloved Scribner. Both were men of culture, men of religion, men of honor, men of lovely personal and social qualities, and men who, from sterling principle and an innate love of that which was pure and good, refused to debase their important office by ministering to vulgar tastes for gain. Both were as conscientious as they were critical, and their death is a common loss to literature and the wide life that feeds upon it.

A noble man, a tender husband, a kind and affectionate father, a true friend, an honorable man of business, a patron and promoter of progress in literature and art, a wise counselor, and a Christian citizen expired when Mr. Putnam closed his eyes in that mysterious thrill which was but the bursting in upon him of the vision of a spiritual world. Peace to his ashes, blessings upon his memory, consolation to his family and friends, and fruitfulness to the influence of his life and character!

## THE OLD CABINET.

As I was passing along one of the west-side avenues the other afternoon, my way was obstructed by some workmen who were carrying boxes from an open lot and piling them in a cart which had been backed up against the curb. The boxes were of unpainted pine, oblong, and of various sizes—each with a number chalked upon it. I soon found out what was happening. The contents of an old city graveyard were being removed to an out-of-town cemetery, to make room for a row of new brick stores. The graves belonged to a congregation of early German settlers, whose great grandchildren perpetuated the ancient associations of church and country, and had found ample room, far from the impertinence of improvement, where they might be gathered to their fathers—or, at least, where their fathers might be gathered to them.

The mourners did not go about the streets; there was not a wet eye anywhere; not so much as a handkerchief. No—not even the sable, squeak-soled undertaker, to give that air of solemn decency to the occasion—in its presence dreadful, but in its unused absence more awful still. And yet it was the saddest funeral that ever I saw.

Yes, leather-faced, jovial, cursing Irishmen hustling your pine boxes over the sidewalk; yes, red-cheeked girls and boys peering between the fence-palings with eyes of wonder; yes, twittering snow-birds; yes, great hurrying procession of people, with hearts full of Christmas or the devil; yes, dreamy loiterer—this is what it all comes to! You shall have your day to be wept over and honored, dead; your one, own, only funeral: the closed blinds; the decorous little bi-colored banner of woe at the door-knob; the rows of strange chairs in the parlor; the scent of flowers; the hushed crowd; the tremulous prayer; the low voice of the singers; the tears; the stifled sobs; the sudden, heart-broken out-cry; the hearse; the dust-to-dust. But the big world will move on in its way; aye—the little world that was all the world to you,—it also will move on. Not without a difference, surely; for to some others it will never again be the same world. Still, it will move on. The living will not forget you—O, no! Your image in some hearts may grow dim and dimmer, but in others it will be ever fresh and bright and beautiful. "The living!"—but what about the dead! Is there remembrance in the tomb? Days and nights, and summers and winters, new moons and old moons, cloud and sunshine—the old unending round—and some idle dreamer may stop a moment to wonder what sort of a mortal it was that has come to be a ruckle of bones in box No. One hundred and eleven.

With these thoughts came another thought which is quite apt to follow such—a sort of self-consciousness, rather, that separates a man from his fellows,—a saying to one's self—these people are all mistaken, in—sane busy about matters of no earthly or heavenly

consequence, scampering to and fro on fools' errands; excited about nothing; it is every bit vanity and vexation of spirit. I had the feeling of one who looks at a play from behind the scenes, and smiles to himself at his friends in the parquet who seem to have forgotten that they are only at a show. Why! *he* knows that Ophelia's flowers are made of tissue paper; and that Hamlet's calves are stuffed with sawdust; *he* can lay his hand upon the absurd little spectacled prompter whose sharp whispers from the wings are translated on the stage into tender murmurings or passionate appeals.

He knows and sees this—but what does he know of the master-mind that informs all? what does he see of the mighty truth in untruth; the subtle, resulting beauty that thrills the souls of those who lend themselves freely to the magnificent illusion? He and he alone is the fool!

So with this last figure I put to flight that old haunting demon of mine—the demon of the doctrine of indifference—the philosophy that teaches the unreality of things temporal. O the falsehood of it! O the farce indeed it would make of life!

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I LEFT the cart with its load of outworn humanity, and sauntered on my way up the avenue. Thank Heaven, a certain other demon, which such a sight as this would once have started, came not after me now! Heaven pity those who have caught sight of its vague and terrible countenance.

What I mean is, the sense of another sort of indifference—an indifference that, in certain moods, men put in the place where they have thought God to be; or, which, yet more awful, they make the attribute of a God therefore unfit to reign.

The generation that passes away, and the generation that comes, and the earth that abides forever; the wind that goes toward the south and turns about unto the north, and returns again according to its circuits; the rivers that run into the sea and go back into the place whence they come;—snow-birds twittering over re-opened graves; unthinking passers-by; chaffing workmen; clear sunshine and sweet, transparent shadows; blue, all-embracing sky; the very human soul to whom the nameless thing hidden now in No. One hundred and eleven, was once dear—what living horror lies in this universal, voiceless indifference!

Living horror unless living hope! For if you have looked on some such scene as I beheld the other night—a shadowy expanse of water, divided by one long, far-reaching path of silver light, across which gleamy waves chased each other out of and into the dark—a sky whose clouds half hid the moon, and distant hills that faded into the flight—if you have looked at such a scene, and suddenly or slowly known its holy, patient

calm to be a part of the eternal patience—then you are wise indeed; no silence may affright you—you shall sit still with God in a sure awaiting.

A dun, bleak stretch aslant to the salt sea's grey—  
Rock-strewn, and scarred by fire, and rough with stubble—

And here and there a bold, bright touch of color,—  
Berries and yellow leaves—to make the dolor  
More dolorous still. Above, a sky of trouble.

Later—a strange light lifted through the air;  
A darker mystery though the sky enfold—  
That gleam in the west makes the whole dim earth fair:  
The sun outshines and the grey sea is gold.  
Erewhile I moaned. Too long the lingering day,—  
And now for one hour more—one little hour I pray!

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### The Hospitality we should Like to See.

"Do you ever thoroughly enjoy receiving company?" said a lady to us not long ago. "For my part, I am so occupied with the fear that my guests will not be sufficiently entertained that I have no time to enjoy them." Most American housekeepers will confess to something of this feeling. Even in our best-appointed households, there is not that absence of care in the deportment of the lady of the house which is seen in French or English drawing-rooms. Her thoughts cannot help wandering to the kitchen, even in the midst of the most animated conversation. She knows full well that after all those endeavors which have made her somewhat too weary to be quite at her best in looks or manner, there may be a failure in serving the repast. It is curious to see what a different woman she is after supper, if all has gone well. For the time she is safe, and exuberant with a sense of relief.

When our guests are staying with us for a day or a week, matters are somewhat better, because so much is not attempted; but still there is often an unnaturalness and constraint which makes itself felt, even through the most scrupulous politeness. Much of this is no doubt owing to our unsatisfactory and precarious domestic service. Arthur Hugh Clough said, "The only way to live comfortably in America is to live rudely and simply;" and while we should not like to agree to his statement seriously, there are moments of despair, it must be acknowledged, in which we feel the force of it. But there is a deeper reason than this for our discomfort, and happily it is one which it lies in our power to remedy. Somehow or other, the idea has become chronic with us, that we must entertain our visitors according to their style of living rather than our own. If a friend comes who has no larger a *ménage* than we, it is all very well; we make no special effort, and are thoroughly and simply hospitable. But let a distinguished foreigner or an "American prince" visit us, and everything is changed. We have an indistinct idea of what he is accustomed to at home, and nothing short of that will content us. We put ourselves to torture to devise how to entertain him worthily, forgetting that

what is unusual is always obviously so, and that he will detect the thin veneering of style, and either pity or sneer at us, according to his nature.

There is with us Americans an inborn dislike to be surpassed; it is at once our strength and our weakness; giving us a stimulus to endeavor in great things, and causing a belittling anxiety in small ones. Far better in family affairs is French simplicity, that gives its best, whether poor or otherwise, without shame or ostentation; that makes no guest uncomfortable by a suggestion of unusual expense or fatigue. If we could only understand it, we should feel that what our guests desire, if they are right-minded persons, is a glimpse of our real life; they come to us to know us better—not to have a repetition of their home experiences. True hospitality makes as little difference as possible for the stranger or the friend; it infolds each at once in its warm atmosphere; and if he be a guest worth entertaining, he will prefer a thousand times such a home-welcome to the display which has no heart in it. Especially with the foreigners who come to our shores is this true. They are away from their homes and families; they tire of receptions and state dinners; and the kindest thing we can do for them is occasionally to vary the programme by a quiet, friendly chat at the family fireside. And for all whom we entertain, that which we have decided to be right and proper for us in private should be the measure of our public doings. Consistency in this particular would relieve many a guest as well as many an entertainer. "I pray you, O excellent wife," says Emerson, "not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price, in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparsely and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the *emphasis of hospitality lie in these things.*"

## At the Front Door.

Is there any particular reason, we wonder, why those sensibly contrived, thoroughly effective, generally interesting, and often extremely quaint and artistic old-fashioned door-knockers should have gone so entirely out of use? Why should the inelegant and complicated modern door-bell have so entirely usurped its place in this country? Certainly the knocker was serviceable. There could never be any doubt about there being some one at the door when a big brass or iron knocker was pounding away. Not only the girl (presumably) in the kitchen could hear the noise, but every one in the house could hear it. Therein was the knocker hospitable; it announced to all the household the coming of a visitor. But perhaps nowadays the household does not want to know. But why not? The whole family need not go to the door. And a bell, unless it is centrally placed in the house, is often wonderfully ineffective. How well we all know that!—we who have shivered on brown-stone stoops and white marble front steps in winter, and scorched and steamed upon them in summer, while Bridget or Dinah (who didn't happen to be in the kitchen, and therefore didn't hear the bell) kept us waiting for the welcome opening of the door. But with a knocker, how different! If Biddy was indoors and neither deaf nor dead, she must hear the rapping, no matter in what part of the house she had secluded herself. And, more than that, she could not pretend she did not hear it. The bell may be in a measure to her a private *annunciator* ringing out its call to her alone, and depending upon her alone for its answer. Not so the knocker. Like a public voice, it calls aloud to everybody in general, and if one person in particular (Biddy) does not do her duty, everybody in general will know it.

There is no end to the effectiveness of a good knocking on the outside of a house. We remember one cold, bitter, miserable winter night when we came home late—and yet not so very late either, but it was so cold that everybody had gone to bed in the big house in which we lived and to which we had no latch-key. At the bell we pulled, we pulled and we pulled, and the more we pulled the more nobody came. At last we were about giving up in despair and going to the station-house or a hotel, when a policeman came along. "You can't make 'em hear, eh!" said he. "Now just wait a minute!" And then he stepped into the street and picked up a brick from a pile near by. With this he knocked, apparently very gently, on the wall of the house. The effect was magical! As the dull, drum-like booming resounded through the house, every window was thrown open and heads popped out on every story. A dozen people were ready to let us in, if we would but knock no more. We might even have entered at the back of the house had we been there. In such a case as this a bell was of no use at all; and as it is easy to see that it would be inconvenient to carry cobble-stones or bricks about with us, for they are not always to

be found in the street, what is there that we can really depend upon in such emergencies but a knocker?

But there is more about a knocker than its mere utility. For one thing, it gives an individuality to the appeal for entrance. We can tell very often who is knocking when we hear the raps at the door. All our friends, and particularly the postman, have their own ways of knocking, and in time we come to know them. But a bell rings pretty much the same for everybody. Some may pull harder and oftener than others, but the bell can do nothing but jingle, after all.

And then, too, a knocker may be and almost always is artistic in device. This is something we seldom see in a bell-handle. But the old knockers were grand! Here was a griffin, and you boldly took him by the head and pounded the door with his fore-feet. And there was a grim lion with a heavy ring in his mouth with which one could rap ready entrance; or a grinning goblin confronted you who would knock his chin against his brazen breast if you chose to make him do it. Or you might make the glad tidings of your coming known by merely raising and dropping a wreath of flowers—iron flowers, with a particularly heavy rose in the middle. The house-doors of our ancestors were hung with many a strange device in brass and iron. Sometimes they were quaint, sometimes they were handsome, but whatever their design, they were worth looking at, which is very much more than we can say for a metal knob stuck up by the side of a door. There seems to be no reason why we, in America, should be so generally deprived of these useful and ornamental contrivances. In other countries the knocker is yet held in high esteem, and why should not we have it?—at least those of us who would like the Art and convenience of our households to commence at the front-door.

## On Skates.

As the temperature sinks, the hopes of our young friends rise; every degree of the mercury towards freezing-point is but a step in the *crescendo* of delightful anticipation which ever bursts into a grand *fortissimo* of exultation when the ball goes up at Central Park. Now it is that unnumbered pairs of skates are lugged out from garret-closets and store-rooms; the shop-windows now bloom out with "Barney and Berry" and "London Club," with straps and buckles and hockey-sticks, and now young America, in town and country, is all agog for its rare and therefore all the keener enjoyment of the ice.

There is no finer, more manly, graceful, and invigorating sport than skating, and it is a thousand pities that fashion or prudence should have cast some discredit on its enjoyment and hindered its universal popularity. It gives endless scope for personal courage, endurance, skill, and taste. One can't get tired of it, for it is an art whose possibilities are boundless, and whose minute and finer developments are infinite



in subtlety and bewildering in their complex variety. To the accomplished figure-skater of to-day, the blundering, straight-ahead operator of twenty years ago, who made it his pride to skate so many miles in so many minutes, to cut a ring backwards and jump over a log on the ice, is as the pianist of a traveling show to Taussig or Rubinstein. It makes our home-keeping youth acquaint with the fresh joy of keen wintry air and smiling wintry landscape, of amber sunsets and rich brown hill-sides, and dim gray twilight, and frosty moon-rise. There is a timorous ecstasy in the first breathless essay of the "outward edge," such as the hero may feel in going into battle, and the first successful "backward five" may aptly prefigure all later triumph and achievement. Nowhere can our young people—boys and girls together—meet in more healthy, natural, and hearty relations than on the ice. Nowhere can a manly young fellow—we say it without shadow of silly sentimentality—so commend himself to the regard of a frank, kindly girl as by his patient, considerate, and helpful care in a series of first skating lessons. Nowhere is a fine, courageous, spirited girl more attractive than in the modest but fearless determination with which she addresses herself to better the instruction of her more robust companion. Young eyes will light up at the glance of other eyes, we know; young hearts will beat responsive to other hearts, why not a thousand times better under the free sky, the crisp, clear air, and fine inspiration of noble exercise, than in the stifling, noxious atmosphere and amid the morbid excitement of the ball-room or the theater?

But skating is dangerous, we shall be told; the Faculty frown on it, and in its train follow colds, sprains, and uncounted evils. But, dear elders, everything good may be abused. That skating is too fascinating should teach us only to enjoy it with care and moderation, not to shun it. Luckily, in large cities at least, the exercise is now surrounded with such facilities as, properly used, should deprive it of all its dangers. Large, dry, well-warmed rooms, places for refreshment, for rest, for laying aside wraps, for cooling down and warming up—nay, waiting-rooms and front-boxes, so to speak, for inspectant and guardian mammas and elders—all make it possible to practice this delightful exercise with every safeguard of sense, prudence, and health. So take it moderately, dear young friends, but take it, if parents and doctors will let you; a bump or a sprain here and there is no more than you must meet in all life's effort and attainment, and pluck and perseverance here speak well for your achievement in more weighty matters.

#### Furniture for the Sick-Room.

IN considering the question of furnishing a room for a sick member of a family, we must look at the matter from a sanitary point of view as well as in a spirit of affection; and while nothing should be left out of the room (so far as our means allow) which

would give the invalid comfort and ease, nothing should be left in it which can be of injury to him.

From the floors, unless there is some very good reason for retaining them, we should banish carpets, and from the windows heavy curtains, for not only do both retain many unwholesome odors, but they are dust collectors,—and dust is not merely an annoyance to all invalids, but a serious injury to many.

In lieu of carpets we should choose Chinese matting. This need never be swept, but can be dusted with a damp mop. If, once or twice a month, a little carbolic acid be dropped into the water in which the mop is dipped, it will add to the effectiveness of the cleansing. For warmth in winter there may be laid upon the matting a few Persian rugs, or even squares of carpet or drugget, which can be readily removed from the room and shaken.

For an invalid who has any spinal trouble, to whom even the easiest of easy-chairs is often a dread, a broad, soft, *springy* couch is almost a necessity. One without sides, and with an end that can be raised or lowered to suit the patient's wishes, is best; its cost is about \$45.

For other patients, whose difficulty prevents walking, but does not interfere with his enjoyment of a chair, there are several kinds of wheel-chairs, varying in price from \$50 to \$150 for ordinary styles, to \$350 for those made to order. The best of these which has fallen under our observation costs \$120, and is provided with springs, with a foot-rest, and with a regulating attachment by which the back can be raised or lowered, and retained at any angle to suit the occupant. Another kind, with wheels and foot-rest, but with stationary back, is sold at from \$50 to \$80. Still others, for invalids who desire the foot-rest and movable back, but who can walk about their rooms, are found at from \$50 for the cane seat, to \$140 for the elaborately upholstered. "Sleepy-hollow" chairs—soft, springy, on easily rolling castors, and provided with foot-rest—are sold at from \$27 to \$65.

An article of great convenience is a desk which can be attached to the side of the bed or chair, and be turned to any position the patient may choose, serving as book-rest or writing-table, as desired. These are sold at from \$10 to \$50, the first answering all useful purposes as well as those at higher prices.

For an invalid confined entirely to the bed there are bed-rests or pillow-supporters, sold at from \$10 to \$25; but in most cases well-arranged pillows, without the rest, answer a better purpose.

The bedstead should be provided with springs of the best manufacture, and a hair mattress. Bolsters and pillows may be of hair, but feathers are preferred by most. Large, nearly square pillows, each containing about five pounds of feathers, are excellent to support the back of the patient when in a half-sitting posture; pillows of the same length as the first, but not as wide, and each containing about two and a half pounds of feathers, suffice when less support is

desired; and tiny pillows, containing from half a pound to a pound of feathers each, are admirable as supplements to the others. No sick-room is completely furnished without at least two of these, and are better. They are not only useful for securing gentle degrees of elevation, and for supporting tired heads and wearied joints; but, being so small and light, the patient can himself "turn the cool side to his head"—an advantage he always appreciates.

For bed coverings let there be an abundance of soft blankets; always blankets, or light soft comfortables, and thin white spreads. Quilts are generally too heavy for the warmth they impart. Indeed, even blankets sometimes seem so heavy that a light bamboo frame-work (costing \$5) has to be placed in the bed, supporting the covers in such a way that the patient can move about without touching them.

By the side of the bed should be placed a table, on which can be kept a small bell, and any trifle which the patient may desire to have within his reach.

A mosquito curtain is indispensable during one-half the year; for in regions where mosquitoes are but little known, flies are apt to take their places, and form very efficient, industrious substitutes.

Whatever may be the means of lighting a sick-room at night, whether gas, kerosene oil (which we do not advise), candles, or tapers, a screen should be provided to keep the glare or the flicker from the patient's eyes.

For heating water, etc., there are stoves for both gas and kerosene which answer an excellent purpose, and can be purchased, according to size and number of attachments, at prices varying from \$3 to \$20. But these stoves are not always necessary, for there are tiny kettles—sold for fifty-five cents—which fit over ordinary gas fixtures; and attachments—twenty-five cents each—by which a small cup may be placed over the top of an ordinary kerosene burner, and the contents of the cup brought to the boiling-point in a few moments.

When the patient wishes to read, or otherwise em-

ploy his eyes in the evening, lamps can be placed on tables so that the light shall be behind the paper or book. Where gas is used, the flame should be brought to a similar position by means of a drop-light or argand-burner.

As the feet of an invalid are nearly always cold, a tin hot-water bottle—price twenty-five cents—or a small oblong slab of soap-stone (same price), which can be heated on register or stove, should be always in readiness. The latter we consider the best, as the hot-water bottles have been known to spring a leak, with results far from delightful.

All such articles, when not in use, should be stored in a light closet adjoining the sick-room. In the same place also should be kept a supply of cups and saucers, plates, tumblers—not goblets—small pitchers, spoons, and small, short wine-glasses. The latter not necessarily for wine, but they will be found much more convenient than cups for administering medicines; and patients—excepting those too ill to resist—will not often submit to the "medicine-spoon," which is made of German silver, costing seventy-five cents, or of silver, at higher prices. When it is necessary to pour medicine or nourishment down the throat of a delirious or unconscious patient, this spoon will be found useful, but at other times it is simply detestable.

Glass feeding-tubes can be obtained at any druggist's. By means of these, fluid nourishment can be administered to patients too ill to raise the head, and who would be at once fatigued and disgusted by being fed with a spoon.

To other appliances of merely medical use it is not necessary to advert; but we cannot avoid mentioning the rubber air-cushions, which are often so useful to the bed-ridden patient. These may be had of various sizes and prices, from \$3 upwards, and are very desirable for patients who are much emaciated, for those afflicted with rheumatism, and for those subject to special local inflammations.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### Art in our Homes and Schools.

THREE books on our library-table—Mr. Smith's *Art-Teaching*, Mr. Charles L. Eastlake's *Household Taste*, and Mr. John H. Treadwell's *Manual of Pottery*—indicate a decided turn of the tide in the popular estimate of art and its relation to life and work. Mr. Eastlake's book has proved so popular and met so large an already existing demand for help in the more tasteful furnishing of our homes, that Messrs. Jas. R. Osgood & Co. have published a reprint of the English edition, for which Mr. Charles C. Perkins has writ-

ten an Introduction and added notes. The book in its American dress is still a handsome one; and if the illustrations printed by a new process are far less sharp and taking to the eye than they are in the original English edition, they serve the main purpose they were intended for, that of giving hints and suggestions for furniture and room decorations, and so are welcome.

Mr. Treadwell's modest volume (Putnam's), handsomely printed as to the type, but also poorly illustrated—owing entirely to the bad printing of wood-cuts,

themselves as good as can be done on this side the water—will be found a valuable aid, by those whom Mr. Eastlake's pages have set hunting for pretty things to put upon his shelves and side-boards, in understanding something about the history of pottery and porcelain, and the distinctions in the delf manufacture. As the first American book on the subject, it ought to be cordially welcomed, and criticised in a kindly spirit. Its aim is a good one, it makes no pretensions, its execution is creditable, and it will reach many people and interest them in a very interesting subject, who else might never know anything about it. Whoever reads Mr. Treadwell's book carefully will find a visit to the collection of pottery and porcelain now on view at Tiffany's much more valuable and informing than if he had never read anything on the subject, and both the book and the collection will increase his desire to know more about the potter's art. He will be introduced by Mr. Treadwell to Chaffers and Marryatt, to Miss Meteyard's *Life of Wedgwood*, and, if he read French, to Jacquemart's pretty and entertaining little books, and he will find himself wishing for a sight of a really fine collection—for Tiffany's is only a bite, and not a full meal—and may even discover himself going home some evening in a glow of mild excitement with a Delft saucer, or an old Dresden teapot, or a bit of Satsuma ware made in the good old time, before the Japanese had begun to fall from grace and work for the American market. Then, when Mr. Treadwell has taught him the rudiments of pottery and Tiffany has shown him what pretty things can be done by modern imitators of the unapproachable old, Mr. Eastlake will show him first how to make a shelf or a cupboard for his new purchase, and then how to make the rest of the room a fit place to put the cupboard in. But, as an index of a growing taste for art-manufactures here at home, Mr. Treadwell's book—the facts that an American has felt moved to write such a book, that there should be a publisher willing to try the venture, and a public glad to buy—these things are better proof that a step forward in culture has been taken by us than the simple republication of any number of books like that of Mr. Eastlake, welcome as that is.

Mr. Smith's handsomely-printed book\* is a most useful and opportune publication. It appears just at the time when the public mind in the older portion of our country is beginning to be interested in Art in a more real way than formerly, and more widely, too, and when the manufacturers are coming to understand—as it seems strange they should not have understood a long time ago—that the only way to prevent the dependence of our rich and well-to-do people upon Europe

for artistic productions is to encourage the making of such articles here at home.

Taxing iron and wool may perhaps spur our people to supply themselves with these things from their own mines and their own sheep; for everybody must have iron and wool, and they are to be had at home for the trouble of digging and shearing. But taxing the shawls and carpets, the silks and wall-papers, the bronzes and carvings, the glass and porcelain of Europe and Asia, will not keep these products out of the country, nor encourage their being made at home. They are luxuries, bought only by the rich, who like them the better the dearer they are, and the less easily had, and who care not a fig to forward the manufacture of such things at home, being always more pleased with a thing the further it is fetched. What is needed, if we would encourage the application of the arts to industry here at home is, that our people should be led to make art-education a part of the regular course of study in the public schools—both for boys and girls; that special schools should be set up for teaching Art-Design and the processes of Art, for the use of those who are drawn to make a living as modelers, designers, or workmen in any branch of Art-Industry; and that the manufacturers should encourage these enterprises as fast and as far as they can, by adopting whatever good designs are made, and by giving employment to every graduate of these schools who develops any real talent. Mr. Walter Smith's book shows us, among other things, what has been done to this end in France, Germany, and England, especially in this last, where wonders have been performed which all the world has seen, and a part of which Mr. Smith was.

In 1851, at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, England stood at the foot of the list of competing nations in all matters connected with Art and the Industrial Arts. If there had been any point lower than the foot the United States would have been found there, but she may be said not to have competed at all, so shabby and so few were the things she sent. The British Government at once set up Industrial-schools, first, in a few cities and larger towns, then, in more and more, until now they are spread over the whole kingdom. Of course, in the beginning, some mistakes were made, but there was plenty of money, plenty of good-will and earnestness, and plenty of zeal to direct and serve, so that when the English Exhibition of 1862 came on, the English manufacturers were found to have made great advances, and to be treading hard upon the heels of the French; while five years later, in the Great Paris Exposition of 1867, the improvement made by the English in silks, ribbons, laces, carpets, wall-papers, glass and furniture, was so marked, that their old rivals the French became jealous and alarmed.

To one who has been accustomed to observe the tone of the French writers in alluding to English efforts in the Fine Arts it is not a little surprising to read in a journal like the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* the

\* *Art Education, Scholastic and Industrial*, by Walter Smith, Art Master, London; late Head Master of the Leeds School of Art and Science and Training-school for Art-Teachers; now Professor of Art-Education in the City of Boston Normal School of Art and State Director of Art Education, Massachusetts. With Illustrations. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

comparisons, most unfavorable to the French, which are continually drawn of late between them and their once despised island-neighbors. English enterprise is praised and contrasted with French red-tape; the English are generous, the French are parsimonious; the English have common sense and a practical, well-defined aim in all they do; the French are narrow-minded, and make scattering, partial efforts in their museums and academies that result in little good. Worst of all is, that the English, by the improvement in their designs for manufactured goods, are seriously damaging the French in open market.

We think them unreasonable in their fear; for, in spite of the theory that everything can be accomplished by education, we suspect that there is more in the matter than is dreamt of in this philosophy; and although England had in the old time, and still has, beautiful manufactures, there is a peculiar artistic capacity in the French, largely natural, but helped, it must be confessed, by long training and generous opportunity, which has given them a considerable advantage in the race with the English, and must for some time keep them in advance. But Mr. Smith's book shows us, in something like detail, how the English have gone to work to compete with their rival neighbor, who, but a few years since, was carrying off all the honors in the field of Decorative Art. He describes the Schools of Design at Nottingham, Birkenhead, Coventry, Stoke-upon-Trent, and Burslem, freely criticising them, showing their bad as well as their good points, and comparing them with the ideal school. He states with modesty enough that he thinks the reason why the art authorities of England, having been requested by the Boston School Board to recommend a person to take charge of their newly-founded Art Department, chose him for recommendation to the appointments he now holds, was, that though he was acquainted with the national system of Art education in use in his own country, and with the systems in use in other European States, he is not committed to any one of them, nor does he wholly approve of any one of them, but believes that in arranging a plan of study for a country where the subject is new, we can adapt the good parts of all the old methods to the requirements of America, and can avoid all the bad parts. And it is evident from Mr. Smith's book that he well deserves this recommendation. He is a man of liberal feeling, wide in his sympathies, of much experience, and would seem to unite practical ability with taste and sensibility in an uncommon degree. Such a person, placed at the head of a system of State teaching in the Arts of Design, must be capable of doing good service, and it cannot but prove of great advantage to have secured at the start so able a helper. With his aid and that of the small but able body of young architects and artists who are now well planted in the field, we ought soon to be well set in the path we must follow if we would develop the art capacity that lies dormant in our boys and girls.

Two causes, first, the great increase in the number of Americans who go abroad (and the travelers are of all sorts, rich and poor, cultivated and uncultivated, men and women, boys and girls); and, second, the increase in the number of Art Museums, World's Fairs, and special exhibitions—those in particular held yearly by the Directors of the South Kensington Museum—have had much to do with the interest now beginning to be felt by our people in the subject of Art applied to Industry, and with the growing willingness of our manufacturers to help forward schemes for teaching American boys and girls the Arts of Design. It is to be supposed, too, that the manufacturers are beginning to get a little weary of their long dependence upon foreign workmen, and of the necessity of procuring all their designs, year after year, from the few men at their disposal; and that they are learning, one way and another, that it will pay to educate designers of our own.

To any person interested in the Arts, who has traveled over Europe, and learned from the museums and private collections, or even from the *bric-à-brac* shops, the extent to which Art entered into the life of past ages, so that to-day we can find no more interesting decorations for our rooms than the tapestries, the chairs and tables, the dishes and glasses, whose makers and owners have long been dust, the contrast between those times and ours is striking enough. Hardly anything that we are making to-day, in the way of Industrial Art, will be thought worth preserving for its own sake, by those that are to come after us. No kitchen-cup or platter, no kitchen-table or dresser, not even any costliest plate from whatever Tiffany or Howell & James, nor any high-priced table or side-board from Marcotte or Herter, will be a bone of contention between the agents of the British Museums and Louvres of the future, nor will any Cluny Museum in the twenty-second century be formed of the relics of the house-keeping of the nineteenth. A single room—a single room? nay, a single alcove—in the Dacotah Art Museum, will be found sufficient space in which to display the few things that will have survived the civil wars—religious and political—that, between our children's day and the far-away time when that institution shall be founded, will have swept over our country. Perhaps a Morris & Marshall side-board, with panels painted by Burne, Jones, or Rossetti; or a sofa of the same house, with its covering of stamped velvet, rich and grave as a peacock's neck, or the wing of a moth; or a cabinet by Burges, all over quaintest fancies, eye-pleasing color, heart-pleasing form; some plates and dishes by Deck or Rousseau; a few bits of embroidery by Miss Dixwell; a table or an organ-case by Matthias Miller, with conscience and skill at every joint, for nails and glue; some scraps of decorative work by Mould; a watch-case or a jewel, designed by Habb,—here would be almost the best show we would make for our Dacotah alcove in the way of the Fine Arts applied to Industry. We are speaking now only of original work,

and not of reproduction of old work in which our time has certainly shown a remarkable cleverness—the works of Froment-Meurice, of Barbedienne, Christophle, Phillippe, or Elkington, and a dozen others, in the precious metals and in bronze, with the *cloisonné* enamels of Maitz, and the antique jewelry of Castellani—these wonders by which our age is so much delighted that it forgets to ask for fruit from its own trees or flowers from its own gardens—do not concern us here. They witness nothing for our originality; they only prove our skill in imitation, our power to live over again the past, and to think dead men's thoughts. What are we doing, in the way of Art applied to Manufactures, that grows out of ourselves, and that shall tell to those who succeed us what were our thoughts, and what our feeling for beauty in this wide field of endeavor? The answer must be, that we are doing almost nothing toward the expression of our individual life. Our productions are confined almost entirely to copies of things made centuries ago by men who did not copy, but sought out inventions of their own. Now, there are two aspects of the case upon which we might enlarge—the loss we sustain in actual enjoyment from the want of a field of industry between that of the artist proper and that of the manufacturer, and the loss of money from being obliged to pay out to people in foreign countries for designs and for decorative manufactures. For ourselves, this part of the question has less interest than the other, but it would be idle to deny that it has played by far the greater part in the revival of these industries. We cannot get anything done by the manufacturers until they can be made to see that it is likely to pay. It was the lukewarmness of this class, backed by their want of far-seeing intelligence, that killed the School of Design for Women here in New York, and turned it into a mere school for aimless drawing and painting. It is this want of intelligent foresight that is at the root of the apathy shown by our great mill-owners, heads of carpet-factories and potteries, and others, who go on, year after year, stealing designs from inventors on the other side the water, and keeping a few foreigners squeezing sapless ideas out of their already well-squeezed brains. Years ago, Mr. Mould—the most variously accomplished architect that we have ever had in America—persuaded a firm in New York to carry out two or three of his designs for carpets. Later Mr. Russell Sturgis has succeeded in getting some adaptations of Japanese designs for wall-papers well made by a firm in this city; but, really, the exceptions are almost too absurdly few to be worth mentioning. Of course, the manufacturers are not to blame. Why should they be expected to be very much in advance of the general public? When the public itself is better taught; when a large number of our boys and girls have been brought under the influence of the new Schools of Design, and when some young adventurous artistic blood shall stir in the manufacturing firms, and young eyes shall see the way to fortune and to reputation in the employment

of the best talent here at home in original design—then, and not till then, be the day far or near—we shall see an improvement in our manufactures.

Yet whoever hopes at any time for great results in the improvement of the Arts of Design from the large manufactories, is doomed to disappointment. They will always follow; from the nature of the case, they cannot be expected to lead. Almost everything that we are to produce in the Industrial Arts must come first from individual efforts, and the first fruits of the new growth that is just peeping from our American ground will appear in a few beautiful objects produced by men who are drawn to work in some special material. One man learning that we have here in America the clearest and whitest glass in the world—though 'tis rare for a bit of it to be seen on any American table—will learn the process of manufacture, and will blow and wreath the crystals into shapes that may stand beside those of Venice or Pompeii for beauty, yet never recall any model. A few people of taste will buy his cups and vases, and, as they are seen and admired, a quiet demand will grow for them, and some other man, stimulated by the first, will spin beauty of another kind into glass; and so the art of glass-making will grow in our own Muranos and Vitrys. These new inventions will slowly find their way to the costly tables of our principal dealers who never welcome any home-product too eagerly, and later the manufacturers will copy them and make them cheap. But, the ball once set rolling, will roll on forever: new designs, new modifications following in steady succession. The same history will serve for pottery, and, in time, for the loom; and, little by little, we shall have our stuffs and carpets and hangings designed at home. We must do so if we are ever to be anything more in manufactures than agents, borrowers of other people's ideas, or mere mechanica. As might have been foretold, the first impulse in the new direction has been given by Massachusetts, and in his book Mr. Smith tells us what has been done and how. We find in these pages the story of the establishment of Art-schools in England, France and Germany, and of the results that have followed; and we see how at length the practical New England mind has discovered that, after all, there may be "money" in Art, and has begun the systematic education of her children in its principles and in the application of principles. We think the result may be safely predicted. Massachusetts is a State whose people have had a long training in manufacture. They have the patience, the power of application, the general intelligence, the ingenuity, that are developed by these pursuits. Nowhere else in our country has the study of nature, whether professionally or as a source of enjoyment, been so extensively pursued, and such studies make the surest foundation for an original Art development. If but little Art has thus far been produced there, there has yet been some, and it must not be forgotten that the few artists whose names are most cherished at home, and who cannot be shamed



by a comparison with European, though they may be behind them in workmanship, were almost all born in New England, and drew their strength from that soil and air. If they went abroad to study, and if some of them have come back with foreign airs and graces, and with tricks of style caught from men from over seas, it is only because there were in their days no means and appliances for study at home, no companionship of artists, no social atmosphere favorable to Art, no works of Art to serve as suggestions and examples. Now, we shall soon have the first of these needs supplied, and in time the rest; and then we shall have Painting and Sculpture and Ornamentation grown in our own soil from our seed. For some time to come, however, we suppose the sowers and husbandmen of the new crop must be Englishmen and Frenchmen, and they can no doubt teach us much, and give us the impetus and direction we need. We shall be happy in our teachers if they shall all, or the more part of them, prove men as catholic and well-instructed and modern as Mr. Smith. We already owe much to Englishmen, and, if less to Frenchmen and Germans, still much to them also. The Frenchmen have influenced us more through their literature—who could overstate the debt we owe to Viollet-le-Duc, Labarte, and two or three others? and in the history of Art in this country, Eidlitz and Mould will be found to have had a wide influence. Now we are beginning to have good names of our own, but our best men must long be hampered in their work by the low state of the public culture, and by the miserable condition of the trades on which good building depends. What is one man or what are a half-dozen men like Eidlitz and Mould, Vaux and Cady, John Miller, Sturgis, Babb or Hastings—to name our best architects—against the army of ignorant workmen and ignorant employers. 'Tis not always that David with his sling can floor a giant all over brass, and before our big corporations, or that most fearful wild fowl, "the merchant prince," these men of talent often come off second best. But, let them take heart of grace, for now that Massachusetts has set to work, and called in this able Englishman to help her, and now that New York is making headway with her Museum, and Philadelphia is also prospering, we shall see before long the beginning of a new state of things, and perhaps, when the next World's Fair is held, America may have something more honorable to her culture and taste to send there than the great American Desert, Popped-Corn or the patent Cow-Milker.

#### An Oracle of our Day.

It is difficult, of course, in this benighted age, which is not Greek, but only Christian, and in which notoriously "the oracles are dumb," to be sure that we should recognize an oracle if, peradventure, one should somehow become vocal among us. Angels have walked "unknown on earth," and "some have entertained" them "unawares," as we are assured upon

authority which is not yet quite obsolete. But if angels, why may not oracles as well, be thus unrecognized? Why is it not possible that even in our busy times there may be Orphic utterances vouchsafed unheeded? Nay even, in that profane and uninstructed world in which the mournful question, "What *are* Pericles?" was asked, there may be those to ask this other question, hardly less deplorable, "What *are* oracles? Science we know, logic we know, theology after some fashion we know, but what are oracles?" We seem to hear some such response as this from an evil and unsusceptible generation. And should that evil generation, with relentless criticism, proceed to leap upon the oracle and overcome it and prevail against it, so that it should fly to Walden woods, or wheresoever its accustomed haunt might be, naked and wounded, it might not be strange. Even the oracles of ancient days were reduced to dumbness by the hurtful jeers and scoffs of skeptics. Oracles, like prophets, were sometimes without honor in their own country in old times; and they can comfort themselves nowadays, if indeed they exist at all, with the consideration that to be unrecognized and hooted at is to be proved genuine.

Acknowledging thus frankly, at the outset, our liability to error, it does yet seem to us that if we have an oracle among us, it is in the author of Messrs. Roberts Brothers' pretty little volume, *Concord Days*. "One reason why I think he was there," said Mr. Artemus Ward on some occasion, in his own inimitable and artless style, which we cannot reproduce, "one reason that makes me think he was there is, that I saw him." The other reasons, possibly more convincing, were not stated. So here: one reason why we feel sure that Mr. Alcott is an oracle is, that (in effect) he plainly tells us so, and is so obviously sure of it himself. Not only so, but he is in the near vicinity of other and acknowledged oracles, echoing in more or less reverberatory tones their utterances, muttering the sentences which come to him from their adjoining caves or woods. Or, to change the figure, he may so constantly be seen in the same flock with other birds,—birds of antique and classic plumage,—that, (if there is any truth in a familiar maxim, and if, like a good maxim, it is true both ways), he must be himself of the same feather. Mutual admiration, indeed, would seem to be a constant oracular characteristic, and this particular oracle is no whit neglectful of such an obvious and primary duty. Whether, by a proper reciprocity, he receives as freely as he gives, would seem to be a question. It is understood that Mr. Alcott's vocation (when he ceases to be an oracle simply) is that of a conversationalist, or, as Mr. Ward would say, a "talkist." It is dimly hinted to us in the present volume that he has endeavored to fulfill this function, and to supply upon demand, for those who will subject themselves to him and give some mild assistance to the service, conversation edifying, philosophic, friendly, valuable in itself, and hardly less valuable as a model and a means of conversational grace. "May we not

credit New England," he says, "with giving the country these new Instrumentalities for Progress, viz.:

Greeley, the Newspaper;  
Garrison, a free Platform;  
Phillips, a free Convention;  
Beecher, a free Pulpit;  
Emerson, the Lecture?

The Conversation awaits being added to the list." It is impossible not to be touched by the pathos of this last sentence, when we remember with whom it is that the conversation waits.

What might have come to us by this time, if the Conversation had not been compelled to wait, is dimly evident from two examples which are given in the present volume. One of these is reproduced from a former volume of *Conversations with Children*; for this new "Instrumentality of Progress" is capable of adaptation almost to the infant mind. The children in this instance were not "selected, culled," but came "from families occupying various social advantages, and were a fair average of children thus born and bred. . . Their ages were from six to twelve years." The theme was "worship;" and Mr. Alcott read a part of the conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria as an introduction to his own exercise. But before he fairly could get under way in his instruction, the conversation seems to have been taken wholly out of his hands by the class of pupils, and especially by one quite dreadful boy whom we know only as Josiah, but whom we cannot help picturing to ourselves as own brother to some of those unpleasant, hydrocephalic children whose portraits were set forth as frontispieces to the old-fashioned Sunday-school "memoir,"—portraits of a fearful fascination, at once attracting and repelling the beholder. We cannot see that there is much to choose between the orthodox species of monstrosity, (as the Tract Society, for example, might depict him with its approbation and endorsement,) and the heterodox species as Mr. Alcott represents and rejoices in him; indeed, (it may be prejudice and the result of early training,) we cannot help regarding the subject of the much derided "memoir" as, on the whole, the more engaging of the two. "Josiah, it may be named, was under seven years of age," and yet this is the way in which the little creature went on. We quote exactly from Mr. Alcott's authorized version:

"Mr. Alcott here made some very interesting remarks on loving God with all our heart, soul, mind, etc., and the idea of devotion it expressed. Josiah wanted to speak constantly, but Mr. Alcott checked him, that the others might have opportunity, though the latter wished to yield to Josiah.

"*JOSIAH (burst out).* Mr. Alcott! You know Mrs. Barbauld says in her hymns, everything is prayer; every action is prayer; all nature prays; the bird prays in singing; the tree prays in growing; men pray; men can pray more; we feel; we have more—more than nature; we can know and do right; conscience prays; all our powers pray; action prays."

And more of a similar sort. To all of which Mr. Alcott seems to have beamed bland and placid approbation,—once in a while, to be sure, making some feeble resistance to the irrepressible young prodigy, as for example:

"MR. ALCOTT. Yes, Josiah; that is all true, and we are glad to hear it. Shall some one else now speak besides you?

"*JOSIAH.* Oh, Mr. Alcott! then I will stay in the recess and talk."

But, for all that, he continues to "burst out" (to use the authorized and technical phrase of the conversation) in the same intolerable fashion. Somehow we cannot help associating him with the ill-favored portrait of Josias in our old New England Primer:

"Young Obadiah,  
David, Josias,  
All were pious;"

but the piety of Josias as expressed in the accompanying picture must have been of very much the same dreadful, and one may almost say sinister, type which this conversation indicates. The imagination fairly reels at the contemplation of what possible results had followed, if Mr. Alcott's conversation had not been providentially compelled to "wait," and the multiplication of Josias' "bursting out" after this frightful fashion had not been mercifully, and let us hope indefinitely, postponed.

Another example, and this time of a conversation with maturer and less irrepressible participants, is given, "printed from notes taken by a lady at the time, December, 1849." By what inscrutable arrangement it comes in under date of July 14th, in *Concord Days*, we vainly conjecture. But it is separated by a few pages only from that plaintive statement, already quoted, that "The Conversation awaits being added to the list," and perhaps it is intended to show to an ungrateful world what has been lost by the delay of this new "Instrumentality of Progress."

"Mr. Alcott began the conversation by referring to that of Monday before on the subject of temperament and complexion, and added other fine thoughts. . . .

"I never saw any one," continues the delighted reporter, "who seemed to purify words as Mr. Alcott does; with him nothing is common or unclean."

"At this point of the conversation Miss Bremer and Mr. Benson, the Swedish consul, came in, and there was a slight pause." And after this Mr. Alcott did not have things all his own way; and indeed one wonders whether the slight pause does not indicate that, with oracular prescience, he recognized the advent of a not wholly sympathetic auditor, and even of a possible antagonist. At any rate, Miss Bremer seems even from the narrative of Mr. Alcott's admiring reporter, who notes not only what he said, but how he said it, as "smiling" or otherwise), to have gone for him with characteristic shrewdness and celerity, sometimes seeming to be amused, and re-

peating the oracular utterances "several times, laughing;" and again seeming "puzzled" by the views advanced; and even near the close of the conversation, when Mr. Alcott meekly inquired, "What is the bad but lapse from the good—the good blindfolded?"—responding, laughing, "Ah, Mr. Alcott, I am desperately afraid there is a little bit of a devil after all." It is plain that after such an abrupt introduction of this last old-fashioned and ungentelemanly personage into the conversation it must come shortly to a conclusion; and so it did, but not till Mr. Alcott had made a feeble effort to cast out the intruder, by remarking that "one's foes are of his own household. If his house is haunted, it is by himself only. Our choices are our Saviours or Satans." But it looks a little as if Miss Bremer came near introducing into that particular Concord day an element of discord.

It might occur to some unsympathetic reader that a Conversation (though spelt with a big C, and confessedly an "Instrumentality of Progress") might be embarrassed by the presence of reporters who were manifestly bound to make it exoterically public, through the medium of newspapers and books. The same thought has occurred to us as we have read the entertaining letters in a daily newspaper which describe (or until recently described) with semi-confidential frankness the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" which takes place "statedly" at the meetings of the Boston Radical Club. Whether a reporter is, as such, "a clubbable person" is a serious and practical question; whether his (or her) presence is not likely to interfere with the naturalness and freedom of a meeting for familiar interchange of thought and sentiment, is, to be sure, a matter with which we have no concern until it is our conversation, or our club, or "our funeral" which is to be reported. These are days when what is heard in the ear is preached upon the housetops. Do not ministers discourse with reporters at their elbow, and discourse none the worse for it? nay, do they not even pray, and pray devoutly too, and with genuine self-forgetfulness, with the very squeak of the reporter's pen in their ears, and with the knowledge that their sacred utterances shall be published and for sale at so much a copy? One has to put up with publicity in spite of himself sometimes.

Only with Mr. Alcott (considered as an oracle) it seems to be not a mere tolerance of such publicity, but a positive satisfaction in it. Here is a man at last to whom it is a pleasure to be "interviewed," who even stands in hospitable attitude inviting the approach of that insidious adversary, that latest modern enemy, the "interviewer." Hear how singularly "willin'" the oracular Barkis can be:

"What is thought and spoken in drawing-rooms, clubs, in private assemblies, best intimates the spirit and tendencies of a community; things are known but at second-hand as represented in public prints or spoken on platforms. Admitted to private houses, one may report accurately the census of civility, and cast the horoscope of the coming time. Nor

do I sympathize with some of my friends in their dislike of reporters. One defends himself from intrusion, as a general rule; but where the public have a generous interest in one's thoughts, his occupation and manners, the discourtesy is rather in withholding these from any false modesty. Besides, the version is more likely to be nearer the truth than if left to chance curiosity, which piques itself all the more on getting what was thus withheld, with any additions the mood favors." It may be cruel, but we can hardly forbear to commend Mr. Alcott as a desirable victim to all interviewers who may find the time hang heavy on their hands, and who need to exercise their pleasing art, lest they grow dull and inexpert at it.

It is apparently in the same spirit of complacency which can make of interviewing a delight, that the record of one "Concord day" in September begins abruptly thus: "The divinity students come according to appointment and pass the day. It is gratifying to be sought by thoughtful young persons, especially by young divines, and a hopeful sign when graduates of our schools set themselves to examining the foundations of their faith; the ceilings alike with underpinnings of the world's religious ideas and institutions, their genesis and history." Some measure of success is not denied our oracle, even if "the Conversation" as a formal "Instrumentality of Progress" is still compelled to "wait." There come, at least, "divinity students according to appointment." This, no doubt, is "gratifying," "hopeful" too, as indicating that divinity is not gone utterly astray. But then there are divinity students and divinity students, and the definite article declaring these to be "the" students is, after all, not quite sufficient. "Thoughtful young persons" it is pleasant to be told they are, and prone to scrutinize the "underpinnings" not less than the "ceilings" of "religious ideas and institutions;"—perhaps in these particulars they are not necessarily to be distinguished from the average divinity student of our times. It is only when we come to find a sketch in outline of "Our Ideal Church"—the sketch which possibly our "thoughtful young persons" may be expected to fill up when they begin their work, that we discover of what sort they probably may be.

In the sketch of the Ideal Church we note first the architecture, which is to represent "the essential needs of the soul." It looks as if, in that case, the Ideal Church must still be hopelessly remote. As yet our architects have provided most inadequately even for the essential needs of the body, being apparently too intent upon representing the essential needs of the architect. "In the ordering of the congregation let age have precedence; give the front seats to the oldest members." Surely it was not in vain that Mr. Alcott was brought up under the influences of Puritan orthodoxy; he might be picturing, thus far, the old New England meeting-house. "Let families sit together, so that the element of family affection be incorporated in the worship." Excellent indeed! but hardly new. Nor shall we have to wait for the Ideal Church to

realize so good a method. It is probable that Mr. Alcott need not travel very far to see it even now in practice. We are not familiar with the "meetin' privileges" of the old Puritan town in which our Oracle resides. But if some time he could look in upon a Real Church of the present, without waiting for the Ideal Church of the future, he might take courage. So too with the next suggestion, that "an arrangement of the pews in semicircles will bring all more nearly at equal gradation of distance from the speaker, whose position is best slightly elevated above the congregation." Well orated, O seer of Concord, prophet of the Ideal Church!

"Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,  
Old gentlefolks are they,  
Thou say'st an undisputed thing  
In such a solemn way."

As yet we are no whit advanced beyond the old, the real. Only when we come to the "pictures and statues representing to the senses the grand events of the religious history of the past," which may be "an essential part of the Church furniture," do we find ourselves in the Ideal. It is to be broadly catholic, "the statues embodying the great leaders of religious thought of all races. These are not many; the world owes its progress to a few persons. The divine order gives one typical soul to a race. Let us respect all races and creeds as well as our own; read and expound their sacred books like our Scriptures. . . . Let there be frequent interchange of preachers. . . . Let the services be left to the speaker's selection. Let the music be set to the best lyrical poetry of all ages, poems sometimes read or recited as part of the services. As for prayer, it may be spoken from an overflowing heart, may be silent, or omitted at the option of the minister." Ah! now we begin to see where we are! drifting "towards a Personal Theism inclusive of the faiths of all races, embodying the substance of their Sacred Books, with added forms and instrumentalities" (to which at last the Conversation might, haply, not be lacking), "suited to the needs of our time." Room in the new church, doubtless, for our Oracle, to whom shall come "the divinity students," which will be "gratifying;" and place in the new architecture, surely, among those desirable statues, for some one of our oracular neighbors in Concord.

Once in a while, that the "Concord days" may be complete, we dip into poetry, of which we quote but one example:

"Whose the decree  
Souls Magdalens must be  
To know felicity,  
The path to it  
Through pleasure's pit,  
Soft sin undress  
Them of their holiness,—  
Hath heaven so writ?

Happier the fate  
That opens heaven's gate  
With crystal key

Of purity,  
And thus fulfills life's destiny."

In regard to all of which we are compelled to ask (having first attentively considered it as a conundrum or some species of enigma, and given it completely up), in the name of grammar and of sense, of rhyme and of reason, of prose and of poetry, if this is *not* oracular, what under the sun *is* it?

#### The Greeks of To-Day.

CONSIDERING what great interest attaches to the history and the literature of Greece, and how really close at hand it is to all the constant and changeful progress of modern Europe, it is surprising that there is so little that is popularly and accurately known concerning its present condition, and that a book like Mr. Charles K. Tuckerman's (*The Greeks of To-Day*; New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons) finds a field so nearly unoccupied. Mr. Tuckerman was recently Minister Resident of the United States at Athens, and had, of course, unusual opportunities to become familiar with the present aspect of the little kingdom. He had also, what is even more to the purpose, the disposition to improve his opportunities and the good sense and freedom from prejudice which enabled him to form opinions that are of evident value. Some of the chapters of this volume have appeared already in the pages of SCRIBNER'S; and our readers do not need to be assured that they are profitable both for entertainment and for instruction.

#### A Good Thing for Children.

If a pedagogic Newton were to construct a philosophy of education, the fundamental proposition, we fancy, would run somewhat in this wise:—

The educational gravity of matter—measured by the mental action it excites—varies directly as the amount of curiosity it awakens, and inversely as its distance from the thinking center.

Joyous activity of sense and intellect is the truest evidence and most significant attendant of healthy juvenile culture, and whatever means of experience or information most excites such activity is best for the development of mind. In considering what knowledge is most worth at the outset of education, it is therefore necessary to take up a position quite the reverse of that chosen by Herbert Spencer in his able and admirable essay on this subject, since knowledge having no measurable value in itself—knowledge worth nothing as knowledge—may be of immeasurable value in early culture because it appeals directly and closely to the child's instinct of curiosity, and by evoking germinal thinking sets the mind agrowing as sunshine does the germ of a plant. The kitten on the hearth, the weed that springs by the door-stone—anything in the little world that hedges him round about—is more serviceable for the child's instruction and culture if rightly used, and more worthy of his study than the most important matter over the fence

and without the sphere of his mental attraction. These are to him what the collections of the museum, the laboratory, the library—all the machinery of higher culture—are to the maturer disciple of learning. And it is the first business of the educator to take up the child's development, at whatever stage it may have reached, and carry it on by these simple and homely means precisely as the advanced science instructor leads his followers along the paths of investigation. In this work method is everything. Right thinking is learned by thinking aright, and in no other way; and right teaching has right thinking always in view as the first and highest object to be secured. Loose, timid, dishonest thinking is too often the result of much teaching; it is never the result of genuine instruction—which is little else than proper guidance in the conscientious pursuit of what is true by personal investigation: a sort of scientific work, we may add, which the child is capable of doing in his sphere as thoroughly well as a Tyndall or a Huxley in his.

One of the most hopeful characteristics of modern primary teaching of the better sort is the increasing recognition of these fundamental truths; a tendency to exalt right habits of learning above recitable results, and a disposition to estimate the value of educational matter by its nearness to the center of the child-world of thought and experience, and its fitness to stimulate and satisfy the instincts and appetites of childhood, rather than by its usefulness to grown-up people. Primary instruction is consequently becoming more and more attractive to children; in other words, more and more in harmony with their condition and needs.

As a fresh evidence of this tendency, we have examined with unusual pleasure the series of colored card-pictures devised by one of the superintendents of our city schools for the initiation of young children into the methods of systematic nature study. (Calkins's *Natural History Series, for Schools and Families*. L. Prang & Co., Boston.)

With a teacher whose knowledge of common things is minute and comprehensive, and who is capable of distinguishing between giving information in natural science—which is of little worth—and training in the fundamental methods of scientific investigation—which is worth everything—the best materials with which to begin mental culture are, of course, the familiar objects which the child has already discovered more or less about. But as few teachers have much trustworthy knowledge of common things, and fewer still have any just conception of how to study or to lead others to study them, the author of these cards has planned them so that the teacher must learn right methods of teaching as surely as the pupil acquires right habits of learning; and by the time the cards are done with, both will be prepared to apply the same methods to the study of objects out of doors.

The instinct of curiosity—the main-spring of primary education—cannot fail to be stimulated to the utmost by these pretty prints, while the gratification of the curiosity so aroused must be so effected by the right

use of them, that the child will learn to discriminate closely by force of habit, and to group the objects and results of his observations according to their natural relationships. This is a new feature in object-teaching, and one which seems well calculated to secure the cumulative effects which object-teaching of the ordinary sort so strikingly misses. Hitherto object-teachers have aimed chiefly to cultivate acuteness of observation and facility in naming,—ends good in themselves, but sadly disappointing when standing alone: they do not produce productive learning, they do not develop comprehensive thinking. The habit of discriminating, comparing, judging—in short, classifying the results and objects of observation—is what is most needed; and this can be cultivated and exercised as well by the study of the simplest properties of sticks and stones, common plants and animals, as by the investigation of the most occult or important laws of the created universe. For teaching parents and teachers how to begin and carry on this much-needed work, Mr. Calkins's cards are wisely and happily planned.

#### Dr. Hodge's Latest Volume.

THE publication of Dr. Hodge's *Systematic Theology* is at last completed in a third volume, which is as much larger than the second, as the second was larger than the first. But though the size of the volumes has thus increased—the elegance of typography, the attractiveness of appearance which the publishers have given to the work is no way diminished. By far the greater part of the volume is occupied with the great department of Soteriology, of which Dr. Hodge's treatment is thorough almost to exhaustiveness. The characteristics of the school of which he is the acknowledged master, are abundantly apparent in his discussion, for example, of regeneration and of faith. But in regard to these themes, as in regard to all the vexed questions at issue between the schools, the statement of Dr. Hodge himself is commonly more temperate and candid, more broad and Christian, even in the judgment of his opponents, than the statements of his disciples are commonly found to be. Apart from the caution and adroitness of the theologian, which alone would serve to make such statements less extreme, the genuine reverence and charity by which the discussion is commonly characterized, give to the whole a restrained and moderate expression. We have recognized, also, in one or two instances, a more evident and successful effort at candor and impartiality in the statement of opposing views. And yet, we need hardly add, the whole work is devoutly and strictly Biblical, and uncompromisingly "orthodox."

Certain sections of this volume have a practical and popular value, which is not to be looked for in a simply doctrinal discussion, and exhibit Dr. Hodge in the character of a casuist and teacher of Christian morality—a character in which he appears to great advantage. In his chapter on "The Law" (including as it does a careful examination of the Decalogue), the Sunday



question, the question of obedience to the civil authority, capital punishment, marriage and divorce, communism and socialism, and other topics are treated with a bold and Christian freedom, which is very admirable and very timely. So, also, the discussion of the Sacraments is brought down to date in its applicability to ritualistic error; and the discussion of the subject of Prayer has just and able reference to the very latest scientific criticism.

The next great division of the work—Eschatology—has the same characteristic excellences and the same incidental defects which we have noticed in our criticism of the preceding sections. It is necessarily more brief and general, not undertaking to be wise above what is written. The work, now complete, is a monument to the genius and learning of its venerable author, and it must at once take rank, on both sides of the Atlantic, as a theology of permanent and standard value.

#### Professor Blackie's "Phases of Morals."

UNDER the title *Four Phases of Morals* Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, discusses in a free and popular style, but with great learning and grasp of comprehension, the ethical systems of Socrates and Aristotle, of Christianity and Utilitarianism. Of course the discussion must be very general to bring it within the limits of a single volume; and indeed there are not wanting indications that the several treatises contained in the volume were written to be used in an abbreviated form, as lectures before a popular audience.

The reader is conscious, presently, of some slight misgiving lest what is such easy and delightful reading, absorbing the attention almost like some skillfully told story, must be superficial in its thought or untrustworthy in its conclusions. Closer examination, however, only proves that while there is no lack of thoroughness and depth in Professor Blackie's study of his great subject, and no lack of breadth and fairness in his judgment and comparison, there is the added charm of a style at once eloquent and clear, ornate but at the same time transparent, which captivates and interests the unlearned reader, to whom an ordinary discourse on morals would simply be a bore.

We have been especially interested in the paper on Aristotle, which gives in the briefest possible compass and with the clearest and simplest method, the outline of the life of the great philosopher and the characteristic features of his Ethics, showing especially the eminently practical character of his teaching, and its permanent value and present application to certain needs of our own time. So also in the paper on Christianity, the essay seems at times to be a sermon, except that it is more pointed and energetic in its denunciation of certain crying evils of our day, and its warning against certain perilous tendencies of these times, than most sermons are likely to be. So that one knows not whether to commend the book most

warmly for its critical value, as a study in comparative morals, or for its practical value as a sturdy and fearless attack upon some of the immoralities of modern society. In this latter particular, the book is all the more valuable for being written, not by a clergyman, but by a Greek Professor. (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)

#### "Words Fitly Spoken."

If the Reverend Mr. W. H. H. Murray had compiled the volume of paragraphs from his sermons which has just been published (by Lee & Shepherd, Boston) under the title *Words Fitly Spoken*, he would have been justly chargeable with a complacency in his own work to which, in a preface, he pleads not guilty. The work, he says, "is mine and not mine;" that is to say, it is made up of extracts from his sermons, but arranged and published by some admiring friend in the congregation of which he is the popular and admired minister. As for the extracts, they are, if not very profound, more readable and possibly more useful than if they were profounder, and seem in style and in spirit precisely what ought to come from the bright, good-natured, and thoroughly healthy young gentleman whose engraved portrait is prefixed to the volume.

#### Mr. Haweis's "Thoughts for the Times."

THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., a clergyman of the Church of England, has recently become known to readers on both sides of the Atlantic by his little book on *Music and Morals*. He follows it promptly by the present volume of sermons, which, though they are printed without texts, are frankly acknowledged as sermons on the title-page and in the preface. They are, evidently, sermons of the kind that can without the slightest difficulty be disconnected from their texts. Sometimes a sermon grows out of its text; sometimes the text grows into the sermon. Apparently, in Mr. Haweis's method no such essential unity exists, but the text and the sermon stand in a relation to one another which is rather accidental than otherwise. This fact makes his book none the less readable; but it may be taken as significant of the free and easy attitude in which he stands with reference to established usages in religious matters. His broadness is of so accommodating a sort—not only with reference to doctrine, but also with reference to practice—that it will not be so likely to attract as to repel the hearers and readers whom he honestly intends to reach and to influence for good.

Mr. Haweis aims to be, and expressly declares that he is, a disciple of the late Mr. Maurice; and he gives us to understand that the theology of his volume, and the religion of it, is of the sort that Mr. Maurice taught him. It is to be regretted that he was not better fitted to appreciate the spirit of that great master, whose disciple he supposes himself to be. A single word in the last sermon of the book (a discourse commemorative of Mr. Maurice) will indicate how

little he is fitted to be an interpreter of Mr. Maurice's thought and spirit. "High and low clergy," he says, "men of all parties and sects, taught and are teaching *Mauricism*." We italicize the word, and we try to imagine the horror with which that most devout and unselfish man (of whom one who knew him well has said, that he was "probably the humblest man in England") would hear his name attached to a new *ism*. The man whose charity was so broad and true that he looked always for the soul of good in evil, although shuddering at the evil all the time, and who, with a tremulous distrust of his own opinions, preferred rather to suggest than to assert the grand truths which have done so much to bring in a new and better Christian theology—which is not new, but was from the beginning—the man in whose presence all dogmatic narrowness and positiveness became hushed and shamed—is a very different kind of teacher from the one who preaches to us with such confident boldness in this volume.

Not that there is not much in Mr. Haweis's sermons which is timely and stimulating. The defiant spirit in which he challenges old prejudices and opinions has in it something which invigorates the thought even of his opponents. And his style is often very agreeable, and always perfectly intelligible. Only we protest that his book must stand on its own merits, and be taken as the expression simply of his own somewhat crude and superficial thinking.

#### Illustrated Travel.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & Co. have issued two additional volumes of their attractive Library of Illustrated Travel and Adventure. Mr. Bayard Taylor's volume on South Africa will be found a useful hand-book to those who wish in the easiest and surest way to bring their knowledge of the wonderful explorations in that most interesting region down to date, and to appreciate the great work which Livingstone is now completing. Much of Mr. Taylor's present compilation is from Livingstone's earlier narratives, and the republication of this story of his preparatory work is just now especially timely.

The Yellowstone region is already familiar to the readers of SCRIBNER'S, but it is well to have the vivid pictures of that wonderful scenery in permanent form, as we have it in Mr. James Richardson's *Wonders of the Yellowstone*. It will not be a great while before that splendid region will be accessible to the ordinary tourist, and all of us who want to see the Yellowstone before we die may as well be getting up our knowledge of it. This Library of Illustrated Travel is especially wholesome reading for the boys.

#### "Miracles of Faith."

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D., of this city, has introduced, with a few cordial words, to the American public, a little book detailing the history of BEATÉ PAULUS (*Miracles of Faith*: Dodd & Mead), in which is recorded a series of marvelous

answers to prayer. The strict authenticity of this history is vouched for; and its narrative of facts is a practical answer to Mr. Tyndall and his school touching all their questions on the material uses of petition to the Divine Being. A pure, womanly life, implicit faith, and what would seem to be miraculous direct responses to prayer—these make the staple of the book; and not one of the marvels recorded traverses the Christian theory, however much it may rise above the popular standard of faith. It is a book that should be placed in all the Sunday-school libraries in the land, and find a cordial reception at the hands of the Christian public.

#### Earth-Treasures.

IN a neat volume, primarily intended for the instruction and amusement of his own children, Mr. William Jones, F.S.A., offers to other people's children a medley of facts, fables, anecdotes, and so on, more or less connected with precious stones and useful minerals, which seems likely to entertain if it does not greatly instruct its young readers. (*The Treasures of the Earth*: Putnam). The descriptions of mines, mining operations, the treatment of minerals and gems, are studiously free from technicalities, and pleasantly interspersed with stories of mining adventure, incidents in connection with the discovery and working of mines, miners' superstitions, superstitions regarding precious stones, and the like. Mr. Jones, however, is manifestly neither a miner nor a mineralogist, and, as a natural result, the materials of his book are somewhat irregular in quality, and not always strictly accurate in point of fact. They are also put together in a curiously disconnected way; still the book is pleasant reading, and, on the whole, rather better than such compilations are apt to be. A closely-printed, double-column index of eleven pages, adds to the value of the work, and at the same time indicates the breadth of the field from which the matter has been gathered. Some mention of the diamond-fields of South Africa, of the silver mines of Nevada, and the coal mines of Pennsylvania, would have made the book much more satisfactory to American boys and girls.

#### "The Shadow of the Obelisk."

UNDER this title we have a dainty English edition (London, Hatchards) of the lyrics of Thomas William Parsons, one of the purest and most artistic of American poets. We are free to say—and not only as a compliment which none but a true poet can receive, but as a matter for both regret and censure—that Dr. Parsons has availed himself too sparingly of the talent with which he is endowed. He has composed so little, and been so careless of his fame, that few beyond the cultured are familiar with the grace and virile strength which by turns have characterized his verses; yet poets know him as a poet, and students as a scholar by acquirements and intuition. His foremost lyric still remains that for which he long has been most esteemed—the unrivaled lines "On a

Bust of Dante." This poem compresses within six stanzas, marked by lyrical fire and strengthened with rhythm of uncommon nobility, all the passion, sorrow, and pride that, with the image of "Latimer's Other Virgil," are forever associated in the mind.

The present volume contains, besides the poem on Dante, others which are justly admired, such as "Alle Sorelles," "Hudson River," "On a Magnolia Flower," and the "Letter from America to a Friend in Tuscany." Several of these exhibit Dr. Parsons's rare mastery over the English quatrain-stanza, a form of verse in which he stands side by side with Bryant, and is scarcely excelled by Gray. The lines from which this volume takes its name were suggested by the obelisk at Rome, and, like some others in the book, do not show the author at his best; for he is very uneven in the spirit of his compositions, however perfect in their art. Often they are suffused with a white light, the reflection of his Italian master's serene phase. Our readers will thank us for reprinting the "Paradisi Gloria:"

"There is a city, builded by no hand,  
And unapproachable by sea or shore;  
And unassailable by any band  
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

There we no longer shall divide our time  
By acts or pleasures,—doing petty things  
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;  
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold  
Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few  
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,—  
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,—  
Musical motion,—the perpetual play  
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows  
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day."

#### "The World Priest." \*

It is five years since Mr. Brooks published the *Layman's Breviary*. This was a collection of three hundred and sixty-five short poems, one for every day in the year. Subtle, reflective, religious in tone, they could not easily attract careless ears, and careless hearts found little to admire in them. But if to be loved better and better each year by all who have learned to know it—and to use it as a *Breviary* should be used—is a measure of success, the *Layman's Breviary* has been a rarely successful book.

The *World Priest* was published in Germany in 1846, when Schefer was sixty-two years old. It is said to have been his favorite work. It is, like the *Breviary*, a collection of poems, none of them very long, many of them short, but all characterized by the same exquisite purity, tenderness, holiness of thought. They are unique in literature. They combine the steadfastness and fortitude of

Epictetus, the tenderness and pathos and subtle insight of Jean Paul, with an all-pervading religiousness to which all religions might do reverence, but in which no one religion will find exact statement or place. No page of these poems but contains suggestion, stimulus, cheer: to read one of these poems every morning is to live the whole day better.

It is impossible to give by short extracts any just idea of the peculiar charm of Schefer's poems; for the thought in them is continuous and sustained, and the chain does not bear breaking. We quote a few passages, however, which may give a faint suggestion of their quality and flavor, and we heartily hope may also be the means of putting this delicious and helpful book into the hands of many readers.

From the poem entitled "The Primeval World," we take the following lines:—

"He now who fain would rob the human heart  
Of this essential unity with God  
In goodness, power, yea, length of life itself—  
He would not only rob man of his God,  
But would rob God—the highest sacrifice—  
Of men, of all that lives, yea, of the whole  
Great universe throughout Eternity  
Wherein He lives; for God is life itself."

and from the poem "God's Goodness," these:

"To be a child, a poor good human child  
Heartily reconciled with all the world,  
A human being with deep pity moved  
To help each fellow-creature on through life  
Even to death, and to the very grave;  
That is the goodness of the good, of God;  
That is the heart of God, in all men's breasts."

and from the poem "Sorrow," these:

"The sorest sufferings grief alone can heal,  
And make the miserable endurable,  
Yea, sweet and precious, till the noble man  
Would scarce exchange it for another good."

and—

"Be tranquil, O my brothers; for your grief  
Has to the most high God a sacred worth;  
He gave to sorrow to be dumb, and so,  
And only so, to do its utmost work."

#### Miss Proctor's Russian Journey.

MISS PROCTOR'S pictures of Russian life and travel (*A Russian Journey*: illustrated edition, J. R. Osgood & Co.) are bright, sketchy, not overweighted with material, and, in short, just such as any cultured lady traveling in a strange country might send to her friends and familiar acquaintances at home. In this probably lies the secret of the cordial reception the book has met with, as well in the first plain edition as in the one now before us with its wealth of pictorial illustration. The ground traversed includes St. Petersburg, Moscow, the fair-ground of Nijni Novgorod (since devastated by fire), the descent of the Volga to Kamyschin, thence across Southern Russia and along the Crimean coasts to Odessa, and beyond to the Austrian frontier. It is comparatively fresh ground to English-speaking travelers, ladies certainly, and Miss Proctor has related her experiences and observations with a cheerful picturesqueness that makes her book very pleasant reading.

\* *The World Priest*: translated from the German of Leopold Schefer, author of the *Layman's Breviary*, by Charles T. Brooks (Roberts Bros.).

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

## The Lava of Vesuvius.

THE condition of the lava of the recent eruption is thus described by a writer in *Nature*. At first the whole surface of the lava-streams seems to exhale steam and hydrochloric acid, and the atmosphere is filled with a disagreeable odor which makes breathing uncomfortable. But very quickly the exhalations are localized around the little centers of fire, whose activity continues for many months, and emanations from which are gradually modified. Thus, as seen from Naples at the time of the visit, the whole of the lava appeared to be smoking, and it was possible clearly to distinguish the tracks of the whitish vapors which wandered over the surface; but close at hand there was nothing to be seen but the fumaroles, between each of which there is plenty of space. The gas and the hot vapors which the lava emits are charged with numerous substances, and become the source of mineral deposits which fill the tourist with wonder. One of the most curious phenomena observed is the power of the burning lava to retain an enormous quantity of water and salt, which it does not allow to escape until it begins to cool. The formation of salt is shown generally over the whole stretch of lava emitted in 1872. Soon after the surface cools it is covered with a light crust of salt, which forms in similar flowery patterns on the beds of cinders that cover the plains, the cinders themselves emitting everywhere hydrochloric acid. The first showers of rain caused this deposit to disappear rapidly, and there remained on the 12th of May only scanty traces, except on the lower surface of the blocks, where the rain had not the power to dissolve it. But the salt continued to be deposited in the vents, from which were detached beautiful crystals and graceful concretions; it continued also to be formed upon the great deposits of cinders on the cone of Vesuvius, and even on May 19 the summit of the mountain, as seen from the Observatory, appeared, from this cause, as if sprinkled with snow.

## Language among Animals.

M. HOUZEAU maintains that not only does each group of animals possess a language which is understood by other members of the same group, but that they can learn to understand the language of other groups. His dogs, for instance, perfectly understood his poultry. Cocks and hens have one danger signal for the approach of a bird of prey, another for that of a terrestrial animal or for a man. When the latter was sounded the dogs would rush out and bark, while to the former they paid no attention whatever. He therefore concludes that fowls have the power of expressing slightly different but closely allied ideas, and dogs can learn to understand these differences.

## Growth of Seedlings.

IN an article in the November number of the *American Journal of Arts and Sciences*, Prof. J. C.

Draper shows that if the growth of plants is measured during twelve hours of daylight, and then during twelve hours of darkness, the growth during the two periods is the same. From this he concludes, that since the growth is a continuous process, and is marked during the night by the evolution of carbonic acid, the act of evolution of structure in the plant is attended, as it is in animals, by the production of carbonic acid. The author also insists that the evolution of structure in plants and the decomposition of carbonic acid by the leaves in sunlight being two essentially different processes, they must of necessity be separated in the discussion of the formation of the plant-tissues. If this is done, he maintains that the course of life in the plant is essentially the same as in animals.

## Making Experimental Apparatus.

IN a lecture delivered before the working-men of Brighton, Professor Carpenter directed the attention of his hearers to the necessity of cultivating the habit of making the apparatus required for experiments. Reviewing his own experience, he said: "As I am addressing a working-man's audience, let me say how earnestly I have had at heart throughout my life the elevation of my working brethren. I am a working-carpenter myself. That is true in two senses, for my school nickname was Archimedes, because I was always fond of turning my hand to anything of a mechanical kind; and this habit has been of the greatest value to me in the scientific inquiries to which my life has been devoted. I have made all my microscopic preparations myself. I buy none except for exhibition to my friends. Many of the vendors have said, 'How do you make them?' I made some of the best of them before any one else found out the way to make them, and that 'handiness' has been a very valuable accomplishment to me."

## Retention of Eggs by Birds.

MR. THOMAS H. POTTS gives an account of a pair of kingfishers that began to excavate a nest in the turf chimney of a deserted cottage on the 19th of October. After many days of hard work this was deserted, and in succession a number of other tunnels were commenced and abandoned. The seventh, begun on the 26th of November, was finished, and on the 14th of December a brood hatched therein. Therefore, Mr. Potts argues, can there be reason to doubt that the eggs in the ovary of the female must have been in a forward state in the third week in October? At the close of that month the first egg to be laid must have been ready for extrusion. From personal observation we know that our kingfisher lays every morning until the clutch of eggs is completed—the number of eggs to a clutch varying from five to seven. Here we have a bird engaged in laborious, almost incessant exertion for quite six weeks, physically in a condition analogous to that of a pregnant animal. It

is well known that the domestic fowl, on a change of quarters, will, in its strange home, sometimes retain the egg for hours beyond the usual time of laying, often depositing what is called a double-yolked egg; but we have to do with the freedom of a wild nature. It is easy to suggest that our kingfisher relieved itself by dropping its egg; obviously that would be opposed to the marked instinct of so persevering and painstaking a nest-builder; besides, would that mode of acquiring ease be twice repeated by a bird that endured such toil to make a hiding-place for its progeny—toil only to be appreciated by those who have watched its daily work?

#### Asphalt Pavements.

*The Builder* says that roads of compressed asphalt are cheaper, in respect both of prime cost and of maintenance, than ordinary macadamized roads. They produce less noise, less mud, and less dust. The resistance to traction upon them varies much, according to circumstances. In winter it is less than over a flagged road; in summer-time, on the contrary, it is greater than on a paved road. Their greatest defect is that they become very slippery when covered with a thin coating of mud; they should therefore always be kept clean swept. Their greatest practical inconvenience is that repairs can only be effected at particular seasons.

The best material for the construction of these pavements is calcareous bitumen. In France at present only four or five deposits are known which can be worked to advantage. The oldest and best known are at Seyssel, Seyssel-Volant, Val de Travers in Switzerland, and at Maestra in Spain. New beds have been recently opened in Haute-Savoie and near Alais, which bid fair to rival in excellency that of the Val de Travers.

Bituminous limestone has the appearance of mortar; its color is that of chocolate, the fracture or scraped surface showing a lighter tint, just as chocolate does; the grain is fine, each particle of limestone being enveloped in bituminous matter. When heated on an iron plate to 340° or 350° F. it decrepitates and falls to powder.

#### Artificial Butter.

EXPERIMENTS having demonstrated that cows living on very scanty diet still secreted milk containing butter, it became evident that the butter must have been prepared from the fatty tissues of the animal. This led to a series of experiments on splitting up animal fats, which have resulted in the preparation of an artificial butter from suet. The suet is first finely divided by circular saws in a cylinder. It is then treated with water, carbonate of potassa, and finely divided fresh sheep's stomachs at a temperature of 45° C. The pepsin and heat separate the fat, which floats on the surface, whence it is decanted, and when cool placed in a hydraulic press, which separates the stearine from the semi-fluid oleomargarine, which is employed as follows in the preparation of the butter: 50 kilo.'s of the fat, 25 liters of milk and 20 liters of water are placed in a

churn; to this 100 grammes of the soluble matter obtained from cows' udders and milk-glands is added, together with a little annatto. The mixture is then churned, when the butter separates in the usual manner.

#### Can Animals Count?

M. HOUZEAU says: The mule is supposed to be able to count as far as five, at least; and this is considered to be established by the following observation. There is a short branch line of omnibuses in New Orleans, where each mule makes the journey five times successively before being changed. The veterinary surgeon of these animals called attention to the fact that at the end of each of the first four journeys they are silent, but as they approach the end of the fifth they neigh. But this is not satisfactory. The end of the fifth trip may be marked by preparations for feeding the animals, which they hear or smell at a distance, and these may have produced responsive neighs.

#### A Test of the Extinction of Life.

IN view of the uncertainty regarding the final extinction of life that occasionally arises, Dr. Magnus proposes the following test for the decision of the matter. If a limb of the body (a finger is best for the purpose) be constricted by a strong ligature quite tightly, there will, if the subject is yet alive, be a reddening of the constricted member. First the part in question becomes red, and then the red color becomes darker and darker, and deeper in hue, until it is finally converted into a bluish-red, the whole limb being from its tip to the ligature which encircles it of a uniform color, except that at the region immediately round the ligature itself there is to be seen a narrow ring, which is not bluish-red, but white. Though there may be slight discoloration after death, the doctor has satisfied himself by experiment that this cannot be confounded with the complete discoloration that attends the performance of the test on a living limb.

#### Teaching by Lectures.

FROM a recent address by Canon Kingsley we extract the following excellent advice given to students: Let me warn you that none of you will profit by any lectures, unless you study at home the text-books recommended by the lecturer. You will be otherwise little wiser than a man who should propose to learn arithmetic by listening to talk about the proportion of numbers without doing sums himself. You will not teach yourselves even the attitude necessary for your subject—the attitude of mind by which the facts were discovered, by which they must be understood, by which they must be turned to use. You will not acquire by mere lecture-hearing the inductive habit of mind which arranges and judges of facts. Still less, therefore, will you acquire the deductive habit of mind which makes use of facts practically after they have been arranged and judged; and the lecturer will be to you but a sort



of singer, a player upon a fiddle, who makes for you pleasant and interesting noises for a while, producing mere impressions which never sink into the intellect, but merely touch the emotions, to run off them at the first distraction, like water off a duck's back. Therefore remember this for yourselves in this age of periodical literature, and literature made easy: we are all too apt to forget that what we did you must do, if you wish to be as good men as we, viz., work for yourselves as we did; that good lectures, like good reviews, are not meant to see for you, but to teach you to use your own eyes; and those you must use at home in hard study, personal study, continuous study, and study, too, rather of one subject than of many subjects, in order that by learning how to learn one thing thoroughly, you may learn how to learn anything and everything else in its turn.

#### Yeast-Cells like Monads.

WHEN the yeast which works off from new beer in cask, in process of cleansing, is allowed to settle, the fluid portion removed, and water added to the remainder, nearly all the cells of yeast rise to the surface in three days, and under the microscope they are seen to move with the agility of the most active monads. These bodies resemble in size and shape the yeast-cells from which they have been derived, and their surface is covered with fine dark granules, which appear to have resulted from an alteration of the superficial membrane. (*Journal of the Chemical Society.*)

#### Memoranda.

ZÖLLNER has expressed the opinion that all current movements in liquids, especially if they are in contact with foreign bodies, are attended by a development of electricity. Beetz has recently repeated the experiments of Zöllner on which this opinion was founded, and he states that the currents are produced not by the flowing of the water, but by the reaction of the water, lead, and brass of the hydraulic apparatus on each other.

Professor Henry Morton finds that the bright bands in the spectra of fluorescent light emitted by various bodies may be employed as a means of detecting the presence of impurities in these bodies.

Telegraph posts and columns manufactured in Manchester are formed of spirals of iron—ribands, in fact, supported on a cast-iron base, and surmounted with a capital of the same material. A slender rod forms the axis of the column, or, as it really is, a trellis-work tube. Compared with cast-iron columns, these structures are little more than one-third either in weight or cost, while in appearance the gain is decidedly great. For conservatories or other horticultural purposes the trellis column is very suitable. Such a pillar, eleven feet high and eight inches in diameter, is guaranteed to support a vertical pressure of one ton.

"Engineering" states that in the contest between the twenty-five-ton gun of the *Hotspur* and the turret of the *Glatton*, the fifteen inches of iron armor backed by fourteen inches of teak resisted successfully the impact of the six-hundred-pound shot of the gun. The shot appear in some of these experiments to have stood up to their work pretty well, penetrating fourteen inches of iron and four inches of teak; but the great difficulty was to make them go where they were wanted. Everything was in their favor, both vessels being moored in the motionless water of a harbor, within two hundred yards of each other, yet the shot wobbled so that some of them missed the target altogether.

M. Carbonnier, the great pisciculturist of Paris, states that the Paradise or Peacock fish have some singular habits; among these he mentions the fact, that as the female lays the eggs, the male carries them away in his mouth and deposits them in a nest which he builds for them. He will not allow the female to come anywhere near the nest, and if she ventures to approach, swings himself round and drives her away.

Planeth states that when a tuning-fork in vibration is brought near a flame, a loud tone is suddenly perceived, which in the case of a rapidly burning gas-flame is quite as loud as that produced by placing the foot of the fork upon a sounding-board. The loudest tone is produced by bringing the flame between the prongs of the vibrating fork.

The disinfection of a room is not complete unless the walls have also been thoroughly cleansed. If they are papered the paper must be removed, and the surface beneath carefully scraped and washed; if the walls are painted they should be washed with caustic soda. The ceiling should also be subjected to similar treatment.

The *Mechanics' Magazine* expresses its mortification at the fact, that in the International Exhibition the specimens of water-marked paper exhibited by Russia are superior to those sent by England. It is, says the *Magazine*, small palliation to know that the manager of the Russian Imperial Paper Manufactory is an Englishman; the probability is, as things are going on in England, that English brains and English capital will to an increasing extent be transferred to foreign countries, to combine with foreign labor to supplant the English producer of every class.

In France the roasting of coffee is quite a science, the roaster being required to study the properties of the different kinds of berry, since each sort must be roasted for a certain period of time. The operation is conducted in a hollow iron sphere, by the rotation of which all the berries are equally exposed to the heat. During the roasting the ball is closed and the gases confined, but at the close of the operation the valve is

opened and the gases allowed to escape. The roasted berries are then quickly transferred to carefully closed vessels.

The iodine process for the extraction of the precious metals from burnt pyrites is in successful practical operation near Liverpool. The burnt pyrites is ground to a fine powder, and gently ignited with common salt. The mass, when cool, is treated with dilute hydrochloric acid; iodide of potassium is then added to the clear liquid. The precipitate, when dried, contains about six per cent. of silver and gold.

As the result of experiments on the Pitchers of the Nepenthes, M. Faivre regards the fluid contained therein as merely the stored-up ordinary transpiration of the plant.

A curious parasite is found upon the blind fish of the Wyandotte Cave. The female is attached, by a pair of altered fore limbs, to the vicinity of the mouth of the fish; while the male is supposed to be very small, and a free swimmer, as it has not yet been found attached in the vicinity of the female.

The effects of the recent eruption on the condition of Vesuvius are described as follows by M. de Saussure:

1. The mountain has been divided by a rent running nearly from north to south-south-west.
2. The lava rising in the rent has rushed along the two sides on the north to the very foot of the cone; on the south, half-way down, in much less abundance.
3. The summit of the mountain has been lowered and flattened.

The project of draining the Zuyder-Zee is again discussed. The results obtained in the case of Lake Haarlem are so satisfactory, that the new project will in all probability be attempted. Its feasibility is evident, since it is known that five centuries ago the bed of the Zee was occupied by a forest.

Suint, which is obtained by washing the wool of sheep in cold water, constitutes nearly one-third the weight of a raw merino fleece and about one-sixth of the weight of ordinary wool. An examination of these washings shows that suint is composed of potash united with an animal oil, both being products of the sweat-glands of the animal, which thus eliminates the potash salts ingested with its food. It is estimated that in France 60,000,000 pounds of wool are washed annually, and this should yield nearly 3,000,000 pounds of pure potash.

Surgeon Howlett of London reports a number of cases of severe fracture in ladies, the result of falls caused by wearing the fashionable high-heeled shoes.

"Silk is at once the strongest and most tenacious of fibers, and makes the most beautiful, durable and valuable of tissues. What gold is to metals and the

diamond to precious stones, so is silk to all other textile fabrics."

A sheet of ordinary white blotting-paper, which will tear by its own weight when wetted, is converted into a material having all the properties of tough parchment by merely dipping it for a few seconds into sulphuric acid. The Germans are using this artificial parchment for sausage-skins. It need hardly be said that it is highly indigestible.

Dr. Liebreich thinks that a great deal of the short-sightedness (decrease in endurance and acuteness of vision) in England is the result of the bad arrangement of light in the school-houses. These evils may be prevented by causing the light to fall on the desk from the left-hand side and as much as possible from above. The children should sit erect and the book should be at least ten inches from the eyes: it ought to be placed at an angle of 20° for writing and 40° for reading.

Jute is now employed in the manufacture of silk goods: it takes the dyes easily, and preserves a gloss so well that it is difficult for one not an expert to detect its presence.

M. Bessemer has engaged a naval architect to draw the plans of a new form of state-room for ships, in which the cabin is supported on a universal joint, and its movements so regulated by hydraulic machinery that there is to be no jar, no rocking motion, and in short a perfect freedom from all the usual discomforts of a sea voyage.

A plan has been submitted to the Spanish Government for a tunnel under the straits of Gibraltar which may be connected with the shortest route to India.

At a meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute Dr. Irvine of Glasgow read a paper on the "Miner's Lamp." A lamp was shown which of its own accord sounded a note of warning when the proportion of combustible gas in the atmosphere reached a point at which an explosion was imminent. The principles involved in its construction are the inability of a flame to pass through the meshes of a wire gauze, and the production of a sound by burning the flame in a tube.

M. Lallemand recently found that if a solution of sulphur in sulphide of carbon is exposed to the light, insoluble sulphur is precipitated. This has been verified by M. Berthelot, who adds that the phenomenon is also produced by the electric and magnesium lights; the calcium light, on the contrary, fails to produce any appreciable effect.

In a paper published by the Royal Academy at Amsterdam an account is given of the change of ingots of tin containing only three per cent. of impurity (iron and lead) into a crystalline powder, during transportation by railroad to Moscow. The author concludes that the molecular modification was caused by

intense cold and the vibration attending the long journey, and perhaps, though not probably, from one of these causes alone.

A coal-cutting machine for facilitating the mining of coal has been recently put into successful operation at the Platt-Lane Colliery in England.

The recent proximity of the planets Jupiter and Uranus enabled M. Prosper Henry, at the Paris observatory, to compare the luminosity of the latter with that of the satellites of the former. The results showed that the brightness of Uranus is a little superior to that of the third satellite of Jupiter.

Much of the insanity in the British Army exists in soldiers serving in India who have been exposed to sunstroke. (*Lancet*.)

Dr. Corré, of Brest, in an article in the *Archives de Physiologie*, compares the symptoms produced by the introduction into the stomach of poisonous fish

with those caused by inoculation with the poison of venomous snakes. His observations show that the poisonous substances present a remarkable analogy in their nature and action. It is curious, however, to observe that they enter the system in two quite different ways. In the case of the snake-poison, it must be introduced directly into the blood, and is without action when taken into the stomach, while the opposite obtains in the case of poisonous fishes.

According to a German naturalist the ovary of a hen contains about six hundred embryo eggs. About twenty of these are matured in the first year, about one hundred and twenty in the second, one hundred and thirty five in the third, one hundred and fourteen in the fourth, and during the fifth, sixth, seventh and eight years, the number decreases by twenty annually. It consequently follows that after the fourth, or at the most the fifth year, hens are no longer profitable layers.

## ETCHINGS.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO NELLY.

I KNEW a little girl,—  
You? Oh, no,—  
Who came to live on earth,  
Just to grow;  
Just to grow up big  
Like Mamma,  
Big as grown-up ladies  
Always are;  
Not to stay a baby.  
As she came—  
Yet each morning found her  
Quite the same.  
  
Quite the same, they said,  
Not a change  
Since she went to bed—  
Ah, how strange!  
Baby Nell at night,  
Baby Nell at morn,  
Everything the same,  
Not a dimple gone.  
They saw her every hour,  
So you'll own,  
If a change had come,  
They'd have known.  
  
Yet the clothes grew small—  
Bibs and frocks;  
Couldn't wear her shoes,  
Nor her socks.  
Then as years went on,  
Seven, maybe,  
Not a soul could call  
Nell a baby.  
Still Mamma declared,  
Every minute  
She had been the same—  
What *was* in it?  
  
She saw her all the time,  
So you'll own,

If a change had happened  
She'd have known.  
Baby Nell herself,  
Though uncommon wise,  
Ne'er had seen an inch  
Added to her size.  
Even Pomp, the dog,  
Never barked to say  
'Nell is not the same  
Now as yesterday.'

Yet, as I have said,  
Clothes kept growing small,  
Tight at first, and then  
Wouldn't do at all.  
Even Nelly's toys,  
Skipping-rope and hoop,  
Once quite big enough,  
Now would make her stoop.  
Why, her very crib  
Seemed to shrink away,  
Till it cramped the child  
Any way she lay.

So, from day to day,  
Not a person knew,  
Looking straight at Nell,  
That she ever grew.  
Little baby Nell,  
On the nurse's knee,  
Baby Nell at school  
Learning A B C.  
How *did* it happen?  
When *did* she change?  
No one had noticed—  
Wasn't it strange!

Show me when a bud  
Changes to a rose,  
Then I'll tell you truly  
When a baby grows.

## THE BOY WHO WANTED TO BE A CLOWN.



1. Tommy sees no reason why he shouldn't be a circus-clown. 2. Practices before the glass, and goes through with his feat very well.



3. Tries something in the Japanese style. 4. After which his fellow-performer comes down handsomely. 5. Tommy now essays the celebrated hat feat.



6. But his father is not satisfied with the result— 7. And determines on a performance of his own— 8. Which ends Tommy's career as a clown.